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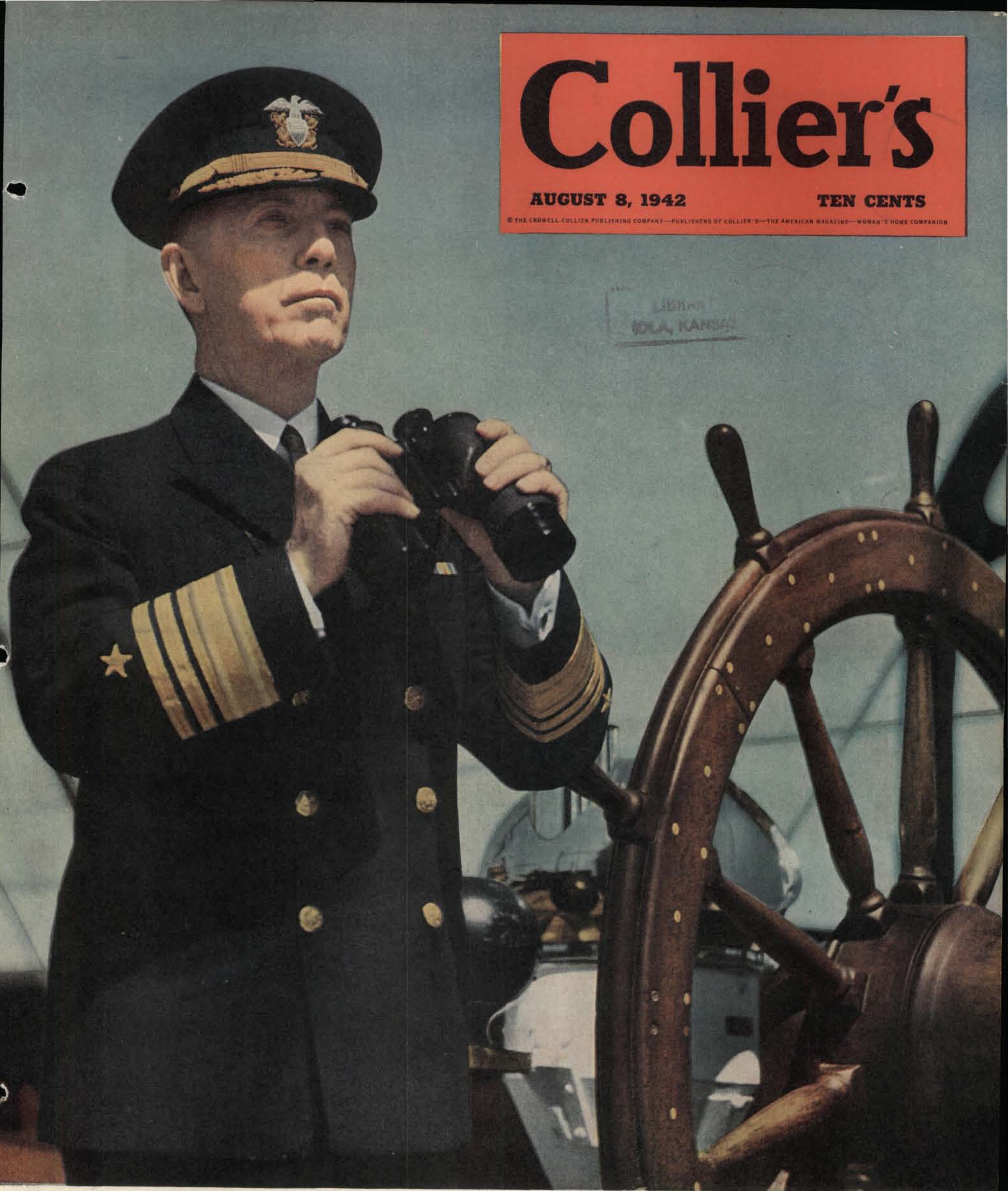

DMIRAL ROYAL E. INGERSOLL, U.S.N., COMMANDER IN CHIEF ATLANTIC FLEET

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BY LEO TOLSTOY

Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude—
With a Special Introduction by Clifton Fadiman

THIS TRANSLATION of *War and Peace* is ranked by most critics as the best rendition in English. Clifton Fadiman has written a critical interpretation of the novel and an analysis of the present-day significance of *War and Peace.* The present edition includes maps which strikingly illustrate the parallel between the Napoleonic and the present invasion of Russia, and show the principal battles and places mentioned in the text. The publishers have also provided a valuable enclosure for the reader's guidance, which contains a full list of the characters in order of their appearance, with detailed identifications, and also a chronological table of the principal historical events from 1805 to 1812.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

MICKEY ROONEY
in
"A YANK AT ETON"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

WITH: *Edmund Gwenn, Ian Hunter, Freddie Bartholomew, Marta Linden, Juanita Quigley and Alan Mowbray*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *George Oppenheimer, Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps*

ORIGINAL STORY BY: *George Oppenheimer*

DIRECTED BY: . . . .*Norman Taurog*

PRODUCED BY: *John W. Considine, Jr.*

CAPSULE REVIEW: Mickey, the Rooney, does it again! There is something uncanny in the accuracy with which the producers, M-G-M, continue to gauge the capacities of this phenomenon of showmanship. In "A Yank At Eton" they have put together a concoction of infallible ingredients with a flavor all its own—like a great bartender's martini. There is Rooney the Renegade, fish out of water, in surroundings on the other side of the sea. That chip on his shoulder can be a most annoying chevron and no ambassador of good-will. But he learns that Eton is a school of hard knocks and that those in the best of spirit are the ones who can best take it. There is love, as light as a cork—and laughter, as deep as the abdomen—and even a tear that can disappear with a dab. Let old and young fare forth together to this interesting and entertaining movie, slightly escapist but still pertinent to the shoulder-to-shoulder feeling that is growing among men of humanity the world over.

INCIDENTAL ITEM: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has issued a short film "Personalities" which gives all of us an opportunity to select the screen hopefuls of 1943, among them, alphabetically:

Ann Ayars
Lee Bowman
Patricia Dane
James Davis
Laraine Day
Kathryn Grayson
Van Heflin
Marsha Hunt
Gene Kelly
William Lundigan
Lucile Norman
Susan Peters
Frances Rafferty
Donna Reed
Jean Rogers
Dick Simmons
Robert Sterling
James Warren
Virginia Weidler

Pick your stars.

IMPORTANT PRODUCTION IN WORK: Being readied is a likely future Picture of the Month "Random Harvest", starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, directed by Mervyn LeRoy from the James Hilton best seller.

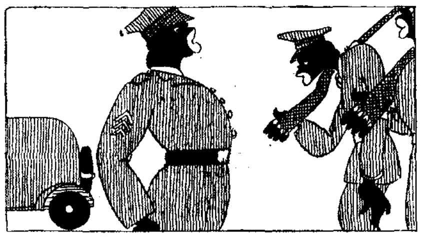
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing E
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

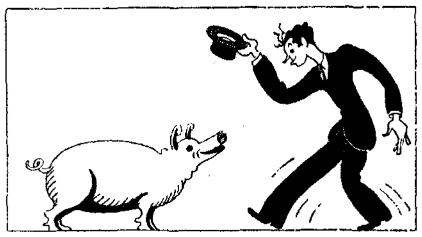
BETWEEN mails we like to shuffle around a bit observing the ways and absorbing the views of our fellow victims of this advanced but bloody civilization. For example, we recently saw a couple of companies of Negro troops about to take off for some strategic point. A top sergeant was looking them over with a sternly critical eye. He was pretty hard to satisfy too. He'd call them to Attention, walk up and down the line, bark "At Ease!" and walk up and down the line again determined to be less than satisfied. Finally he called them to Attention again, walked slowly, paused in front of one of his men. A gleam of triumph lighted his questing eyes. "You, Washington," he shouted, "snap it up! Whut you think you is—one of them white soldiers?"



WE'VE been talking to a young lady who intends to marry her soldier as soon as he manages to get leave. "I love the sap," she told us, "and frankly I don't know just what would become of me if he was killed. But if he's a soldier, I'm Joan of Arc—and I am not Joan of Arc. If he comes through intact—and I pray to God every day that he does—he'll still be a lousy soldier but my beloved sap. As for being a hero, it will take many speeches by vote-hustling congressmen and several postwar years of official veneration of our veterans to make him one." We accused her of a touch of cynicism. She denied it. "Anyway," we said, "you'll probably think him a hero." She said that maybe she would. "But," she added, "I'll never tell him that I do and I shall continue to pray that he won't succumb to the newspaper ballyhoo and the screams of congressmen and then get to thinking that he's a hero. All I want is my own beloved sap back home again, all in one piece, not changed for better or worse."

FROM Havana, Cuba, Mrs. Justina Mindo-Flores reminds us with a few clippings from the Havana Post that our favorite columnist, Professor Leonardo Bryan, has lost none of his keen perception nor literary cunning. Writes the Professor: "A very enjoyable program was exhibited on Monday night last under the auspices of the literary division of the British West Indian Cultural Association. . . . Next Monday night's lecturer will be Professor Leonardo Bryan speaking on Human Rights. . . . The program given on Sunday night in celebration of Mother's Day was not wanting in what was anticipated. Next Sunday night the division will meet once more in a mammoth mass meeting to promulgate the various ways and means of doing business."

WE'VE been invited to lend our aid to a movement to Take the War Back to the People. As Washington becomes more complex and her bereaved population more numerous there is just about enough war to cover the Capital leaving the rest of the country in a mere onlooker's seat. Every train fetches in not only new swarms of rank and file workers but several new brass hats drafted from industry, education, great mercantile organization, finance and social service. Several brand-new mahouts were having dinner together, each telling the others what reverberating changes he proposed to effect in the conduct of the war and how he had overcome vast obstacles in the private enterprise he had just abandoned for the duration. Dining alone near by was Mr. Leon Henderson, the rationing impresario who, at the moment, was himself being rationed by Congress. We asked Mr. Henderson who the somewhat self-satisfied gentlemen sitting at yonder table were. Mr. Henderson shook his head. "I don't know," said he, "unless they are members of the new Committee on Arrangements, Rearrangements and Postponements."



AND we've just heard from a lady whose first haul-off at writing fiction was not so good. We read the piece, sent it back with a cheerful little note. "Thank you for being so nice about not wanting my story," she replied. "How's your garden? Our beans are turning out beautifully. I gathered a bushel of them Saturday morning and have already canned them up, running the grand total to thirty-two quarts. Three quarts of this must go for income taxes I understand, but if the price of boiling meat keeps going up I really don't know what we will do. The stuff is getting so high, my husband says that he tips his hat every time he meets a hog."

(Continued on page 52)

THIS WEE

AUGUST 8, 194

SHORT STORIES

WILLARD H. TEMPLE
A Long Way to Go. There'll changes made when Johnny co marching home. Pag

WILLIAM FAY
Somebody's Baby. Meet He family man. Pag

ROARK BRADFORD
The Cooter Blues. Music hath ch down in Little Bee Bend. Pag

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Fear Has Sharp Eyes. But only brave are blind. Pag

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Reward, by William Warner ham. Pag

SERIAL STORIES

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Action by Night. The first of parts. Pag

KATHLEEN NORRIS
An Apple for Eve. The second o parts. Pa

ARTICLES

W. B. COURTNEY
Born to Fly. Army aviation c much to General George Brett. Pag

HAROLD L. ICKES
Plenty of Oil—but How to Ge Why there is a shortage, and ho will affect you. Pag

LIEUT. E. S. McCUSKEY, U.
as told to FRANK D. MORRIS
Ace High. High score at Midwa Pag

KYLE CRICHTON
Havoc in Hollywood. June Ha comes into her own. Pag

HELEN LAWRENSON
They Keep 'em Sailing. The va seamen of America's merchant rine. Pag

COREY FORD
They Came to Attu. Japanese tre ery is nothing new. Pag

ARTHUR MANN
Brother Battery. The Cooper br ers—Pitcher Morton and Cat Walker. Pag

ROBERT McCORMICK
Lavish Land. Reclaiming the Flo Everglades. Pag

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

EDITORIALS
Nelson to the Rescue.
Who's to Blame?
Lost: 480,000,000 Man-Days. Pag

COVER BARRETT GALLAG

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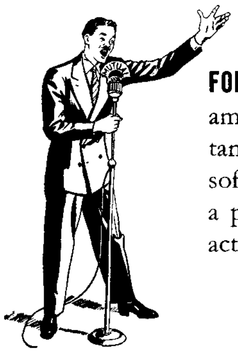
ANNOUNCING A NEW SUPER-FINE POWDER THAT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH!

(Above) *John B. Hughes. His popular evening broadcasts, "News and Views with John B. Hughes", are heard over the Mutual Network. See your newspaper for time and station.*

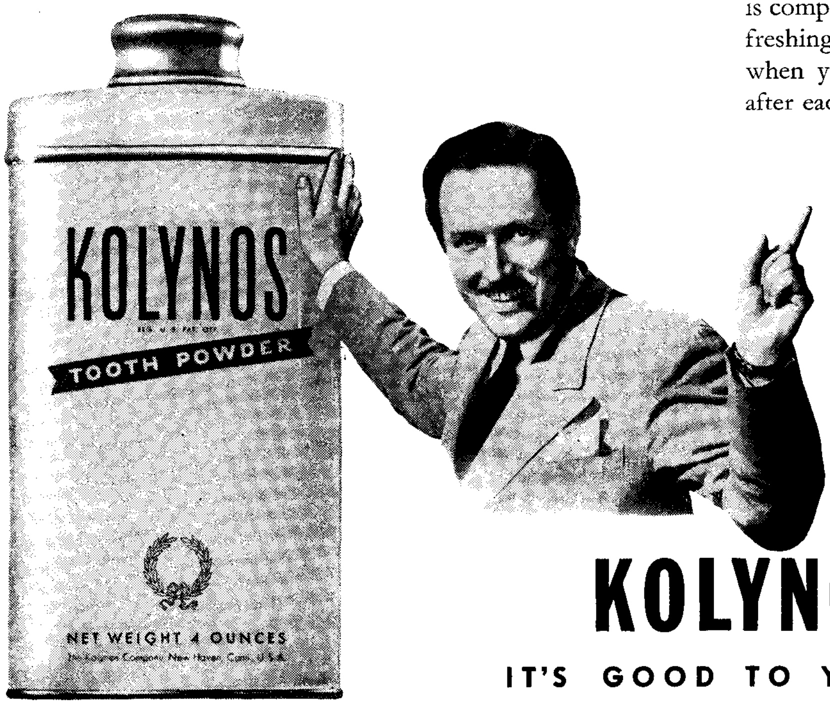
THE NEW KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER



FOLKS, IT'S SUPER-FINE because it's super-pulverized. An amazing process—used by Kolynos—grinds and re-grinds tangy-flavored Kolynos until it's light as thistle-down . . . soft as velvet—as *super-fine as an expensive face powder!* And a powder as super-fine as this is sure to be safe, gentle-acting . . . really *good to your teeth.*

IT'S SUPER-EFFICIENT. Kolynos transforms into bubbly foam as you brush your teeth. And this foam is so fine in texture that it not only cleans and polishes the flat surfaces of your teeth, but surges into the tiniest crevices . . . helps your toothbrush whisk away those hidden food particles that often cause discoloration and decay.

IT'S SUPER-FLAVORED, TOO. Kolynos' tangy, bracing flavor is completely new and different. You'll say it's the most refreshing you've ever experienced. And you'll be delighted when you discover how its cool, clean taste lingers on after each brushing.



TRY IT AT OUR RISK! You must agree that the new Kolynos does a better job of cleaning your teeth...refreshing your mouth ...than any other dentifrice, or you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

IT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH **BECAUSE** IT'S SUPER-FINE

HE'S ONLY THE EX-CHAMP NOW!

For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's PROLON

PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—

There is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"

When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, think this over: du Pont is "tops" when it comes to making synthetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for du Pont's finest grade.

So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

The only Tooth Brush in the World with:

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE

PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

. . . and don't miss this new line of gem-like, transparent hair brushes!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*

Jewelite Brushes *by* **Pro-phy-lac-tic**

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Africa's most famous crocodile is Lutembe, living on the shores of Lake Victoria near Entebbe, Uganda. Not only has she appeared in several motion pictures and attracted considerable tourist trade with its resultant prosperity, but the reptile is considered to be a kind of goddess by the natives because the only person she ever harmed was a woman thief whom she "punished" by snapping off an arm.

Of all the numerous odes to God, the most famous is the "Address to the Deity," which was composed by Gavriil Derzhavin, the Russian poet, in 1784, and which has been translated into every important language. Russia is also noted for having, before 1917, the only national anthem in history which contained as its chief note a prayer for peace. —*By Lucius Davis, Plano, Texas.*

Nebraska is the only state that has a one-house legislature, Louisiana is the only state that is not divided into counties, Colorado is the only state that produces all the water it requires and Connecticut is the only one that allows a public prosecuting attorney to appeal a criminal case to the state supreme court.—*By Sylvia Evans, West Haven, Connecticut.*

Ecuador's soapberry tree, *Sapindus saponaria,* far excels all other soap plants in lathering and cleansing properties. Used for washing clothes throughout tropical America, its berries contain so much saponin that they will launder as much linen as sixty times their weight of manufactured soap.—*By Barbara Dirlam, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The lancelet or amphioxus, a two-inch eel-like marine animal, although possessing no true eyes, is more sensitive to light than any other living thing. According to one scientist: "When a lighted candle is carried into a pitch-dark room in which specimens are housed in an aquarium, the excitement produced among them is indescribable."

Human skin varies considerably in thickness according to its location on the body. For example, it is nearly ten times thicker on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet than it is on the eyelids.—*By Walton Blodgett, Stamford, Connecticut.*

Although a United States Patent Commission began to grant patents in 1790, the Patent Office, established later, was not authorized by Congress to protect trade-marks for eighty years, the first one being registered on October 25, 1870, by the Averill Chemical Paint Company of New York City.

As there has never been a well-drawn distinction between vegetables and fruits, many courts have held that, for example, when potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, peas and celery, either cooked or raw, are eaten during the principal part of the meal, they are to be considered as vegetables, but when served only as dessert, they are to be regarded as fruits.

America's purchase of machine tools, the machines that make machines, increased from $200,000,000 in 1939 to $775,000,000 in 1941, a development in industrial productivity unparalleled in history.—*By Lambert Gunther, North Stonington, Connecticut.*

In proportion to their number, divorced and widowed men and women commit far more murders than those in the single and married groups.

Venezuela's important seaport, Puerto Cabello, which means Port of the Hair in Spanish, got its name from the fact that the Caribbean waters around it are usually so placid that ships in the harbor may, figuratively, be "anchored by a hair."

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

WE ARE THE UNSEEN

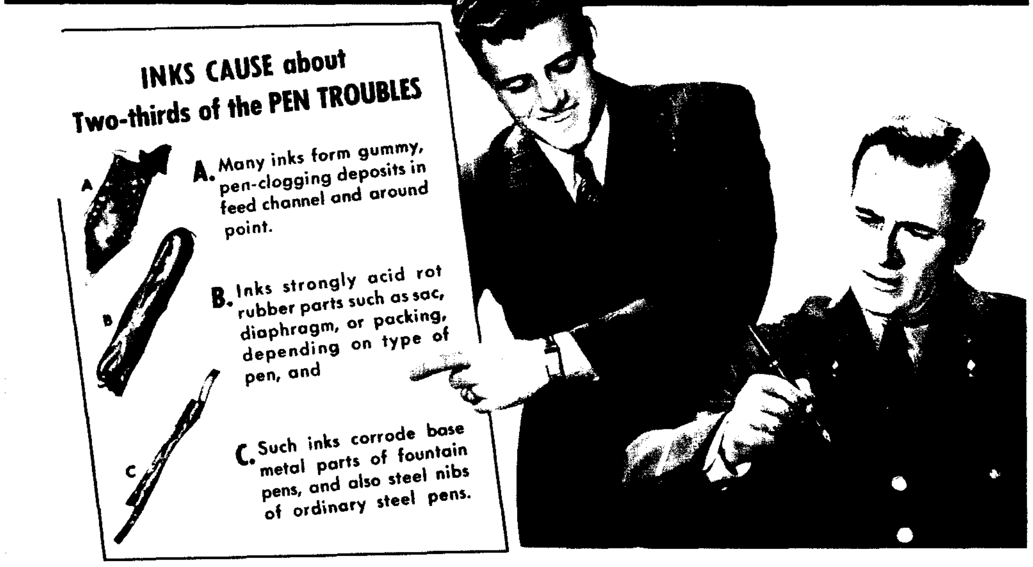
We are the unseen, ever watchful, never sleeping,
Binding the atoms together.
Not ours the glory nor applause,
We wear no uniform and yet are part of our land's destiny,
Guarding her secrets well.
We are the unseen, loyal, true to an ideal,
One God, one country, one flag:
We want no praise, knowing, out there,
Men have shed their blood that we might live . . .
With others soon to follow them.
Our reward shall be, one day, with the touch of magic
at our finger-tips
To send across the quivering wires
One far-flung cry — "Ours is the Victory!"

ELEANORA DAYTON SURRY
Long Distance Operator, Washington, D. C.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . LONG DISTANCE HELPS UNITE THE NATION

This Saves Your Fine Pen from Wartime Failure

due to inks that clog the feed, gum the point, corrode the works, rot the rubber!



INKS CAUSE about Two-thirds of the PEN TROUBLES
A
A. Many inks form gummy, pen-clogging deposits in feed channel and around point.
B
B. Inks strongly acid rot rubber parts such as sac, diaphragm, or packing, depending on type of pen, and
C
C. Such inks corrode base metal parts of fountain pens, and also steel nibs of ordinary steel pens.

With replacement parts growing scarcer daily

Better fill Your Pen Today *with this* brilliant Ink containing solv-x

MAGIC NEW INGREDIENT IN PARKER QU*INK*

Cleans a pen as it writes!

At least while there are shortages of pen repair parts, The Parker Pen Company urges users of ALL makes of pens to change from pen-clogging, pen-corroding inks to this pen-*cleaning*, pen-*protecting* Ink containing *solv-x*. Ask for the brilliant new Ink called Parker Qu*ink*.

For in Qu*ink*, Parker chemists have added pen-cleaning *solv-x* to Ink—created Qu*ink* to save your fine pen from going down and out due to inks that clog the feed, gum the point, rot the rubber, and corrode the works.

Magic *solv-x* makes Qu*ink* an Ink that CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES—a Parker or ANY OTHER pen. It dissolves deposits, gum, and sediment left by pen-*clogging* inks—keeps the pen feed clean as a whistle, makes your pen flow like a charm. And Qu*ink* checks corrosion and rubber rot *caused by inks strongly acid.*

Brief summary printed at the right tells why Parker Qu*ink* ***is a better ink by every standard***—better for STEEL pens as well as FOUNTAIN pens.

If you empty your pen *today* and fill it with Parker Qu*ink*, you'll escape attacks that cause about two-thirds of the pen troubles. We estimate that needless pen repairs cost more than a million dollars last year alone. Moreover, you may soon find replacement parts impossible to get at any price.

So *do* get Parker Qu*ink*, containing *solv-x*, for only 15 cents at any store selling ink. Do it today.

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. C-8, Janesville, Wis.

How Qu*ink* Excels

1. **Contains solv-x** — cleans a pen as it writes.
2 **Quink dries 31% quicker** on paper than average of four others.
3. **In both FOUNTAIN and STEEL** pens, works like a charm.
4. ***PERMANENT* Quink** is as permanent as the paper! In colors most popular* it equals or excels U. S. Government specifications in 8 major ways.
5. ***WASHABLE* Quink,** for home and school, washes out without a trace.
6. **Quink checks corrosion** and rubber rot.

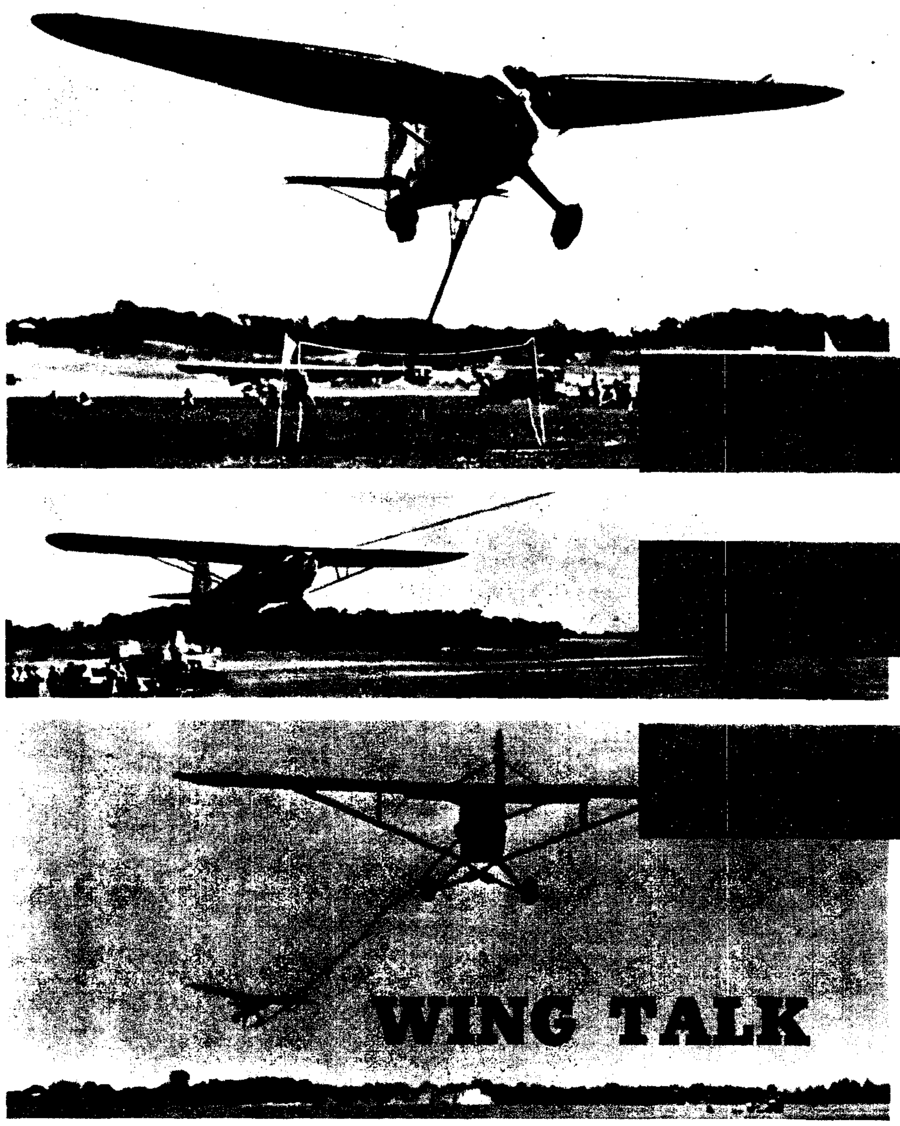
COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

FILL TODAY *with*

Parker Qu*ink*

containing magic solv-x

YES, PARKER QUINK IS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PARKER PENS. IT MAKES MY WRITING LOOK GRAND!
Brilliant Colors
*Black, *Blue-Black, *Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red.
PARKER
Quink



INTERNATIONAL

RAPID and systematic evacuation of wounded troops and their replacement with fresh troops by airplane or glider or both, is being developed by the Army Air Forces.

The recent successful glider-pickup tests at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, have opened the way for operations whereby gliders loaded with troops can slip down into tight spots and be picked up by the very tow planes which hauled them there, and with wounded aboard.

The methods being developed for evacuating wounded range from rescuing a corporal's squad to many hundreds; for carrying them short distances or long. Consequently, various types of equipment will need to be employed, from the little Aeronca ambulance plane for short and frequent trips; the autogiro and the quick take-off, short-landing Stinson and Ryan observation planes for places surrounded with high obstacles, to the DC-4 troop carriers, converted overnight as ambulance planes with double- and triple-decker bunks for the wounded.

Any operation involving evacuation of the wounded by air and under fire will always be surrounded by deeds of heroism. Thus far the most glorious achievement of evacuating wounded from an inaccessible spot by aircraft, and while under enemy fire, belongs to the U. S. Marine Corps. And as our Army goes about its widespread plans for air evacuation, they might want to call in Col. C. Frank Schilt, U.S.M.C. pilot extraordinary, and let him tell how it can be done. Briefly (a book should be written about it) this is it:

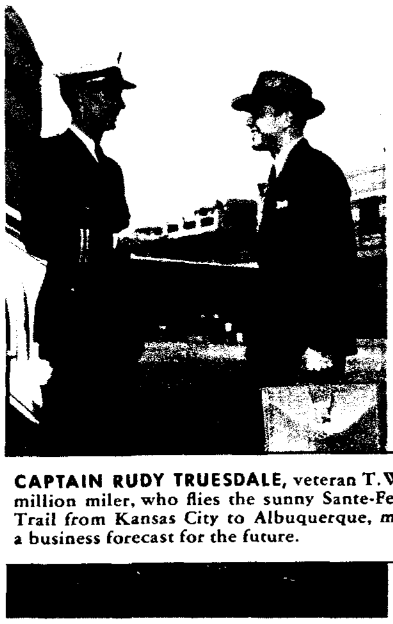
In January, 1928, the Marines were helping the government of Nicaragua put down a rebellion led by Sandino. Came the word to Marine GHQ at Managua one day that a small detachment of Marine infantry was surrounded in the little village of Quilali; several Marines had been killed and fourteen were seriously wounded. Unless the wounded could be evacuated, four surely would die. And they could only be evacuated by air!

Lieutenant Schilt volunteered to get them out. Now Quilali was a one-street town, with a high bluff at one end and a ravine at the other. The street was only 200 yards long and, because of the obstructions at either end, it couldn't be stretched. The Marines flew over dropping tools and instructions to tear down all the buildings on one side of the street so as to provide a landing strip.

The planes then in use were new Vought Corsairs, two-place biplane observation jobs, not to be confused with the present Navy Vought-Sikorsky Corsair single-seater fighters. Schilt replaced the small wheels with bomber wheels to help take the terrific beating he knew the landing gear was in for. He removed his machine guns, threw away his parachute and cut down weight to the bone. Then with three comrades flying patrol above and shooting at the rebels in the bush who were shooting at him, he went into the village street.

It was a guaranteed crash, yet it couldn't be because the wounded had to come out. A superb airman, Frankie (to his Marine pals) slipped and stalled and dropped her in. A wounded Leatherneck was piled into the back seat; Marines pushed against the wings while Frankie revved up and at a signal they let go. It was the closest thing to catapulting the Marines had available. Frankie pulled right up out of the street and flew to the nearest base, forty miles away. As his technique improved with each trip, Frankie ordered two wounded put in the back seat instead of one and with this extra load he made four such trips out. In all, he made ten landings and take-offs from Quilali's main thoroughfare.

For saving the lives of the 14 Marines, Lieutenant Schilt received the Congressional Medal of Honor from President Coolidge. F. R. N.



CAPTAIN RUDY TRUESDALE, veteran T.W.A. million miler, who flies the sunny Sante-Fe Sky Trail from Kansas City to Albuquerque, makes a business forecast for the future.

"Before Long, Sales and Salesmen Will Be *Going Up* Together... in the Family Car of the Air"

"MARK MY WORDS," says Captain Truesdale, "*big things are going to happen* in this country after the war. Industry will be producing, and people will be buying, as they never have before.

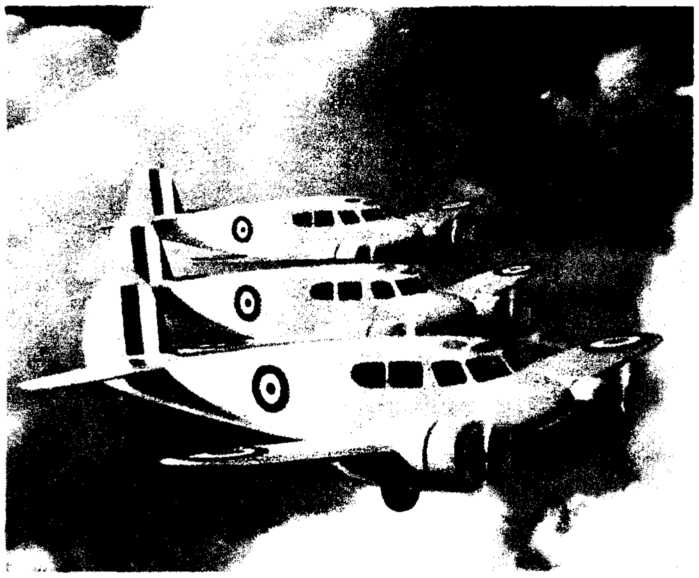
"You'll be back on the old selling job again, covering your territory in your own Family Car of the Air in one-third the time it takes in a car. And your sales will *go up* because you'll be *going right up* after them. Hard to believe? I'd have said so too if I didn't know the planning that's being done at Cessna in Wichita. But now I know that *flying for everyone* is here, ready to be offered as soon as this war's over."

Anyone who can drive an automobile can fly the Family Car of the Air. The salesman can use it to cover all the small towns the airlines don't reach. And his wife can use it for 200 mile shopping trips as naturally as she drives downtown today. As Captain Truesdale says, it's hard to believe until you realize that these predictions are soundly based on Cessna's 31 years of aviation engineering and manufacturing background. In addition, Cessna's all-out wartime production of Bobcats and Cranes, to help win this war once and for all, is crowding years of progress into weeks today at Cessna.

Cessna

COPR. 1942, CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

We're Wearing War Paint Now



Yes, for the past year and a half Cessnas have been wearing the war paint of the U.S. Army Air Corps or the British Empire Joint Training Program. And they're going to wear that war paint proudly until victory is won.

These twin-engined Cessnas are flying over four million miles a week in bomber-pilot training service. And just as these Cessnas are helping to win the war today, so will the future Cessna Family Car of the Air help to win the peace that follows.

FREE

"Keep 'Em Flying Wings"

Wear your wings and help to "Keep 'Em Flying." Every pair is a *headache for Hitler and Hirohito* because you get them free with a Jap Hunting License when you send 10¢ for a U. S. Savings Stamp to...

THE CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY
Dept. C, Box 1616, Wichita, Kansas

HOW TRUCK OPERATORS ARE SAVING THEIR TIRES.

OVERLOAD
HEAT
UNDER-INFLATION
TRUCK TIRE MAINTENANCE REPORT
US TIRES

Join the U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

For years, fleet operators have been waging war against the insidious enemies that waste so much rubber. Today, the conservation of tires is more than a patriotic duty—it is a necessity in winning the war.

The staggering burden placed on our whole transportation system cannot possibly be carried unless every single operator guards jealously the mileage in every tire in his possession.

Your U.S. Truck Tire Distributor is proud of the skilled service he has to offer in this emergency. He is equipped to make specific recommendations for your fleet whether you have two units or two hundred. He has the services of the United States Rubber Company Field Engineer to help him, too.

ADVANTAGES OF THE "U. S." SYSTEM OF TIRE MAINTENANCE

Based on the same basic principles that have doubled the mileage of many fleets.

1 A practical system of records that requires little expense.

2 Makes regular inspection of tires and trucks easier and more certain.

3 Makes possible the correction of mechanical defects *in time.*

4 Offers an accurate check of all tires in use—their condition and whereabouts.

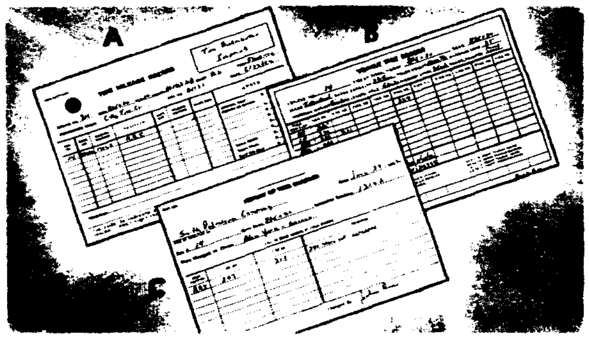
5 Eliminates all guesswork in tire replacement—puts it on a scientific basis.

6 Furnishes more complete information for rationing certificates.

7 Shows the cost-per-mile of every tire and the reasons for any excessive costs.

8 Has reduced the maintenance cost of every fleet that has it in operation.

Fleet Analysis. An expert inspects every tire on every unit; analyzes the nature of runs as they might affect tire wear; makes specific recommendations for each wheel and truck; prepares a detailed "Truck Tire Maintenance Report" for each operator to use as a guide.



Accurate Records. Tire maintenance is too vital for any guesswork. (a) Tire Mileage Record Card shows the history of *every tire;* (b) Tire Inspection Record shows the tire history of *every vehicle;* (c) Tire Change Report furnishes the information for posting to these records (a) and (b).

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

The Truck Owner who displays this pledge on the cab door is contributing wholeheartedly to the war effort. He is conserving his truck . . . taking care of his tires . . . driving at economical speeds . . . determined to keep transportation rolling. He won't let us down.

SEE YOUR INDEPENDENT U. S. TRUCK TIRE DISTRIBUTOR

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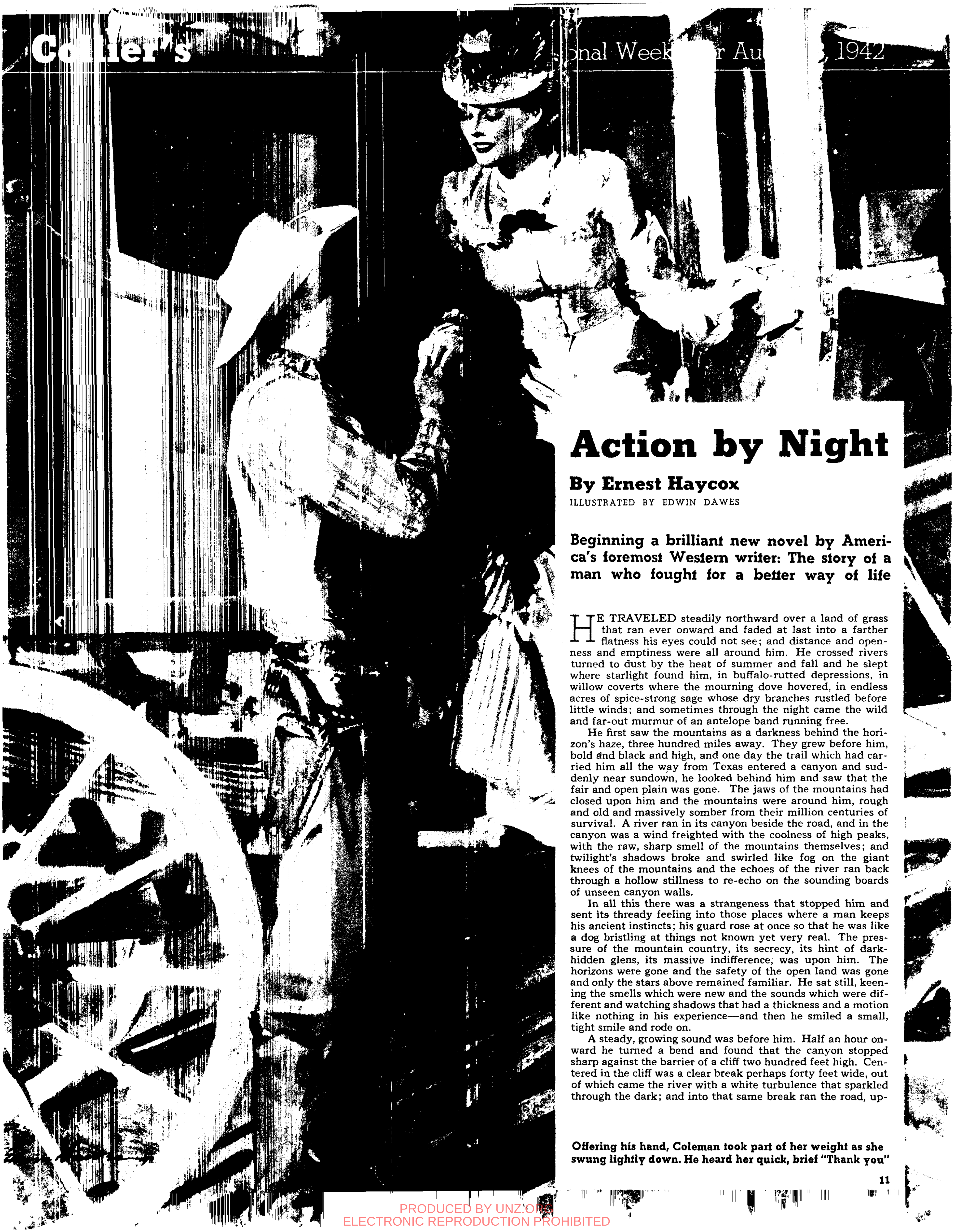
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Beginning a brilliant new novel by America's foremost Western writer: The story of a man who fought for a better way of life

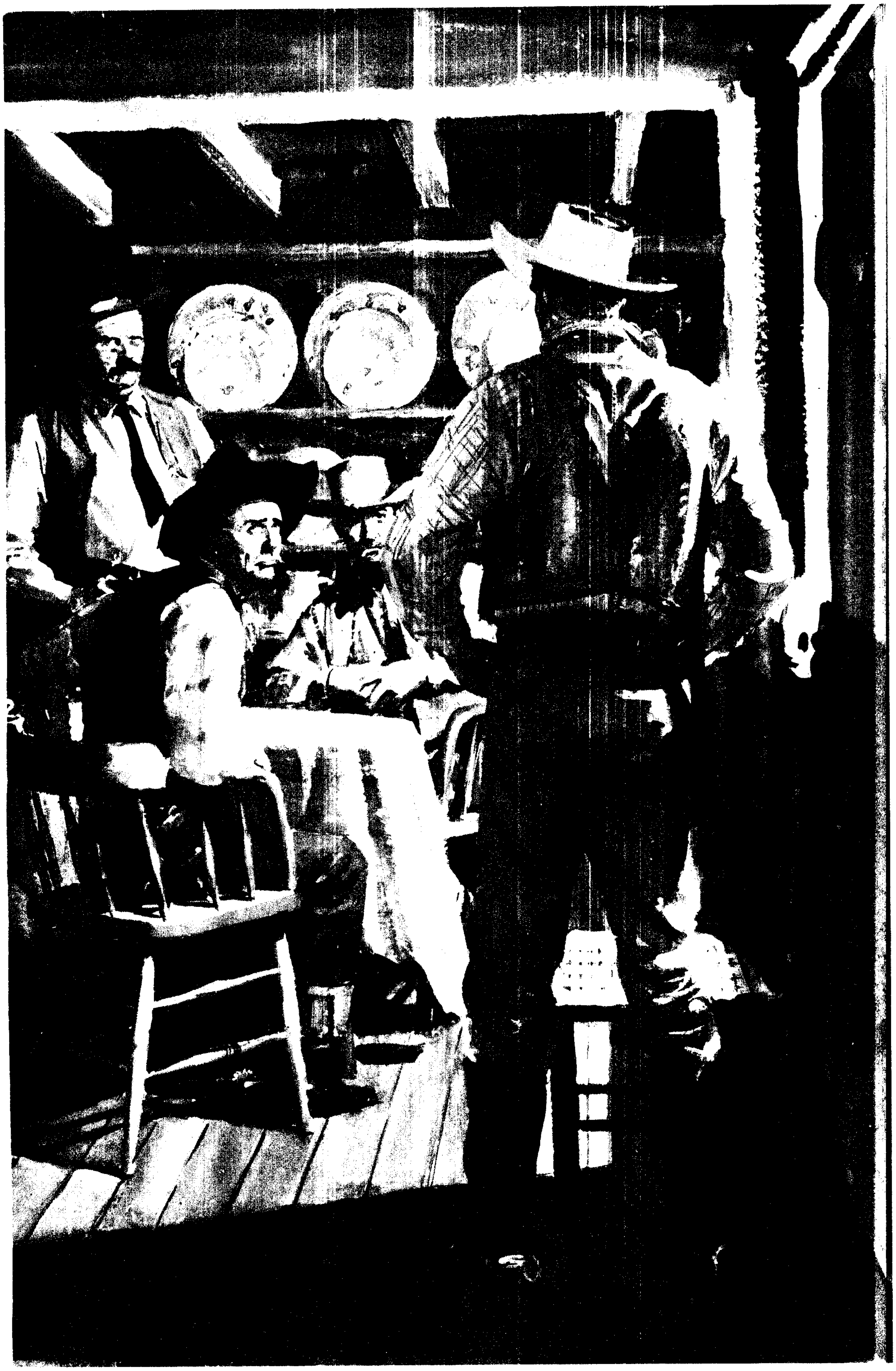
HE TRAVELED steadily northward over a land of grass that ran ever onward and faded at last into a farther flatness his eyes could not see; and distance and openness and emptiness were all around him. He crossed rivers turned to dust by the heat of summer and fall and he slept where starlight found him, in buffalo-rutted depressions, in willow coverts where the mourning dove hovered, in endless acres of spice-strong sage whose dry branches rustled before little winds; and sometimes through the night came the wild and far-out murmur of an antelope band running free.

He first saw the mountains as a darkness behind the horizon's haze, three hundred miles away. They grew before him, bold and black and high, and one day the trail which had carried him all the way from Texas entered a canyon and suddenly near sundown, he looked behind him and saw that the fair and open plain was gone. The jaws of the mountains had closed upon him and the mountains were around him, rough and old and massively somber from their million centuries of survival. A river ran in its canyon beside the road, and in the canyon was a wind freighted with the coolness of high peaks, with the raw, sharp smell of the mountains themselves; and twilight's shadows broke and swirled like fog on the giant knees of the mountains and the echoes of the river ran back through a hollow stillness to re-echo on the sounding boards of unseen canyon walls.

In all this there was a strangeness that stopped him and sent its thready feeling into those places where a man keeps his ancient instincts; his guard rose at once so that he was like a dog bristling at things not known yet very real. The pressure of the mountain country, its secrecy, its hint of dark-hidden glens, its massive indifference, was upon him. The horizons were gone and the safety of the open land was gone and only the stars above remained familiar. He sat still, keening the smells which were new and the sounds which were different and watching shadows that had a thickness and a motion like nothing in his experience—and then he smiled a small, tight smile and rode on.

A steady, growing sound was before him. Half an hour onward he turned a bend and found that the canyon stopped sharp against the barrier of a cliff two hundred feet high. Centered in the cliff was a clear break perhaps forty feet wide, out of which came the river with a white turbulence that sparkled through the dark; and into that same break ran the road, up-

Offering his hand, Coleman took part of her weight as she swung lightly down. He heard her quick, brief "Thank you"



Coleman smiled; the mildness went out of him. "It would be better if you shot me down than to let me leave the hotel. If you open a war on me there'll be fewer of us at the next meetin'"

ward climbing. There was a small meadow here, and a roadhouse and a barn and a corral and a man standing in the house doorway. Above that doorway, on the second floor, was a window at which a woman's face momentarily showed, framed by lamplight. He looked up at her and saw the half-expectant smile on her face just before she drew back.

The man at the doorway said, "If you're lookin' for supper, get down."

Tracy Coleman remained in the saddle. A lamp moved through the lower part of the house so that the man in the doorway was silhouetted, his tublike fatness, his huge bald head, his round and smooth and sly face. "This Gateway?" asked Coleman.

"Gateway," said the man. "And this," he added, tapping his chest, "is Luke Wall. You're lookin' at the Four-Bit House. A meal is four bits. Lodgin' is four bits. It is a fancy of mine. When I came here—climbin' out of that river like a man would climb out of hell's own fiery pit—I had four bits in my pocket."

He was a talker and talkers were usually fools. But Coleman reserved his judgment, for Luke Wall's conversation was like a screen thrown quickly around other things. As he spoke idly on, his eyes searched Coleman.

"Out of that river?" murmured Coleman. "From where?"

"From the same place those fellows started from," said Luke Wall, and pointed into the meadow. Turning, Coleman saw a row of white headboards in the darkness, marking graves side by side. "They came down the river, too. Water's life most anywhere, friend, but here. This water is death if it gets at you—and it is always tryin' to get at you. I'm the only man that ever ran the Cloud River gorge and lived. Me and my four-bit piece. I was crossin' from Dan Stuart's range to the Horsehead side and the current got me. I'm a thousand years older than I look."

"Horsehead," said Coleman in his same soft and murmuring voice. "How far's that?"

"A day by the road," said Luke Wall. Then a woman called from the house, "Supper's ready," and Luke Wall ceased talking and turned in the doorway to show a big Roman nose and heavy lips against a moon-shaped face.

Down on the plain, fall's warm air would be still clinging to the earth; but here a mountain-damp wind blew steadily from the gorge. Stepping from the saddle Coleman noted the three horses already at the rack—a big roan, a little roan with a white star in its forehead, and a buckskin; by habit he put their descriptions in the back of his head. He took his own horse around to a watering trough at the corner of the roadhouse and gave it a short drink and loosened the cinches—meanwhile feeling the presence of some other man or person in the shadows to the rear of the house. That made two people who seemed anxious to see but not be seen. It was part of some kind of a story. Coleman took his horse back to the rack and stepped into the roadhouse.

Luke Wall sat with one other man at a table in the center of the room; the other man lifted a rust-colored head and placed pale blue eyes on Coleman with a brief interest. An elderly woman came in with a coffeepot and put it on the table and went away; there was a fireplace at the end of the room and a bright fire burning. Coleman sat down to eat.

The red-haired young man said, "You got the room fixed up, Luke?"

The roadhouse keeper's face was yellow, his eyes were round and thick-lidded. He nodded. "Sure, but if she's going on through to War Bonnet she won't want to stay overnight here, Ben."

"Maybe—maybe not. When she comes off the stage show her to a room. Then I'll go up and talk to her."

"Show her to the room yourself."

"Never met her before," said Ben.

LUKE WALL made a motion with his chin; he was an indifferent spirit buried deeply, comfortably within his broad layers of flesh. Boots scraped by the front of the house and for a moment Coleman saw a man pause near enough to the doorway to be touched by the out-reaching lamplight. His face came around, ruddy and self-content; he took his measure of the three within the room and strolled casually on. Two of the horses, Coleman heard, moved away with him.

The redheaded Ben, his back turned to the doorway, had not seen the man but he heard the horses depart. The expression of trouble was replaced by a wise grin.

"You got odd company around here, Luke."

"So," said Luke Wall.

There was the sound of other horses wheeling rapidly into the meadow and the lifted shout of a driver: "Hup, Queen—hup, Babe!" Excitement made a bright thin shift over Ben's features. "Stage, Luke," he murmured, but did not move. Coleman, having finished his supper, rose and walked through the door. The big roan and the small roan with the star were gone. He flattened his back to the roadhouse wall and pushed up his hat; he rolled a cigarette, watching the sweaty bodies of the stage's four horses turn black when they came into the beam of the house light. The driver jumped down and flung open the stagecoach door. He said, "Thirty minutes for supper," and walked into the roadhouse.

A woman, still seated, glanced out from the coach door and turned a pair of thoroughly cool eyes on Coleman. He had a cigarette in his fingers at the moment; he dropped it and moved forward, offering his hand. He took part of her weight as she swung lightly down; he heard her quick, brief, "Thank you," and stepped back. She was a dark woman in a dust-gray dress which held her tightly at waist and breast. She wore a small hat with a half veil on a mass of gloss-black hair dropping in a long fall behind her head; her face was small and exact, her features clear. The strong light shining against her made her close her eyes and at the moment Coleman noted the ripe and self-possessed curve of her mouth. She opened her eyes on him; she gave him a straight glance and walked toward Luke Wall who now came from the stage house.

(Continued on page 28)

Our reporter in Australia introduces you to General George Brett, whose story is the story of American Army aviation, whose job is the key job in our gathering Pacific offensive. And the Japs have already had a mind-changing test of his methods

General Brett, Commander Allied Air Forces, Southwest Pacific, with Captain Frank Kurtz

BORN TO FLY

BY [illegible] COURTNEY

A MAN stood alone in the lobby of a hotel in a certain Australian city. Trimly spare, of medium height, age "fifty-fivish"—as the Australians say—he was dressed in khaki shorts and a faded windbreaker of the "nonreg" kind affected by young fliers. There were no markings or decorations on his jacket. Only his United States Army officer's cap seemed important and it was cocked so that you had a good view of but one eye under its brim. That eye was grape-blue, friendly—yet full of reserved assurance that invested all else about him with dignity.

You felt the same thing about him that Light-Horse Harry Lee said with regard to his friend George Washington: "No matter how well you know him, you'd better not slap him on the back."

His knees were purple with cold. His legs and neck showed the ravages of mosquitoes and other little insect dive bombers of the tropics from which, obviously, he had just arrived. He stood in the puddle of his modest kit, asking nothing of anyone, demanding no attention—and getting none.

Colonel John Gowen of his staff, coming down to breakfast, found him. "General, what are you doing standing here? When did you arrive? Why didn't you let us know—"

"Hello, John. Oh, I didn't want to bother anyone."

"But—you're cold, sir. Here, go up to my room and get warm and make yourself comfortable, at least, until I can arrange to get you settled."

"No, John, take it easy. They're trying to find me a room. Meanwhile, I'm all right."

That's how Lieutenant General George Howard Brett, Deputy Supreme Commander on Sir Archibald Wavell's staff until its break-up in Java, came to Australia—and to assumption, presently, of what may well prove to be the key job of this war—unheralded, without fuss or dramatics, or even a corporal's guard of honor. In this age of what the war correspondents on both sides of the lines call "glamor generals," Brett stands in arresting contrast to his fellow great captains. Of them, he is probably least known to the public; among them, in their own professional ratings, he is tops.

It was not alone his characteristic disinclination "to bother anybody" that led him to arrive—worn by thousands of miles of comfortless flying under the fevered conditions that prevailed while Malaya and Java were going under—unexpected and without a reservation. It is a gentle but none the less stubborn habit of doing things for himself, an aggressive social independence that further increases his likeness to what in the States we call plain folks.

Like most such genuine democratic stalwarts, General Brett can't abide personal service. No soldier-valet lays out his uniforms or accouterments for him. He likes friends around him just so long as they don't start telling him what to do, wear, say or eat. "Helpful" people, in this intimate sense, give him a pain. The Brett atmosphere is not healthy for yes men.

All hours of the night or day you may bump into him in any hall or office here at the headquarters of the Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific. Sitting on the edge of someone's desk; pausing on the stairs, as likely to be chinning with a private or a noncom as with a colonel; if not at headquarters, then at some advanced base, personally directing a smack at the Japs. In the course of a month he probably flies more than any man in Australia—more than any combat pilot. He expects his staff to be active-minded, also.

Wherever he is, General Brett works a 24-hour day. He takes his sleep and an occasional horseback ride or a badminton set or, best of all, his beloved cribbage, when things let up their flow across his desk—not according to what time it is. His great ambition is to "double skunk" his chief of staff, Brigadier General Ralph Royce, at cribbage.

One of the Troubles on "Our Side"

He won't say so, but it is apparent that General Brett thinks one of the troubles of "our side" in this war so far is that too many people have tried to run it on a nine-to-five scale. All his engagements, therefore, recreational or official, are made on an acutely tentative basis. When in the field he takes ground luck in his bedding roll. When at headquarters he lives in a beautiful suburban home made available to him by a famous Australian. There he likes to give informal parties for his young officers, especially those freshly back from the front. He is a good dancer; is familiar with all the modern steps.

He is infinitely patient and polite with young officers; exacting and impatient with older heads. He has the true leader's knack of delegating responsibility, of letting his men handle their jobs without carping or interference—and of cutting them out the moment it becomes apparent that they cannot hold their own.

If his voice is soft, his nature undemanding, his aspect mild, George Brett is not one to let himself get pushed around—as the Japs have been finding out in New Guinea and elsewhere. He hasn't a defensive thought in his military consciousness. His fundamental strategic outlook is sound, not brilliant; simple, not complex, and old—so very old that many generals have forgotten it: "Don't wait for the enemy. Go where he is, however you get there, but go—get in the first punch, kick his teeth in!"

Military observers here in Australia are saying that whatever the future may bring, it is still a fact that the reason the Japs—with the momentum of their great rush to the southeast from Malaya—did not flood over into northern Australia was that the fury of Brett's Allied fliers plastered and dammed them in New Guinea.

(Continued on page 38)

Plenty of OIL – but How to Get It?

By Harold L. Ickes

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR AND PETROLEUM CO-ORDINATOR

"HOW much gasoline will we get this summer?"

"Will we get more, later on—or less?"

These are the questions most frequently heard, and, unfortunately, they are questions which I cannot answer, so great are the uncertainties of war. I could attempt an answer more readily if I knew the replies to such questions as these: What is going to happen in the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico this summer, and next fall and winter? Will our great refineries, and our transportation facilities, continue to be spared from enemy bombers and saboteurs? How great will be the demands for oil on our world-wide battlefronts?

There is another question, which may seem out of place on a hot summer day, but it is one which prudent people are asking:

"Should I convert my oil burner to coal?"

I shall answer that query as I did when it was put to me recently by a reporter at one of my press conferences: "I am converting my own oil burner to coal."

I gave this reply, not because I had any information which was not available to others, but simply because I could not feel that there might not be a serious fuel-oil problem next winter.

Why, then, must there be such uncertainty? Haven't we enough oil in this country? If we have, can't we move it all by tank car? Or barge? Or pipe line? Or by a combination of the last two? And how about transport trucks? This is the American public speaking. It will sacrifice if the country needs it but it doesn't intend to be victimized whimsically by some incompetent or sadistic bureaucrat. It demands the facts.

Those facts concern not only the Atlantic Seaboard, where stocks are limited because oil in adequate quantities can't be taken there any more. They also concern the Southwest, which figuratively is swimming in oil, because it can no longer be moved out. They concern, as well, the Middle West, which has had to give up thousands of its tank cars to help the East; the Pacific Northwest, where a serious deficiency of supplies existed until just a short time ago—a deficiency which may, at any time, make itself painfully felt once more; and the state of California, which no longer has the free outlet for its production which once it enjoyed.

The cause of the trouble in all of *these vast areas is not a lack of oil* at the source, but a lack of transportation to move that oil from where it is produced and refined. So, reading from East to West . . .

Normally, the seventeen Eastern states and the District of Columbia use an average of about 1,500,000 barrels of oil daily. Of this total, only about 75,000 barrels daily are produced within those states. The remainder is brought in from distant producing areas, principally the Southwest, either in the form of *crude oil*, which is processed in Eastern refineries, or in the form of refined products: gasoline, fuel oils, kerosene, lubricants, asphalt, wax and other items.

In the days of peace before Hitler had broken out all over Europe like an ugly and malignant rash, about 95 per cent of the oil that went into the East was taken there by tankers, most of them out of Gulf ports, but some of them from Aruba, Curaçao and other points to the South. This worked beautifully in peacetime, but . . .

Last summer the storage stocks of gasoline in England reached a dangerously low point. We were called upon to take a number of tankers out of our own service and turn them over to the British. It was at this point that trouble began to brew with respect to supplying the Eastern states with oil and gasoline.

We transferred tankers to the so-called "shuttle" service, hauling oil from the Gulf to ports north of Cape Hatteras, where they transferred their loads to British ships for the long haul across the Atlantic. These transfers reduced our capacity for moving oil into the East by more than 250,000 barrels a day. Then, as now, we found ourselves unable to ship enough oil to the East to meet demands.

Everyone knows what happened then. The oil companies drew upon their reserve storage, and that storage shrank and shrank—shrank until, by last August, oil stocks in the East were more than 7,000,000 barrels below what they had been in August, 1940.

Our Efforts Were Rewarded

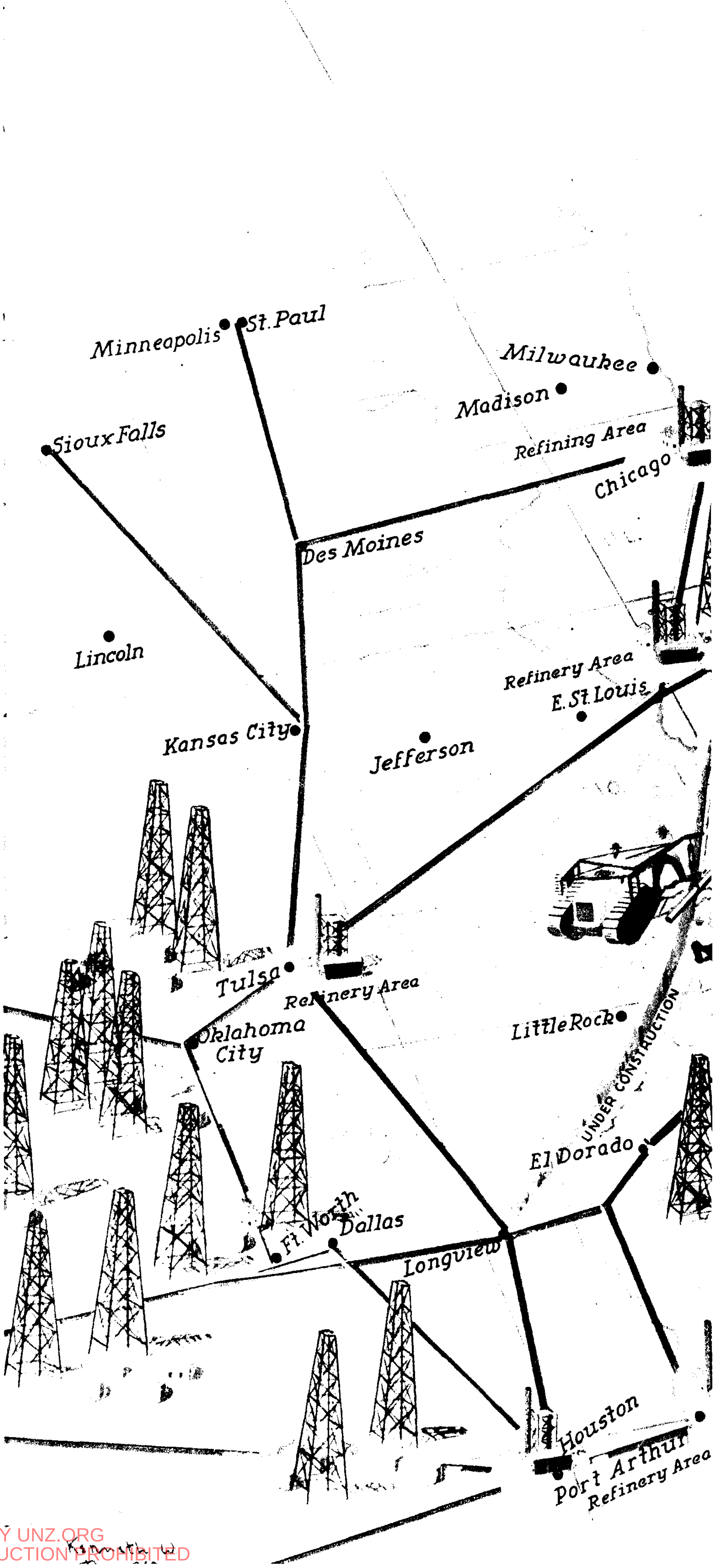
Well, we won't go into the efforts which my office made to cut down on gasoline consumption in order that we might build those stocks up to a safe level again, and in order that we might be sure of enough fuel oil to tide us over the winter. All that we need to recall out of that experience is the fact that, as the result of the savings in oil that were effected, and as the result of the warmest fall in weather bureau history, we were able to change the position of our oil inventories so that, instead of being 7,000,000 barrels below those of the year before, they were 7,000,000 barrels above.

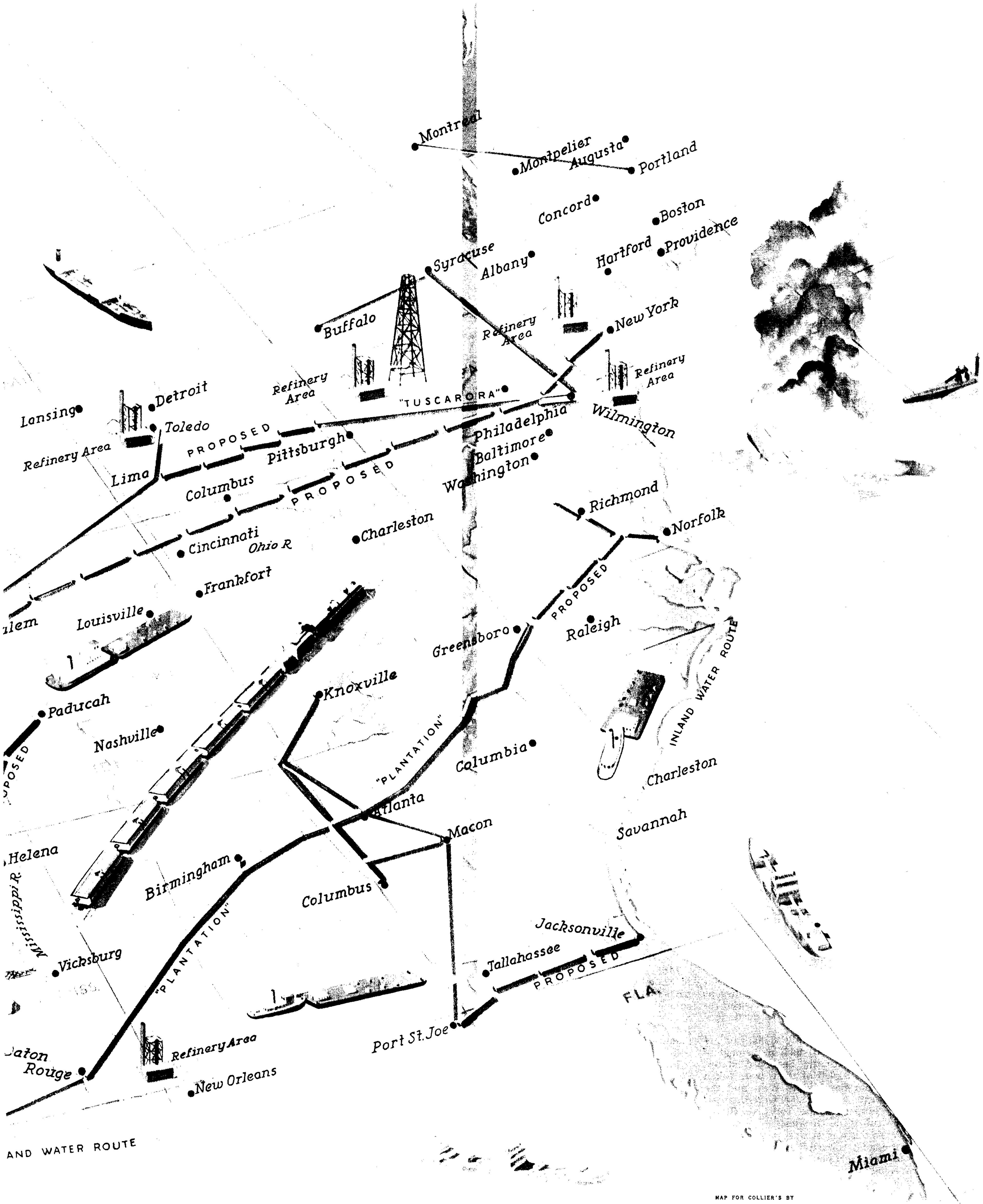
Ordinarily, that would have been a comfortable position. But to the dearly berated pessimist who is the Petroleum Co-ordinator, there was still no comfort. It happened that he never had been able to free himself of the conviction that the United States itself would be attacked some day and he anticipated that the Nazis would not only continue their submarine campaign against British shipping, especially tankers, but would extend it in an intensified form to make *the American tanker fleet contribute* its victims to the war.

That is why, last fall, in a previous article for Collier's he cautioned: "The critical period will be the coming winter. After that, we hope that our long-range program will have made itself felt; that nothing will happen to tap our deliveries still further. Obviously, no man can know."

Now, I don't need to tell anyone what Pearl Harbor meant to our commercial tanker operations along the Atlantic Coast. Everybody knows that many tankers were assigned to war service: to haul the oil that is fueling the planes, tanks and trucks of American and other United Nations fighting men on the battle fronts of the world. Everybody

How oil and gasoline flow from producer and refiner to consumer by pipe line, by rail, by barge and seagoing tanker—a map that graphically illustrates how curtailment of tanker service complicates the problem of supply for the Eastern Seaboard




Montreal
Montpelier
Augusta
Portland
Concord
Boston
Providence
Hartford
Syracuse
Albany
Buffalo
Refinery Area
New York
Refinery Area
Refinery Area
"TUSCARORA"
Wilmington
Lansing
Detroit
Toledo
Refinery Area
Lima
PROPOSED
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Columbus
PROPOSED
Richmond
Norfolk
Cincinnati
Ohio R
Charleston
Frankfort
PROPOSED
Raleigh
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Louisville
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INLAND WATER ROUTE
Paducah
Knoxville
Nashville
POSED
"PLANTATION"
Columbia
Charleston
Atlanta
Macon
Savannah
Helena
Mississippi R.
Birmingham
Columbus
Jacksonville
Vicksburg
"PLANTATION"
Tallahassee
PROPOSED
FLA.
Port St. Joe
aton Rouge
Refinery Area
New Orleans
AND WATER ROUTE
Miami

MAP FOR COLLIER'S BY
KENNETH W. THOMPSON

knows that other tankers were sunk by enemy submarines.

The dislocations to our oil transportation system were violent and far-reaching. The difficulties created by the diversion of tankers to Britain last summer were trivial by comparison. So far were our East Coast petroleum deliveries short of meeting demands that the oil companies were forced to dig deeper, ever deeper, into their reserve stocks.

By mid-February, these stocks had slumped until they were 5,705,000 barrels below what they had been the year before, by mid-March they were 12,000,000 barrels below mid-March 1941; and by mid-April, they were down by 15,200,000 barrels.

It was because of this continuing and alarming decline in our oil bank balance that we went before the War Production Board, at the urgent request of the oil industry, and asked that gasoline deliveries to East Coast filling stations be reduced by 20 per cent, effective March 19. It was because of clear evidence, submitted by the industry, that this curtailment would not suffice, that we had it deepened, effective April 16, to 33⅓ per cent. It was because of the decline in supplies and the gloomy outlook as to transportation, that we finally had the restrictions deepened once more—to 50 per cent—and at the same time restricted deliveries of fuel oils.

The Many Gasoline Cults

Now, whatever anyone may say, I don't like to have restrictions imposed on the use of gasoline—or of anything else. If I knew of any way to make it possible, without interfering with the prosecution of the war, I'd like to see a car in every garage, every tank brimming with gasoline, and enough tires for everybody. But we have to face the facts and be guided by them.

Those American people—and there are millions of them now—who had never thought of gasoline except as something to get them from here to there and as something which could always be bought in unlimited quantities at the next filling station, might now he divided into cults, each ready to point out the infallible means by which gasoline can be made available to them again in its accustomed plenty. There would be the barge cult—whether of wood, of concrete, or of steel; the tank-car cult; the tanker cult; the pipe-line cult; the tank-truck cult. Let us examine these possibilities—tank cars, for example:

There are about 112,000 tank cars in the United States available for petroleum service. Before we began mobilizing them for service to the East, about 80,000 of them were in use in the Middle West and the Southwest, about 19,000 were in the seventeen Eastern states, about 5,000 in the Rocky Mountain area, and about 8,000 on the Pacific Coast.

It is estimated that not more than 1,000 of these cars were engaged in hauling oil from the producing areas to the East. The reason, of course, was that the cost was so much greater than it was by tanker. The cars were used principally for short hauls—sometimes as small as five or ten miles—between refineries and bulk plants or customers' tanks.

Today, approximately 55,000 cars are engaged in the long-haul movement of oil to the Atlantic Seaboard states. More than 30,000 of them were taken away from the Middle West and the Southwest. About 15,000 were diverted from intra-seaboard service. Others came out of the Rockies.

When this was written, rail movement was edging toward the huge total of 800,000 barrels per day. This is a truly amazing result, the accomplishment of which would not have been possible if it had not been for the wholehearted enterprise of both the oil companies and the railroads.

It is only doing exact justice, however, to say that our present plight would not be so serious if the railroads had not so effectively blocked the building of pipe lines. They did this when they should have realized the probability that with their utmost effort they could not possibly keep supplies moving into the Atlantic Coast states in a sufficient quantity to meet the demand.

The oil companies in the East are going deeply into the red as the result of these and other additional costs due to readjustments that they have found it necessary to make, both in their refining and in their transportation operations. They accepted in good faith our assurances that they would be made whole as to these costs, an assurance that has already been made good in part by Leon Henderson.

"Author, author!"

CARL ROSE

The transportation experts warn me, unfortunately, that the railroads may have just about reached the limits of their capacity in the carrying of oil. When the maximum transportation demand, so far as the railroads are concerned, occurs next fall, in all probability there may be a lessening in the number of tank cars that can be accommodated.

Coal Enters the Picture

More coal than ever before will have to be shipped into the Eastern states, particularly New England, and this will compete for transportation with oil. Seasonal crop deliveries and the transporting of munitions of war and other manufactured products on the railroads will saturate them with traffic.

Into this picture-puzzle must also fit the piece that represents a change from oil burning to coal burning, not only in factories, but in homes at the urgent request of the Petroleum Co-ordinator. We can't very well urge people to burn coal instead of oil and then deny them coal. Account must also be taken that there are various bottlenecks in transportation, notably at terminals and at bridges across large rivers. Many transportation experts believe that 800,000 barrels daily will be about the limit of the railroads' capacity to move the cars.

I hope that the experts are wrong—that a movement of 800,000 barrels daily not only can be sustained, but exceeded. However, I think that the motorist and the fuel-oil burner should avoid excessive optimism.

What, then, of barges? Barges are being used and more of them will be used in carrying oil up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Pittsburgh, there to be distributed by pipe line, tank car or tank truck. Today, pipe lines that were lying unused in Texas are being taken up and relaid, so that within a very short time there will be two new pipe lines from the Southwestern producing fields to those rivers: one to Helena, Arkansas, that will carry 50,000 barrels of products a day; and one to Paducah, Kentucky, with a capacity of 60,000 barrels a day.

The first of these will shortly be finished, and the second will probably be working in from two to four months hence. At their respective terminals, the oil will be loaded onto barges and taken to Pittsburgh for the distribution to which I have referred. Steel barges will be required for this service and we expect them to be made available. This is a protected run from the source of the oil to the points of distribution, and the supply should be constant.

There has been much talk of barging oil from Port Arthur, Texas, by way of the protected inland waterways to Port Saint Joe, Florida, where it would be shunted through a pipe line, across to Jacksonville, there to be rebarged and towed by tugs in the intercoastal waterway to Norfolk or even to northern New Jersey where it would be put into tank cars and distributed.

Plans for construction of such a line with secondhand 8-inch pipe have been approved by my office. Its delivery capacity is estimated at 35,000 barrels of gasoline and other petroleum products daily.

This line is favored by the President as well as by Army engineers, by members of the Senate and the House who have interested themselves particularly in the subject matter, by other government officials, and by oil executives. We hope to have this under way as soon as possible and finished as speedily as may be. The channel at present is being dredged between Jacksonville and Cape Fear, N. C.—a job which is expected to be finished this month, and which will give a nine-foot depth all the way to Norfolk. This pipe-line barge project will furnish safe deliveries of oil to the Southern Seaboard states of Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia.

In addition to this Florida line, and the ones to Helena and Paducah we are going to have other secondhand lines. One will be the extension of the Plantation Pipe Line, now running from Baton Rouge, La., to Greensboro, N. C. The plan is to extend it to the vicinity of Norfolk.

Three other projects involve the reversal of pipe lines which formerly carried petroleum products to inland markets from the New York-Philadelphia refining area. These are the Susquehanna, the Tuscarora and the Keystone. By building links from the Southwest, these lines will be fed all the way from the producing fields and will deliver a total of about 50,000 barrels of oil into the East Coast area daily.

Think This Over, Americans!

But these pipe-line projects are benefits of the future. The first will not be ready for about two months. The rest will take four to seven months to complete. The barge possibilities will require time to materialize, too. So what of the present? And the near future? Let us add up the approximate daily supplies we are receiving in the East now—today—by overland and safe water transportation:

Tank cars	750,000	barrels
Pipe lines and barges or combinations thereof	225,000	"
East Coast production	75,000	"
Total daily supplies	1,050,000	barrels

It is estimated that the petroleum demand of the East Coast for the rest of 1942, will be in the neighborhood of 1,450,000 barrels a day. (There are 42 gallons to the barrel.) So our Eastern production and our supplies by safe transportation are at present about 400,000 barrels per day short of our requirements.

How much of this 400,000 barrels we are still bringing in by tanker is, of course, a matter of military information. This much, however, I can say: I do not think that any decent American will ask tanker crews to risk their lives in order to supply any but the most urgently necessary requirements for oil. This much more I shall say: We Americans might as well, right now, make up our minds not to count upon tanker transportation to solve our oil problems, so long as we are at war. I think that we should make our plans on the assumption that it may eventually be necessary to take all of the tankers out of the Gulf-to-the-East commercial service, in order that those tankers can supply our ever-growing Army throughout its ever-widening scope of operations.

With such thoughts in mind, I do not see any sound basis for offering an optimistic forecast for either the motorist or the fuel-oil user. The inconveniences and the hardships of the future may be even greater than those of the past or of the present. They would have been considerably less severe if we had been able to build last summer the 24-inch pipe line from Texas to New York, a half of which is about to be undertaken.

With the 350,000 additional barrels a

(Continued on page 39)

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

LIVING in a fine, rambling old home—Friends Haven—near the small California town of Indian Hill, Owen Hugh Gurney (who, like his wife, is a Quaker) accumulates a large fortune, two thirds of which he intends to go toward the founding of a hospital for crippled children.

But, to the amazement of everyone, after his death, nothing—no bonds, no collateral of any sort, no money—can be found. His entire fortune has vanished.

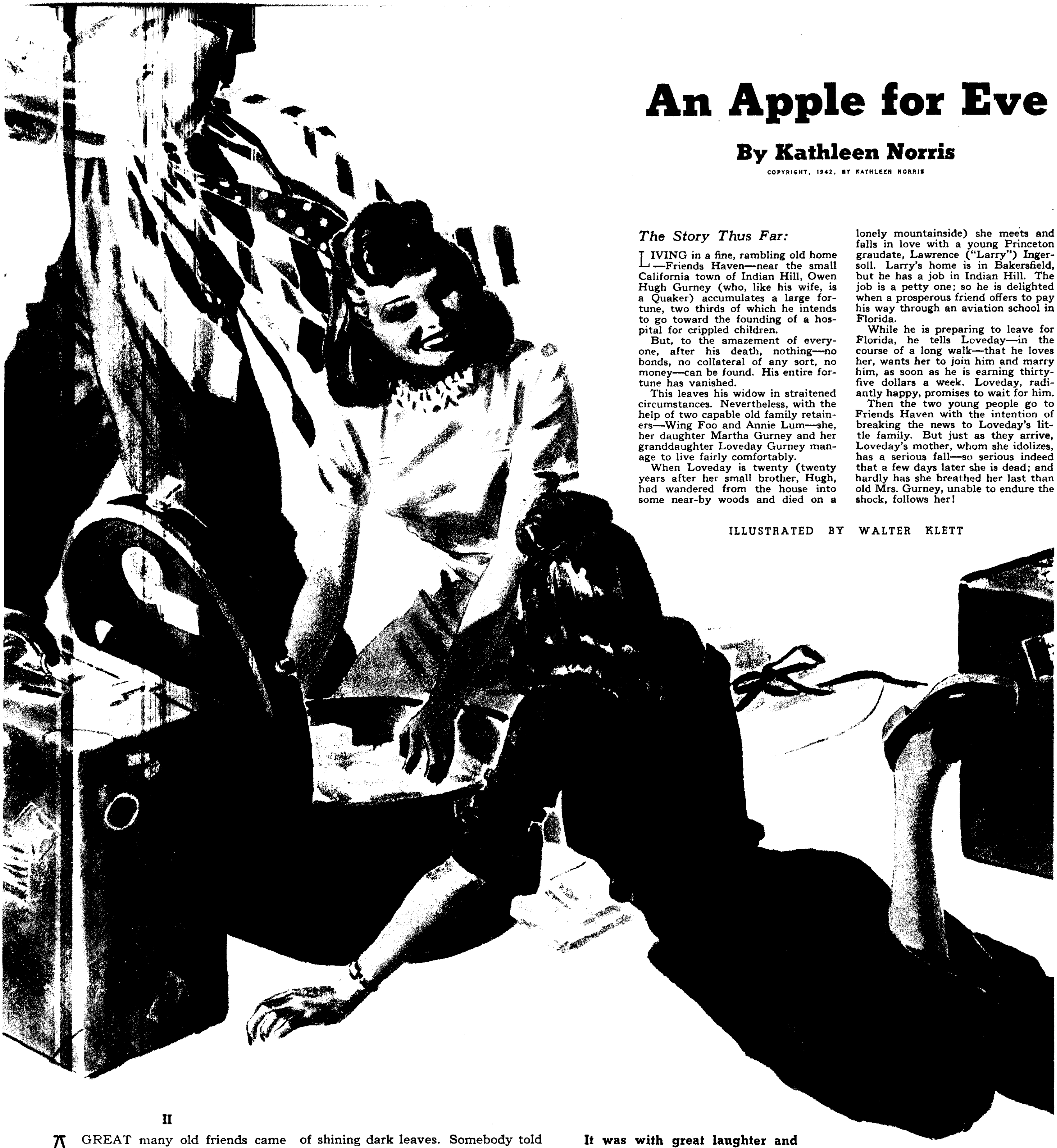
This leaves his widow in straitened circumstances. Nevertheless, with the help of two capable old family retainers—Wing Foo and Annie Lum—she, her daughter Martha Gurney and her granddaughter Loveday Gurney manage to live fairly comfortably.

When Loveday is twenty (twenty years after her small brother, Hugh, had wandered from the house into some near-by woods and died on a lonely mountainside) she meets and falls in love with a young Princeton graudate, Lawrence ("Larry") Ingersoll. Larry's home is in Bakersfield, but he has a job in Indian Hill. The job is a petty one; so he is delighted when a prosperous friend offers to pay his way through an aviation school in Florida.

While he is preparing to leave for Florida, he tells Loveday—in the course of a long walk—that he loves her, wants her to join him and marry him, as soon as he is earning thirty-five dollars a week. Loveday, radiantly happy, promises to wait for him.

Then the two young people go to Friends Haven with the intention of breaking the news to Loveday's little family. But just as they arrive, Loveday's mother, whom she idolizes, has a serious fall—so serious indeed that a few days later she is dead; and hardly has she breathed her last than old Mrs. Gurney, unable to endure the shock, follows her!

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



It was with great laughter and much packing and unpacking that Loveday, Nini, Rodney and Marc prepared for a trip to Hollywood

II

A GREAT many old friends came to the Gurney house for the double funeral. Some of them Loveday remembered; some were complete strangers. They were all gentle and sympathetic with her. Kindly women in black kissed her; the smell of their wet woolen coats and the suffocating sweet odor of flowers would always be associated for her with these strange solemn days.

They were not exactly sad days. Her mind and her emotions had entered into a time of blessed insensibility; she moved through the hours only conscious that she must be polite and try to remember names.

Roses arrived in great green boxes, and more roses, and another white chrysanthemum cross, and two more wreaths of shining dark leaves. Somebody told Loveday to be sure to keep the cards that came with the flowers so that she could thank the givers, and she jammed handfuls of water-stained blurred cards in her nervous palms and laid them down in places here and there. And no sooner were they forgotten than other great green boxes and more damp cards arrived—so many from doctors and their wives, and some from hospitals.

"Thee'll not stay here alone in this great place, child?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Laidlaw. I'm to go to Mrs. St. George for a while, anyway."

"Ah, thee'll be well-placed there."

Larry Ingersoll left for his new job the day before the funerals and Loveday strangely missed him. All these people were being so kind; the kitchen was filled with jars of soup and sheets of biscuits and roasted chickens and everything else that warmhearted housewives could think of as possibly being needed by that poor little Gurney girl, but she seemed to feel hunger no more than grief. She floated upon a wave of strange calm; it was as if she were watching some other girl go through all these scenes.

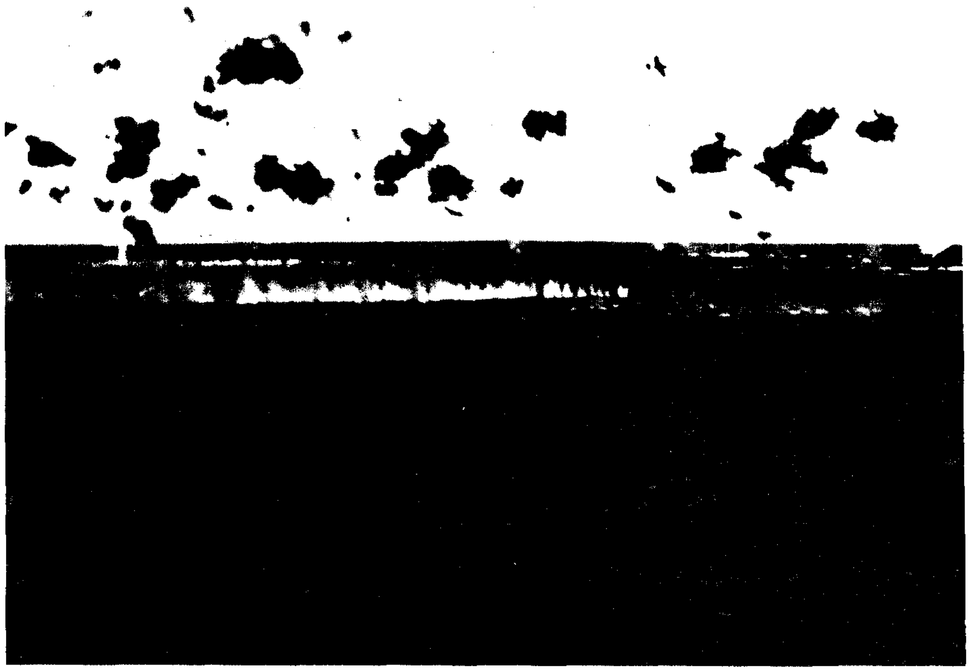
The St. Georges she knew. They all looked alike, and they all looked as they had in her childhood. Warren St. George was perhaps fifty-seven or fifty-eight, squarely built, short, gray. His manner to Loveday was cheerful, businesslike, affectionate. She had not had even the first of many talks with him before she knew that his heart was aching with concern for her; his quick attention to her lightest word, his eagerness to have her approval on all his arrangements proved that. But he expressed no sympathy; he was evidently afraid that under it she might break down.

(Continued on page 46)

ACE HIGH

By Lieutenant E. S. McCuskey, U.S.N., as told to Frank D. Morris

RADIOED FROM HONOLULU



Lieutenant E. S. McCuskey, the Navy's outstanding ace and holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, is twenty-seven, unmarried, and has been flying for four years. Before entering the Navy he was working his way through law school at the University of Arkansas as a waiter in a bus-station lunchroom. His father died when Lieutenant McCuskey was seventeen and he soon took over the management of the family rice plantation in Stuttgart, Arkansas, to support his mother and to get enough money together to start college. When the war is over he hopes to return to Arkansas to finish his law course and enter public life. His ambition is to be a senator or congressman

THE greatest thrill I ever experienced lasted exactly a minute and a half. The second greatest came after two months of hard work and then I almost missed it. Let's start with the first and work back to the second.

We were making a bombing and strafing attack on the Marshall and Gilbert islands. That is, our fighter plane and bomber squadrons were doing the actual attacking while my side-kick, John Adams and I were on combat patrol, hovering around our carrier until the other boys got back. Home guard stuff. It killed my soul!

Then a radio flash told us that one of our destroyers was being attacked by a Jap plane and we went hunting. The Jap didn't see us until we were almost on top of him but we saw him—a big, four-engined patrol bomber, and boy, did he look beautiful! He ducked into a cloud as Adams and I closed in and let him have it with our machine guns. That got his rear gunner. Next I came up under him without being spotted, doing a wingover while Adams sat on his tail. Both of us were in good position to fire on him and we did—plenty. About ten or fifteen seconds later we saw him blow up. For no good reason I chose that time to look at my wrist watch. The warning radio flash had come in just ninety seconds before.

That was my first Jap. It was like your first date or your first raise or your first baby, I guess. But only a flier who's been training and waiting years for this moment can appreciate Adams' and my sensations as we nosed down and headed back to the carrier. On the way I sent a radio message to the ship which the boys are still kidding me about. Remember, I was plenty excited, but all I said was, "We got the so and so. We shot his damned tail off." It was not a regulation report, I admit, but I had forgotten all about regulations then.

The crew of the carrier made quite a fuss about it when we were back aboard. They made us put on jackets covered with tin medals, ribbons and an ace of spades was pinned, very solemnly, on our chests. The whole show had been close to the carrier but since most of it was hidden by that cloud all they could see was the shower of Jap plane parts falling into the sea after we had blasted her.

And let's get that name business straight right now. For years I thought my name was Scott McCuskey, but when I had to produce a birth certificate before I could start flying training I discovered that I had been christened Elbert. And now that that go-get-'em tag has been pinned on me I'm more confused than ever. That, by the way, is supposed to be how a radio message to me about a Jap patrol plane ended. "Go get 'em, McCuskey." Well, it makes a good story.

Getting your first Jap plane just whets your appetite for more. After that Rising Sun flag had been painted on the fuselage of my ship I thought it looked lonesome. I tried hard to earn some neighbors for it but I had to wait.

For weeks our carrier cruised around the South Pacific and we made routine daily flights without so much as seeing an enemy patrol plane or submarine. And even when some of our fighters did go in to strafe Jap landing boats at Salamaua and Lae in New Guinea, again I had to sit up there over the carrier on combat patrol. Seven hours of this in one day; and the monotony was hellish.

Then we got a break. With two other fighter pilots in the squadron, Bill Leonard and Ed Bassett, Adams and I joined an attack on a group of fighter seaplanes. Leonard and Bassett dived close to the water and knocked down three of them while Adams and I held our altitude to cover their attack. None of the Jap planes showed up that high, so both of us decided to worry a Jap destroyer that had appeared below. We pushed over and dived on her, machine-gunning her decks. We saw several explosions aboard her as we climbed back to 7,000 feet so we wouldn't be caught low by enemy planes. There were none around, however, and down we went again toward the destroyer and several merchant ships she was escorting.

The merchantmen appeared to be sinking, although they were still belching antiaircraft. In all, we made four machine-gun attacks on that "can." And on the last attack her guns were silenced. Later, when some of the other planes from the carrier went over her position, she had disappeared. We still don't know whether our machine guns sank her but it's a pleasant speculation.

Forced Landing in the Pacific

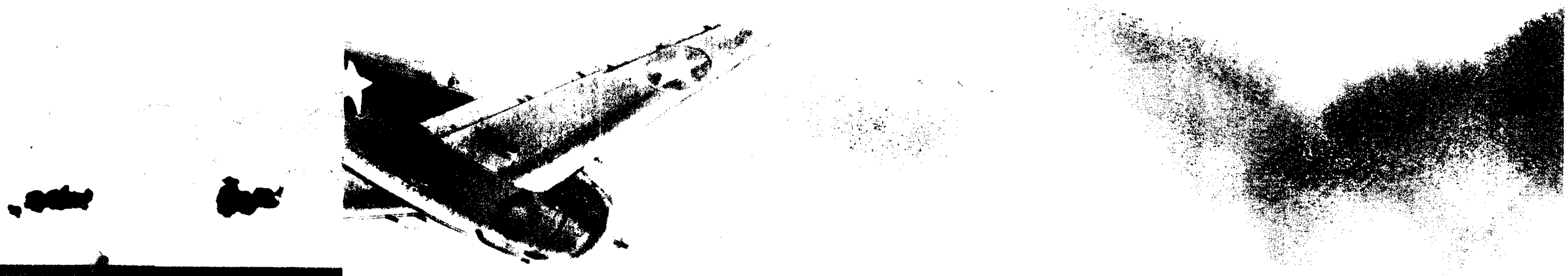
While all this was going on, the carrier had changed course, and when Adams and I started back we got hopelessly lost. Everything went wrong. My radio had gone out and we kept flying through clouds and rain squalls, and we knew we didn't have much gas left in our tanks. However, I had a general idea of where we were, and when I saw an island in the distance I decided to go down. It was a rough landing for both planes on a rocky beach. Our landing gear was carried away and our props were ruined. I was busy destroying all confidential gear and equipment when Adams walked over to my plane and tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up and he pointed toward an opening in the jungle that fringed the beach. There stood a couple of dozen of the fiercest-looking blacks I'd ever seen outside the movies. They were perfect cannibal types—bushy hair, skewer-pierced noses and the inevitable loincloths.

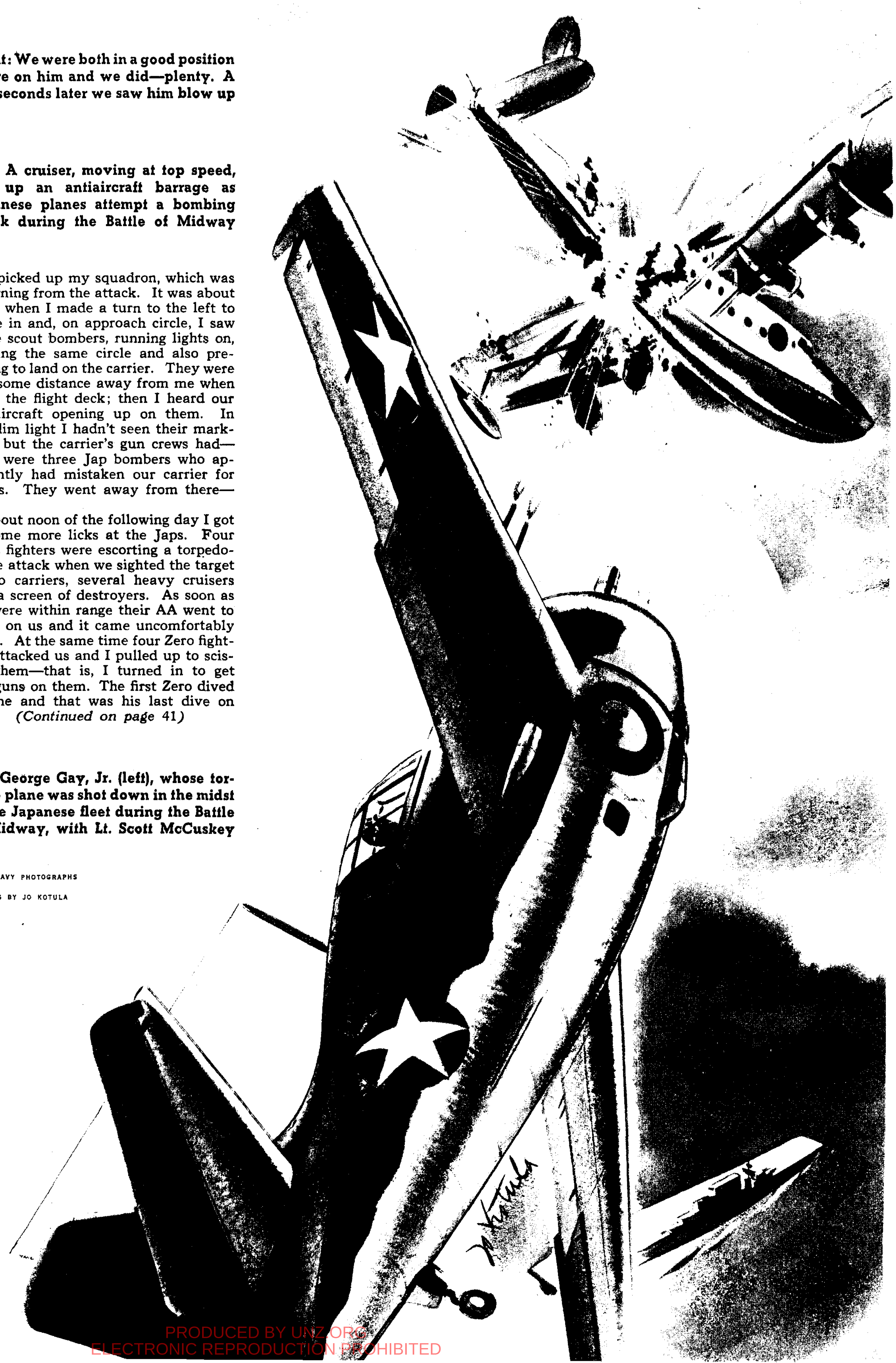
They stood motionless about a hundred yards away, staring at us. For nothing better to do I stood up in my plane and waved at them. No response. Then Adams and I walked over to them and stuck out our hands. We shook hands all around, but their dead-pan expressions didn't change a bit, and when I started to ask them questions the only answers I got were grunts. "Any Australians here?" I asked. Grunts. "Any English? Dutch?" More grunts. Then I spoke a magic word: "Any Americans?" They all became excited, started chattering among themselves, and the first thing I knew there was another round of handshaking. We were accepted socially. I learned later that American missionaries had sojourned there years before.

The natives helped us to unload our rations and parachutes from our planes, and we set up a temporary camp on the beach. A parachute hung from a palm tree with shrouds spread out did very well as a makeshift tent. Then, using sign language, we convinced our hosts we were thirsty, so they brought us oranges, coconuts and later led us to a spring of clear cold water.

Adams and I were so busy getting settled that we didn't see one of our destroyers approaching the island. But the blacks did, and drew our attention to it. A lookout on the can that had been sent out to search for us had spotted the dangling parachute.

While we waited for a boat to come ashore we tried to burn the planes, but rain and waves put out the fires we started. Then we saw the destroyer's motor whaleboat was having trouble trying to get to us through the heavy surf. It looked hopeless for her, so Adams and I inflated our rubber boats and tried to launch them. Four times we pushed them forward into the long breakers and four times we were tossed back onto the rocky shore. We finally abandoned the rubber boats and swam out to the whaleboat against a strong undertow that all but sucked us down to the bottom of the Pacific.





Right: We were both in a good position to fire on him and we did—plenty. A few seconds later we saw him blow up

Left: A cruiser, moving at top speed, sets up an antiaircraft barrage as Japanese planes attempt a bombing attack during the Battle of Midway

When we finally climbed into the whaleboat the officer told us he had brought us orders to burn both planes before returning. It was dark, then, but back I started, carrying a can of pyrotechnics in one hand and fighting my way through the surf with the other. It took me half an hour to get to the beach, and I was so tuckered out that I lay there on the sand for at least twenty more minutes.

I did what I could to destroy both ships before starting the return trip to the whaleboat. One of her crew swam out to help me, and I'm certainly glad he was there, because I felt just about licked. It was midnight when I finally got aboard the destroyer.

Next day I rejoined the carrier. The squadron commander decided I was too tired to fly, so I had to stand by and watch other fighters take off to accompany a bomber attack on a Jap carrier. I wasn't happy about it. Late that same day, when all the other fighter planes were still out, I went below to the hangar deck and found one they hadn't been able to start. I fooled around with the engine for a while and got it started. Then I received permission to take off and picked up my squadron, which was returning from the attack. It was about dusk when I made a turn to the left to come in and, on approach circle, I saw three scout bombers, running lights on, making the same circle and also preparing to land on the carrier. They were still some distance away from me when I hit the flight deck; then I heard our antiaircraft opening up on them. In the dim light I hadn't seen their markings, but the carrier's gun crews had—they were three Jap bombers who apparently had mistaken our carrier for theirs. They went away from there—fast.

About noon of the following day I got in some more licks at the Japs. Four of us fighters were escorting a torpedo-plane attack when we sighted the target—two carriers, several heavy cruisers and a screen of destroyers. As soon as we were within range their AA went to work on us and it came uncomfortably close. At the same time four Zero fighters attacked us and I pulled up to scissor them—that is, I turned in to get my guns on them. The first Zero dived on me and that was his last dive on

(Continued on page 41)

Ens. George Gay, Jr. (left), whose torpedo plane was shot down in the midst of the Japanese fleet during the Battle of Midway, with Lt. Scott McCuskey

U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

DRAWING BY JO KOTULA

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

June Havoc comes into her own now that she's overcome a more-famous-sister complex

IN ANY group picture of the Hovick family, you will see Mother Hovick well up front, pushing slightly forward with a view to encouraging the camera. On the right will be Louise of the haughty mien and pyrotechnic figure; on the left will be June nursing an inferiority complex.

June earned her inferiority complex the difficult way, in competition with Mother and Louise. They tramped her down early and they tramped her down good. As June Havoc, she is now in Hollywood trying to overcome directors, producers and her own state of mind. Louise, who is now the celebrated Gypsy Rose Lee, is fighting nothing but income-tax collectors, meaning that she is doing all right. Mother is in New York, still feeling sore at June for deserting the old Hovick act more than fifteen years ago.

"Us and the Joads family," says Gypsy. "Old Freud could have spent his life on us without bothering with those other dopes."

But if Gypsy takes it lightly, it was no picnic for June. She bears the scars; she has done the fighting. She got her first break in the New York production of Pal Joey, and Hollywood has come around to thinking that she is not hopeless in pictures. From here on, it promises to be good for June. For Gypsy, it was always a romp.

The thing started with Mother, who picked up a theatrical bug early in life in North Dakota. Mother's family stuck her away in a convent but she disappeared from the premises as regularly as a theatrical troupe came through town and was just as regularly dragged back. When, later, her marriage broke up and she was left with the two girls on her hands, she transferred her ambitions to them. She wanted Gypsy, the older, to be a dancer.

"Did you ever see Gypsy dance?" asks June. "It's as if she were sneaking around looking for somebody to kick."

But June was a natural dancer and the result was that Mother eased the two girls gently away from all normal associations, and June was doing a dancing and comedy routine on the Pantages circuit at the age of three. They were living in Seattle and it was inevitable that they would be heading for Hollywood. They worked their way down in easy stages, and June was hired by Hal Roach for a part in a picture.

"It was type-casting," says June. "It was only later that we learned they had picked me because I looked like a starving waif."

Inferiority Complex Begins

The Hollywood experience was short but it was enough for Mother, who was never one to insist that opportunity knock the door *down*. She promoted a few slabs of scenery, ran up a mess of honky-tonk costumes and formed the act known as "Dainty June, the Hollywood Baby, and Her Newsboys." Gypsy was billed as Rose Louise, the Doll Girl, and that is where the inferiority thing began.

June would be on stage knocking her brains out with histrionic endeavor when the gorgeous and disdainful Gypsy would stroll forth. Everybody would forget June and look at Gypsy and say, "Whee-e-e-e!" Gypsy sang not, neither did she spin; she simply cruised about like a duchess and yawned in the faces of the audience.

"They laughed at me and thought I was funny," says June. "I didn't want to be funny; I wanted to look like Gypsy."

But June hated her life and waited only till her tenth year to have a nervous breakdown. This was a blow to Mother because the act was built around June. The bottom was falling out of vaudeville and there was very little margin for experiments. Gypsy might be excellent as a stroller but an audience could get very bored with that after the first delighted shock. After a period of recuperation in which June's recovery was not hastened by the black looks of the other members of the cast, she went back to work. She lasted a second year and had another breakdown, this one serious.

"By this time I wanted to die—just for the vacation," says June.

Mother was on a spot. She considered the breakdowns merely a childish tantrum and thought that June was being silly. June wanted to quit; Mother couldn't let her quit, fearing starvation for all of them. June solved it by running off and getting married. She was only thirteen and the boy was eighteen.

The young couple managed to pick up a few dollars by singing and dancing in mining camps but they were really saved by a dance marathon they ran into in San Francisco. A dance marathon is the lowest known form of human entertainment, an endless nightmare of swollen feet and exhaustion in surroundings populated almost exclusively by thugs, but June and her husband danced for 964 hours and won $200 in prizes, a fortune to them in their state of poverty.

"It sounds pretty bad now," June recalls; "but it was the only way we knew to make a living and we were in marathons in San Francisco, Palm Beach and Boston. We kept alive by it but it ruined my husband. He was a fine boy but he couldn't stand that life. He started drinking to keep himself going and then everything went wrong."

She came to New York alone, did modeling for dresses. Between modeling jobs she would pick up five and ten bucks a throw at night-club dates and then she caught on with Fred Lightner who had an engagement at Loew's State in New York and needed a straight woman for the act because his wife was having a baby. That was June's first luck in years and it brought an engagement with Lawrence Schwab at the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company.

She had a few lines in Kid Boots and then a good part in No, No, Nanette, where the kindly St. Louis folk discovered that she was a comedienne as well as a dancer.

Before going out there, she had met Donald Gibbs, a New York advertising man, who in due course had proposed marriage.

They were married and stayed married for five years, only breaking up when the difference between their lives and their friends became insupportable for both of them.

In the meantime, June had come back to New York and got a part in Forbidden Melody, which is still remembered with horror by those few unfortunates who saw it. Then she did the bathtub scene in The Women in a road company and later went into summer stock, with the thought that somebody would snap her up for a Broadway show. Nobody seemed to see her at all.

It was while she was playing the borscht circuit in the Catskills in a revue called Step Up, that Forrest Haring of the Dwight Wiman office came up to her and said, "Let me guess, now. I'll get the name. You're that girl who's been sitting in my office for three years without getting in."

He took her to George Abbott who signed her for Pal Joey, and she sang and danced and did comedy and flashed a pair of legs that surprised everybody who had been thinking of her as Gypsy Rose Lee's unfortunate little sister. Hollywood took her up and June appeared in Four Jacks and a Jill, which was not one of the ten best pictures of the year, in Sing Your Worries Away and Powdertown. Right now she is free-lancing and it was a month ago, while foraging for fame, that she stumbled upon a choice part. She was visiting Max Gordon who was casting "My Sister Eileen" on the Columbia lot. Within an hour June was on the set playing Violet, a part that had been giving Gordon a chronic headache. He suddenly felt much better when Miss Havoc, who had learned her lines while under the drier, stepped into the troublesome role. At the moment she is playing in Mitch Leisen's No Time for Love with Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert—and from all reports doing very well. Her fan following is big and her bosses look on her with an eager eye and keep her working steadily.

Havoc the Hermit

More important is that she has finally got hold of herself. The breakup of her second marriage was a blow to her and she reacted by living for a while like a hermit in a house on a Hollywood mountaintop, but lately she has been seen about with human beings, and her friends are encouraged. She is a kindly, quiet girl who enjoys her home, loves her work and her friends.

That early training as a lonely child actress has never deserted her, and her present collection of animals consists of five dogs, three cats, two goats and a press agent. Since she has a lifetime of education to catch up on, she reads a great deal and is rather proud of it.

"I'm up to the sixth grade now," she explains.

However, like all little prodigies who spent their early lives in theatrical trunks, she has a mass of miscellaneous information that passes for erudition. She knows the middle name of Dwight Wiman and is weak in her eight-tables. She can estimate an audience to within nineteen dollars of a night's gross, but she doesn't know who won the Battle of Bull Run. Madison is not a President to her but a town in Wisconsin where business was bad.

The matter of education is a sore point with her because Gypsy had a year in school at New Canaan, Conn., at one period when the family was in the chips, but June had to stay behind and work. Gypsy's year of schooling gave the act an elegant turn but it left June as sketchily prepared for life as a Maori tribesman. From these circumstances, the story grew in New York that the sisters are not on speaking terms but this is not true. June would never try to cash in on Gypsy's reputation. They saw each other often when Gypsy was becoming the talk of the town, and June had no envy of her sister's success because her own ambitions were along other lines. Gypsy never took her success too warmly herself, feeling merely that if people were dumb enough to pay money to see her undress, she was their *little* undresser.

June is doing what she always wanted to do and on the side she is catching up on her childhood. Her confidence has returned in a normal way, not too little, not too much. She has even reached the point where she can talk about the old days without wincing. But when interviewers hint that it must have been a pretty interesting life after all, bohemian and all that, she looks at them coldly.

"What did *you* play on your high-school team, may I ask?" she replies, sweetly bitter. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Johnny slumped in the hammock. Mary said in an uncertain voice, "What's the trouble, Johnny? Didn't you want to kiss me?"

A Long Way to Go

By Willard H. Temple

Blueprint for a rosy future. How a Mr. Buell combined energy with self-esteem to accomplish the impossible

THE alarm clock went off at seven and Johnny threw it out of the window. He heard it bounce musically on the sidewalk outside. "So long, alarm clock," Johnny said, "beginning tomorrow they wake me with a bugle."

He lay there until eight o'clock just as though it were a Sunday. He got up and put on his gabardine slacks and the plaid sports coat. He said, "This is the last time for you, Johnny, the last time you get sharp."

He went downstairs, tapping out a little boogie on the landing. He said, "Stack those pancakes high, Mom, I got a long way to go."

Eddie sat beside him, eyes wide, head poking above a bowl of cereal. "Hi, Johnny," Eddie said proudly. "Hi, Colonel."

Across the table Johnny's father said, "This invention of mine, son, this torpedo I've been working on. Possibly you could mention it to someone."

Johnny said, "Sure," but he did not like it. He was going into the Army and he would no longer be paying ten dollars a week to the family bank account. The old man had better stick to his insurance and stop fooling around with crazy inventions.

After breakfast Johnny went in the living room and read the paper like a man with banker's hours. His father came in on his way to the office and stopped beside Johnny. Awkwardly he put his arm around Johnny's shoulder. He said, "Your train leaves at ten tonight, is that correct?"

Johnny said, "When you hear her whistle through the valley I'll be on my way."

Johnny's father said, "We're proud of you, son," and hurried outside and down the walk. Johnny watched him, a little stooped, a little defeated-looking. A lump was in Johnny's throat. If he would only forget those inventions.

In the dining room Eddie said, "I got a funny feeling in my stomach. I better stay home from school today."

It was the same thing every morning. Johnny's mother shoved Eddie outside. He waved at Johnny. "So long, Colonel," Eddie said.

"Colonel," Johnny said. He would be a buck private and he was just a private in this town. A clerk in the factory making thirty dollars a week, and in love with a girl he had never kissed. He'd never even held her hand. She didn't know he was going in the Army. She wouldn't write him any letters or knit him any sweaters. Her name was Mary and she was the daughter of the president of the factory where Johnny worked. Johnny saw her come into the office now and then. He grinned at her and she smiled back. But that was all. Johnny couldn't forget that her father owned the joint.

Johnny said, "So long, Mom, I got some civilian affairs to straighten out."

He went out to the drive and climbed into his car. The tires were paper thin. He drove fifteen miles an hour along Main Street. He turned left and went up the hill where Mary lived. He drove in the driveway of her home and parked.

"Johnny," he said, "you are just as good as the president's daughter today."

He saw Mary around the side of the house, the sun shining on her warm brown hair, and the gay print dress that pulled in tight around her waist. Her legs were slim and round and tanned. She wore yellow socks and her toes peeked through the tips of her sandals.

Johnny said, "Hi, Mary."

She looked at him and smiled. "Hello," she said and paused. "It's Johnny Buell, isn't it?"

"Private Johnny Buell beginning tomorrow," Johnny said.

Mary said, "Why, how wonderful!"

Johnny's chest expanded. He walked toward her, and a figure that he hadn't seen before stepped out from behind a pillar. A man a head taller than Johnny, wearing a uniform and with a profile like Gary Cooper's.

Mary said, "Johnny—Mr. Buell, this is Lieutenant Weber."

Johnny's tongue tied itself into a slipknot. He shook hands with the lieutenant. Johnny felt sick. He said, "I'm an air-raid warden. I came up here to make an inspection. Okay if I go inside?"

T*HE cook let him in at the back door.* He wandered through the rooms. In the living room he found a picture of Mary on the mantel. He saw that no one was looking and he stuffed the picture inside his shirt. He went outside, climbed into his jaloppy and drove back down town.

"Come down to earth, Johnny," he said. "Get back to the bush leagues. You're a private with a broken heart."

He parked the car in front of a fire plug and went inside the factory. He punched the time clock and strolled in to the receptionist.

He said, "Any mail for me? Any telegrams? Any long-distance phone calls?"

The blond girl said, "Of course not, Johnny. There never is. You kidding or something?"

"Even my gags are corny," Johnny said sadly. He sat down at his desk. It was neat and clean and tomorrow somebody else would sit there. The telephone rang and he picked it up.

Mr. Chapman, Mary's father and Johnny's boss, said, "Buell, I'd like to see you."

Johnny said, "Yes, sir," and hung up.

He went briskly down the aisle. He felt, as he always did when he saw Mr. Chapman, his heart up under his tonsils and his hands getting clammy. "Listen, Johnny," he said, "it's your last day. You're in the Army now."

He went into the office without knocking. He waved his hand at Mr. Chapman, who was talking on the phone. "Take your time, Chief," he said, "I got the whole day."

He sat down in the chair opposite the desk. He leaned back and hummed a tune to himself. Mr. Chapman hung up and shoved a box across the desk. He said, "Cigar, Buell?"

"Don't mind if I do," Johnny said. He took one, looked carefully at it to discover the right end, then put it in his mouth. Mr. Chapman snapped a lighter into flame and Johnny puffed and leaned back.

"Nice layout you got here," Johnny said.

"Buell," Mr. Chapman said, "I understand you leave us tomorrow. You're getting a month's pay and I want to assure you personally that your desk will be waiting for you when you return."

He held out his hand. Johnny shook it. Mr. Chapman said, "Good luck," and picked up a report. Johnny started for the door. He took two steps and then came back. He sat down on the edge of the desk and knocked cigar ashes into the wastebasket.

"Look, Chief," he said confidentially.

Mr. Chapman appeared annoyed.

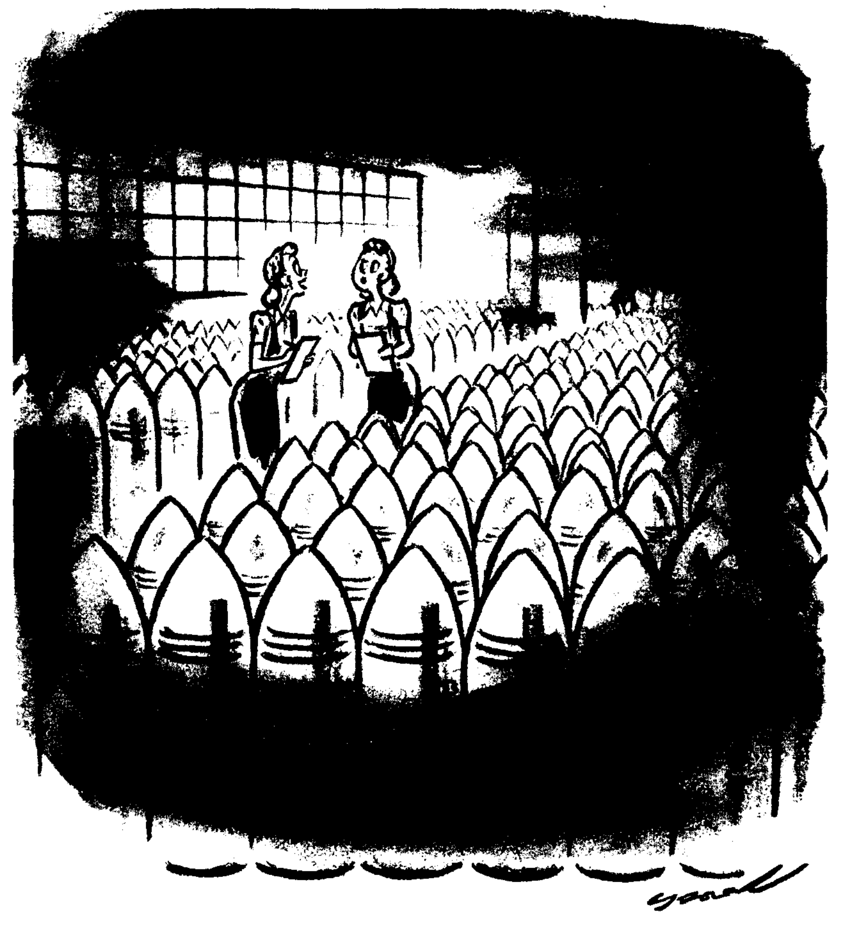
Johnny said, "The other day you interviewed about fourteen stenos before you found one that suited you. Right?"

"So?" said Mr. Chapman, looking back at the report.

"You need a man to handle stuff like that," Johnny said. "Someone to interview applicants and sift them. And a personnel man would be a help out in the plant. There's lots of things ought to be done. You need another washroom for one thing."

Mr. Chapman dropped the report. "What put this in your head, Buell?"

"I got a million ideas," Johnny said. "I'd like to have the company edit a little monthly paper for employees. Make every man feel he's a part of the organization, not just a hired hand. I grew up with the boys in the plant. I played sand-lot ball with them."



"And to think that a year ago I was even scared to go outdoors on the Fourth of July!" LEONARD DOVE

MR. CHAPMAN seemed to see Johnny for the first time. He said, "We'll be shorthanded for the duration, Buell. But when this is over, there'll be a new desk for you."

He shook hands again. Johnny sauntered out to the blond receptionist. He chucked her under the chin and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Carry the torch for me, baby," he said and went on outside.

There was a ticket on his car. He tore it up and threw it in the gutter. He drove on down the street and parked in a loading zone near his father's office.

He went inside and greeted Miss Johnson, his father's secretary. His father was in the rear office, studying his torpedo blueprint. "I can't understand why the War Department turned this down," Johnny's father said.

Johnny sat down. He said, "Pop, we got to talk turkey, you and me. I don't want to hurt your feelings but you have to forget your inventions until I get back from this war."

Mr. Buell said, "Why, Johnny—"

JOHNNY held up his hand. "I've been contributing ten bucks a week to the family. Now it's gone and Mom has been having it tough anyway. Taxes are up, prices are up. You have to stop putting time and money in inventions that don't work. Stick to insurance. If you have any money you don't need, put it in war bonds. It's the best thing."

Johnny's father said, "Well, Johnny, I guess you're right." He looked hard at his son. He said, "Johnny, you're not a boy any longer. You've become a man."

Johnny said, "Sure," and studied his cigar. He felt a trifle giddy and snubbed it out in the ash tray. He said, "Well, I got to hit the trail," and ambled outside to his car. There was another ticket on it and he tore that one up.

He drove home, changed his clothes and got out his fishing tackle. His mother made him up a lunch and he went out to the country. He stretched out beside a stream with his back against a tree and the line dangling in the water. He put Mary's picture on the ground beside him and looked at it.

He didn't catch fish and he didn't care. He stared at the photograph and finally he heard someone coming through the scrub. Eddie appeared with his school books in one hand and a bamboo pole in the other.

"Hiya, Colonel," Eddie said.

Johnny looked stern. "You're playing hooky again. You're a dope, kid. You want to be in the Air Force some day, don't you? You want to fly a plane?"

"Yeah, man," Eddie said. He went "Zoom," and imitated a plane until Johnny stopped him.

Johnny said, "If you want to fly a plane, you have to understand mathematics. How you going to understand mathematics unless you go to school?"

Eddie looked down at the ground and stubbed one foot against a hummock.

Johnny went on, "I'll bet you'll never be a pilot, kid. You'll stay on the ground and let your mouth hang open while you watch somebody else fly around the sky."

Eddie picked up the books he'd tossed down. He said, "Okay, Johnny, if you say so." He turned and started back for school.

Johnny lay back on the grass and ate his sandwiches. He looked up through the lace of the tree branches to the blue sky. Time drifted by and finally Johnny sat up straight. "Johnny," he said, "you only got about five hours left before your train. You got a girl in town you love and here you sit around in the woods and think about her. Is that in the tradition of this man's Army? It is not!" He drove back home and put on his sharp clothes again. He went up to Mary's and parked under the portico. He rang the bell and Mary came to the door. She said, "Why, how nice! Come in!"

They went into the living room, and Lieutenant Weber was there. The lieutenant did not say how nice it was to see Johnny again. He looked at Johnny as though he were a beetle.

Johnny had a cocktail and some canapés. He said, "Hors d'oeuvres today and beans tomorrow. Well, that's life!" He turned to Mary. "I came to ask you out to dinner and the evening. I thought we'd take a run out to the Chatterbox. You don't have to change."

Lieutenant Weber said, "Miss Chapman and I have a previous engagement."

Johnny said, "They got a Service League in this town for soldiers on leave. Why don't you go down and have yourself a time?"

Lieutenant Weber got off his chair and so did Johnny. He sighted on the lieutenant's jaw and cocked his right hand. He said, "You want to go outside? Blood would not look so nice on this rug."

Lieutenant Weber said, "Delighted," and led the way.

THEY went around the corner of the house. Johnny told himself to remember to lead with his left hand. He shoved it out in the direction of the lieutenant's jaw . . . and suddenly Johnny was lying on the ground and his eyesight was seriously impaired.

Johnny got up and went in more cautiously. He began sparring at long range and a minute later he was on his back again. Lieutenant Weber said, "I was on the boxing team at West Point. You had enough?"

Johnny said, "Defense will not win this war," and got up again. He got in a crouch and was weaving toward the lieutenant, squinting through his remaining working eye, when Mary ran between them.

She said, "David, I'm thoroughly ashamed of you. Come along, Johnny."

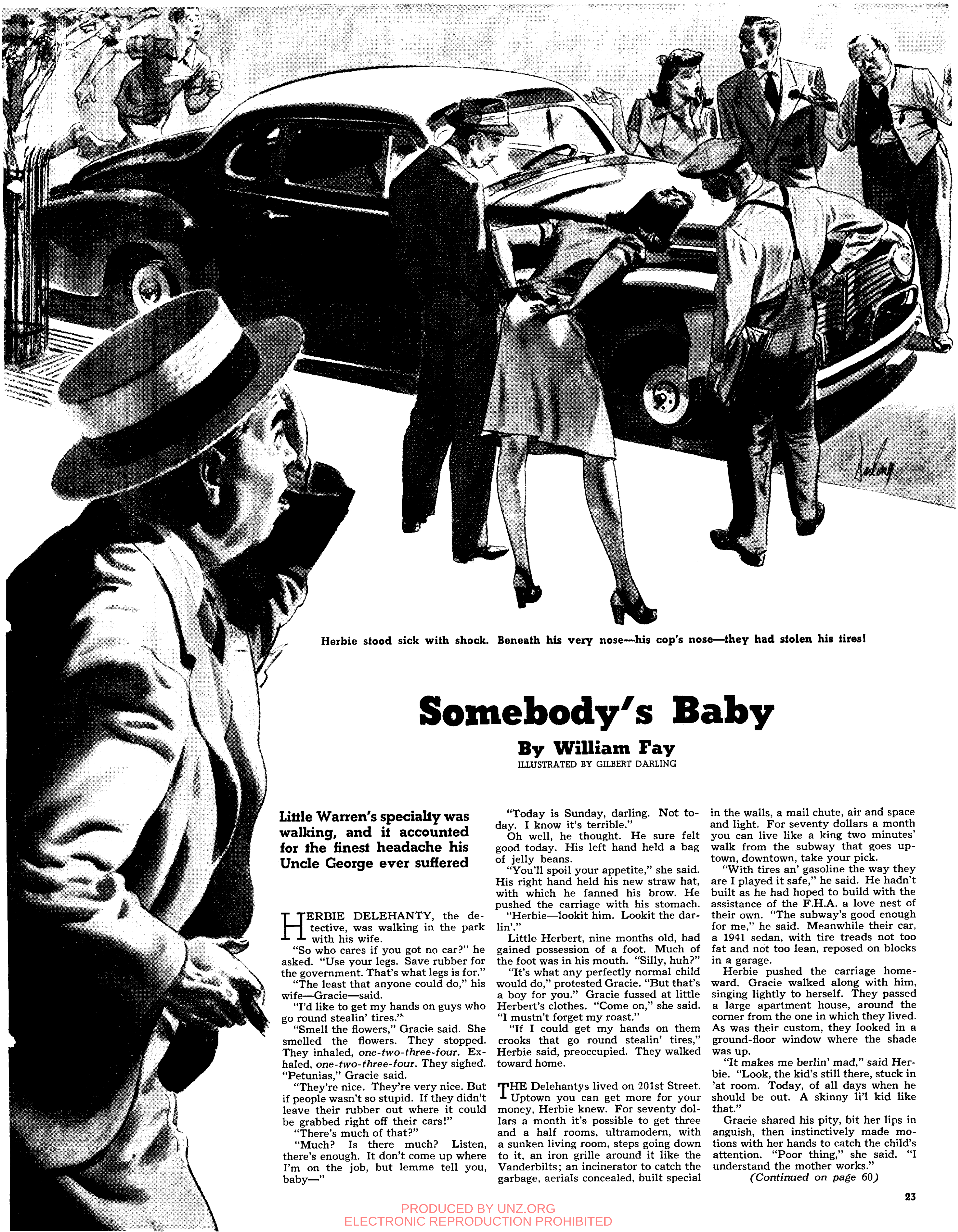
Johnny said, "No hard feelings, Lieutenant," and took Mary's arm. He put her in the car and they did ten miles an hour out to the Chatterbox. They parked the car and went inside. The headwaiter frowned at Johnny's black eye and escorted them to a table with a fine view of a post.

Johnny shook his head. "We couldn't use it."

They went forward to a table close to the dance floor. There was a card on it that read RESERVED. Johnny picked up the card and gave it to the headwaiter. "Save it," he said, "there's a paper shortage."

He pulled out a chair for Mary and

(Continued on page 40)



Herbie stood sick with shock. Beneath his very nose—his cop's nose—they had stolen his tires!

Somebody's Baby

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Little Warren's specialty was walking, and it accounted for the finest headache his Uncle George ever suffered

HERBIE DELEHANTY, the detective, was walking in the park with his wife.

"So who cares if you got no car?" he asked. "Use your legs. Save rubber for the government. That's what legs is for."

"The least that anyone could do," his wife—Gracie—said.

"I'd like to get my hands on guys who go round stealin' tires."

"Smell the flowers," Gracie said. She smelled the flowers. They stopped. They inhaled, *one-two-three-four*. Exhaled, *one-two-three-four*. They sighed. "Petunias," Gracie said.

"They're nice. They're very nice. But if people wasn't so stupid. If they didn't leave their rubber out where it could be grabbed right off their cars!"

"There's much of that?"

"Much? Is there much? Listen, there's enough. It don't come up where I'm on the job, but lemme tell you, baby—"

"Today is Sunday, darling. Not today. I know it's terrible."

Oh well, he thought. He sure felt good today. His left hand held a bag of jelly beans.

"You'll spoil your appetite," she said. His right hand held his new straw hat, with which he fanned his brow. He pushed the carriage with his stomach.

"Herbie—lookit him. Lookit the darlin'."

Little Herbert, nine months old, had gained possession of a foot. Much of the foot was in his mouth. "Silly, huh?"

"It's what any perfectly normal child would do," protested Gracie. "But that's a boy for you." Gracie fussed at little Herbert's clothes. "Come on," she said. "I mustn't forget my roast."

"If I could get my hands on them crooks that go round stealin' tires," Herbie said, preoccupied. They walked toward home.

THE Delehantys lived on 201st Street. Uptown you can get more for your money, Herbie knew. For seventy dollars a month it's possible to get three and a half rooms, ultramodern, with a sunken living room, steps going down to it, an iron grille around it like the Vanderbilts; an incinerator to catch the garbage, aerials concealed, built special in the walls, a mail chute, air and space and light. For seventy dollars a month you can live like a king two minutes' walk from the subway that goes uptown, downtown, take your pick.

"With tires an' gasoline the way they are I played it safe," he said. He hadn't built as he had hoped to build with the assistance of the F.H.A. a love nest of their own. "The subway's good enough for me," he said. Meanwhile their car, a 1941 sedan, with tire treads not too fat and not too lean, reposed on blocks in a garage.

Herbie pushed the carriage homeward. Gracie walked along with him, singing lightly to herself. They passed a large apartment house, around the corner from the one in which they lived. As was their custom, they looked in a ground-floor window where the shade was up.

"It makes me berlin' mad," said Herbie. "Look, the kid's still there, stuck in 'at room. Today, of all days when he should be out. A skinny li'l kid like that."

Gracie shared his pity, bit her lips in anguish, then instinctively made motions with her hands to catch the child's attention. "Poor thing," she said. "I understand the mother works."

(Continued on page 60)

They Keep 'em Sailing

By Helen Lawrenson

Alfred Sussmilch is just out of the hospital after two months of treatment for shock as a result of exposure in a lifeboat after being torpedoed

No one treats them like heroes. Their pay stops when they get torpedoed. They're not romantic, unless you use your imagination. They're just the merchant marine seamen, manning the lifelines of the United Nations

THEY used to hang out in a Greenwich Village bar on Sixth Avenue, called the Welcome Inn, which has since lost its liquor license and closed up. While it lasted, it was the most entertaining night spot in New York, because of them.

They drank vast and formidable quantities of beer. They laughed a great deal, fought, argued, talked incessantly, played Mexicali Rose over and over and over on the juke box, and, along toward three or four A. M., would burst into song themselves, their repertoire ranging from sentimental ballads and Irish songs to old-time Wobbly rabble-rousers and a few choice, but extremely unprintable, rowdy ditties with rollicking airs.

They went by names like Low Life McCormick, No Pants Jones, Ding Dong Bell, Fine and Dandy, Poundcake, Showboat Quinn, Screwball McCarthy, Foghorn Russell, Riff Raff, Whisky Bill from New Orleans, and Red Rose.

They told tales of Saigon, in French Indo-China, and of a night club there, out on the water, in a setting of fantastic loveliness, where beautiful Eurasian girls, walking proudly and delicately like queens, came when they whistled for them. And of the island of Malta, where the natives used to sell them bright, glistening, golden canaries, which were nothing but homely little sparrows that had been painted yellow. They talked of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, of Shanghai and Archangel, of Sierra Leone and Zanzibar.

They were the best informed, the most widely traveled, and the most truly sophisticated group of men I have ever met. They were the seamen of the American merchant marine.

They are the same men who today are writing one of the more valiant, if little publicized, pages in our history.

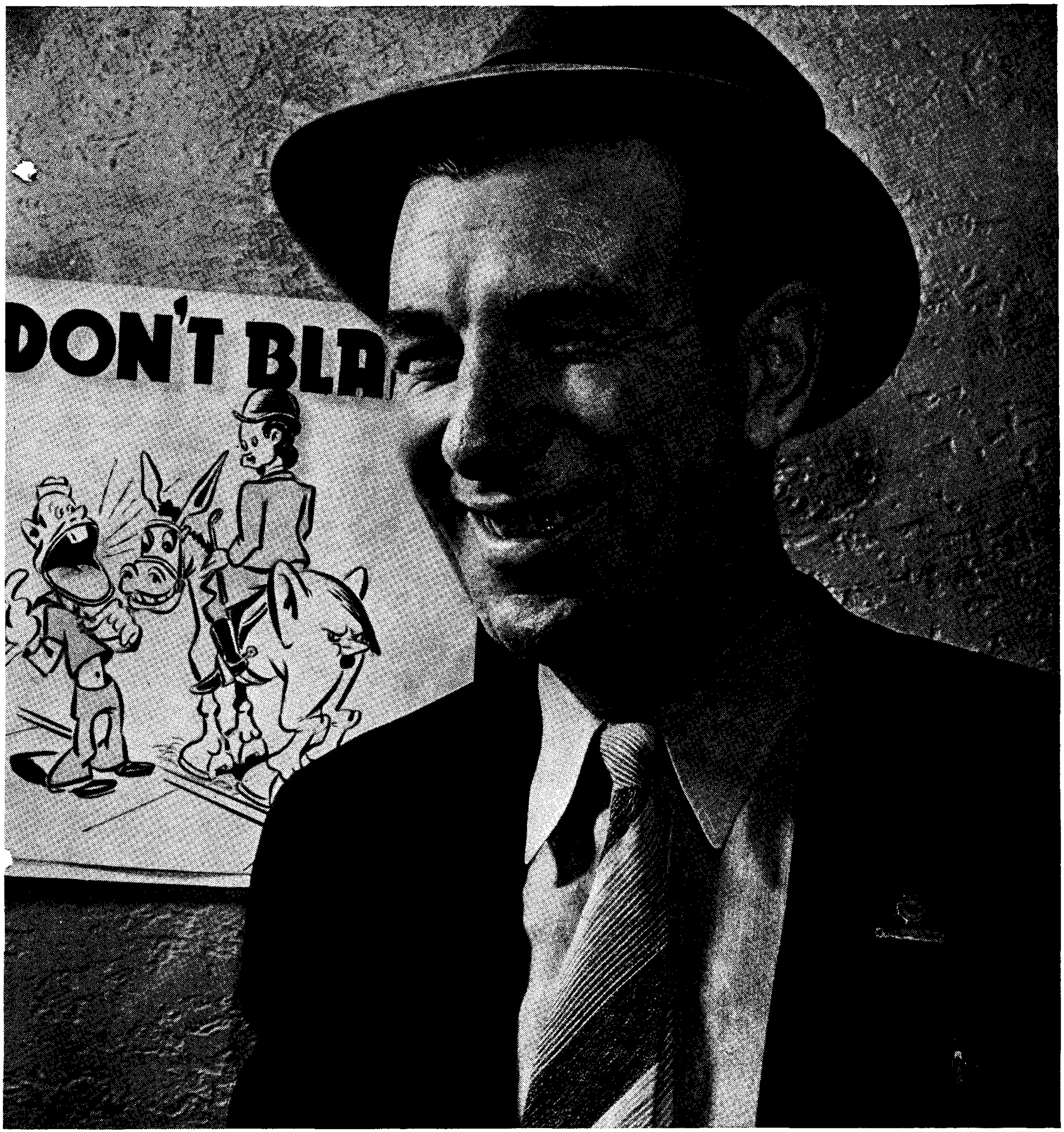
Long before Pearl Harbor, our merchant sailors were in the war. They were being torpedoed in the Red Sea, in the waters en route to Australia, and on the African run. It was for this reason that the Neutrality Law was amended last November to permit the arming of merchant ships.

However, it was not until recently that the process of actually putting guns on the ships got under way. All this time, the merchant sailors—without benefit of uniforms, medals, speeches, pensions, or public acclaim — have calmly and steadily gone about the business of carrying supplies and dying in the process. They have gone out to sea in ships with no guns, antiquated lifebelts, lifeboats that didn't work, no patrols or convoys to guard them along the coast. And the submarines have picked them off as easily as a man shooting rabbits in a hutch. They sink them on the Atlantic Coast, in the St. Lawrence River, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean, and on the West Coast. They even sink them within sight of the New Jersey shore.

But the men keep on sailing, and those who are torpedoed and rescued ship right out again. Soapbox Smittie has been torpedoed three times. Dutch Hagens, who spent 19 months as a soldier fighting Fascism in Spain, has been torpedoed three times. Whitey Ralstrom has been torpedoed twice. A Spanish sailor whose name I don't know

Interlude between torpedoings: The boys settle down for a quiet game of cards at the Ebro, despite strenuous objections from the bartender

Herminio (left), torpedoed twice, talks it over with Lentini, Callahan (torpedoed twice in World War I, twice in this one) and Vasquez



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOFMAN-PIX

Soapbox Smittie, who was torpedoed three times, is now making a countrywide tour under the auspices of the United States Maritime Commission, speaking to workers in war industries

was torpedoed twice within 26 days.

In fact, it is getting to a state, one of the men says, where if you haven't been torpedoed at all, you're just a punk.

A couple of nights ago, I was talking to a group of them: Soapbox Smittie, Whitey, Bill Caves—about ten of them. With the exception of two men, they had all been torpedoed (and one of them, curly-haired Fitzsimmons, had also been machine-gunned by the sub as his lifeboat tried to get away). Of those two, the only reason one hadn't been hit was because he, himself, sighted the sub in time, manned the machine gun and sank it.

The second man just hadn't happened as yet to run into trouble. "I feel terrible," he kept saying to me. "I feel so out of place. I'm a wallflower, a nobody. What do you suppose Emily Post would advise in a case like this?"

Of course, he was kidding; but in a way, he wasn't. The merchant sailors seem so much more conscious of the war than many of the rest of us. They talk about it incessantly. If you listen to the conversation of most civilians, you will find that the war is only one topic among many. But for the merchant seamen, it is the only topic. (A clue to this constant awareness lies in what one of them said to me last night: "We sit here talking and having a peaceful drink—and 20 miles away, off the coast, there's a war going on, and men are fighting for their lives in the water. *Next week it may be me out there.*" They avidly snatch up hourly editions of newspapers and study them intently; they listen to all possible radio news broadcasts, and, whether in your home or in a bar, will call out for silence so that they will miss nothing of the latest world developments. As in the old days, they discuss and argue endlessly. Everything that happens in the world today, as far as the war is concerned, is of intimate importance to them.

Citizens of the World

They are the true internationalists, and they know what the score is. They have been all over the world, seen the people of all countries, drunk at bars with the men. It is pretty hard to fool them about people.

They were in Hamburg in 1923 and saw the German people desperately fighting the Nazis in the streets, while Hitler was still a hoodlum chief not yet thrust into power. They went to Spain in '37 and '38, hundreds of them, to fight Hitler and Mussolini and Franco in Fascism's great military rehearsal—and many of them died there. They were thrown into jail in New York for picketing the Bremen with signs protesting Hitler's treatment of the Jews; and they tried time and again, in vain, to do what they could to stop the shipment of scrap iron to Japan.

Their record is clear. They have always hated Fascism and they have always fought it. So it is not surprising to find them in there pitching now.

The chances they take are multiple, and the deaths they face are terrible ones. So far, more than 2,000 of their former shipmates have been drowned, or burned to death in flaming oil, or blown to bits by explosions, or have died of starvation and exposure in lifeboats. Out of the crews of two ships alone, numbering 76 men in all, only three men were saved.

The tales of heroism are almost without number. . . . Big Bill Caves, the bosun with the basso profundo voice, on a tanker carrying high-test gasoline, was burned on face and hands, but he led his men to the boat deck, lowered the boat, got the men into it, and pulled them away to safety through flames 75 feet high in the water. He is now back at sea. . . . Young, dark-eyed Earl Wolfe, on watch en route to Murmansk, spotted a submarine, sounded the general alarm, then manned the machine gun and sank the sub. Back in New York, he came ashore for two weeks, then shipped out again. Those surviving members of the crew of the Prusa who spent 31 harrowing days in a lifeboat, living on a daily ration of two biscuits and half a cup of water, and finally made their way over 2,500 miles of open sea to safety on the Gilbert Islands, one of the great sea sagas of all time . . .

On National Maritime Day, a few weeks ago, some of these men received medals; but they were medals struck off by their own union, the National Maritime Union. As yet, they have received comparatively little public recognition of their heroism.

They eat in cafeterias, and over their coffee and hamburgers they discuss the gastronomic merits of raw flying fish.

"We were 11 days in a lifeboat," says one, "and toward the end, those fish got so they looked pretty good to me. We'd flash a light on the sail at night, and they'd fly right up against the sail and land in the boat and we'd grab 'em—that is, those of us who would eat 'em. They're not so bad."

Another sailor makes a face. "I wouldn't touch 'em," he says. "I'd rather have apple pie."

"Well, who wouldn't?" says the first. "But when you're in a lifeboat out in the middle of the ocean and you ain't got no apple pie, then, brother, you'll take raw flying fish and like it!"

"How about sharks?" asks a third.

Tales of Death and Terror

"Oh, nobody'd eat them things! They chased us, though. We used to go on swimming parties with them. We'd wear our lifebelts and hold onto the boat, with a guy on each side of the boat chasing the sharks away with hooks. Some fun!"

In Fogarty's Ville Grille, or the Ebro restaurant and bar on Eighth Avenue, you can hear them swapping tales of death and terror. Here is Bill Callahan, forty-two years at sea, torpedoed twice in the first World War and twice so far in this one. When we took the photographs for this article, he had tried to ship out again the night before, but had been turned down because of a shrapnel wound still in his leg from his last torpedoing. He has a good reason for hating Fascism. He had just received an official telegram, notifying him that his son, a flier with the R.A.F., had been killed in action. He has another son in the United States Air Forces, and two more in our Army. He didn't know whether we ought to use his name or not, "because I don't want those kids of mine to worry about me!"

Colon Herminio has been torpedoed twice. "This is positively the last time I will stand for being torpedoed!" he says. But he is looking for a ship to go out again. He has just come in with a group of others, who were all torpedoed last week. Some are wounded by shrapnel; all of them complain about their ears. "Those torpedoes make too much noise," says one of them. "They oughta make noiseless ones."

I was asking Fitzsimmons, who has since shipped out again, what the men talk about in the lifeboats. He said they talked about when they were kids—"the things we used to steal from corner grocery stores, peanuts, candy bars and all that stuff, and what we used to want to be when we grew up." When the

Rudolph Morgan (left), torpedoed off Africa's Gold Coast last April, and Louis Beilinson, recently rescued in the Caribbean, swap stories

The boys have a last beer with Smittie before he leaves. (L. to r.): Sussmilch, Beilinson, Herminio, Smittie, Vasquez and Morgan

Nazis machine-gunned their lifeboats, Fitz said the men just lay flat in the bottom of the boat and swore.

Once in a while, they run into a U-boat whose commander treats them a little better. One such U-boat, surfacing rapidly, almost ran into a lifeboat. The sailors were mad as hornets. When the U-boat commander came out on deck, they all yelled at him, "Why, you dumb so-and-so, why don't you watch where you're going? You want to tip us over?" The commander waved at them and called to them to row over closer. They held an impromptu discussion: "Can we trust those stinkers? Will they shoot us?" Finally, they decided to take a chance and they rowed over to the U-boat's side. "I ought to smack you right in the nose!" one of the seamen told the German commander. He laughed, and threw them down some cigarettes. "So long, boys," he said. "Give my regards to Mrs. Roosevelt!"

One lifeboat, which had been shelled for two hours, had 24 holes in it. The crew managed to plug seven of them with bits of metal, etc., but there were still 17 holes left. So the men in the boat held a meeting to discuss the problem of buying sheet metal to plug up the remaining holes. The meeting lasted two days and was conducted under strict parliamentary law, according to Robert's Rules. The discussion was finally tabled on three counts: (1) the ship's treasurer was in another lifeboat and they couldn't reach him; (2) all their money went down with the ship anyway; and (3) there weren't any stores out there in the ocean. However, the debate made 48 hours pass quickly.

What social activities the men have nowadays are usually tied up with the war. Many of the torpedoed seamen spend their evenings, not drinking in bars, but making speeches on the war before various groups. Soapbox Smittie, for example, is now touring the country, addressing workers in shipyards and war factories, appealing to them for a greater effort toward winning the war. Others are appearing at various affairs given for Allied Relief and helping to stimulate contributions. As they spent their own money freely in the prewar days, so they do today, but with a difference. Then it was nothing for a sailor to pay off from a long trip with $500 and spend it all the first night ashore. Now they spend it for war bonds. They say, "We'll not only deliver the goods—we'll help pay for them, too!" One West Coast crew bought $12,000 worth of war bonds on pay-off day. Others have contributed thousands to the Maritime Committee for Medical Aid to the Allies. Many crews contribute a day's pay each trip. And on ships carrying Navy gunners, the merchant seamen in many instances chip in at the end of the run and make a present to the Navy men of as much as $50 for each one. They are not only giving their lives and their money to the war effort, but they are also giving their blood. In the Baltimore branch alone of the National Maritime Union, the seamen have already donated 52 pints of blood to the Red Cross and they have pledged to contribute a barrel of it in all.

Money No Object

They are men of action. They don't want to work in factories or shipyards, even though they could make ten times the money they now do. They are sailors and proud of it! They like the sea and they like the life. They don't like being torpedoed, but they hate Fascism so much that they're willing to take the risk. They don't do it for the money. An able-bodied seaman today, on the coastwise run, makes $100 a month, plus a $100-a-month war bonus (prior to May 10th last, there was no bonus for the Gulf of Mexico, although ships were being sunk there). Since the round trip from New York to Texas takes some 18 days, the pay they receive works out to about $6.43 a day, or a little over $116 for the entire trip, including bonus. If they're killed, the sum of $5,000 goes to whomever they have designated as the recipient. In many cases, this is the U. S. Government. As Alfred Sussmilch says, "Why should I get married in these days? I marry the girl, bang! I get torpedoed, and she gets the money. I'd rather have Uncle with the red-white-and-blue hat get it!"

They are great talkers ashore, and on board ship they read everything they can lay their hands on. They also write lengthy communications to The Pilot, a weekly publication written, edited, and read by sailors of the merchant marine. I am happy to report that war and death and danger, although naturally effecting a change in the subject matter, have not in any way diminished the bounce and gusto of the language in which this paper is written.

Many of the letters it prints are outbursts against "gashounds." A "gashound" is usually a "performer," and these gentlemen are frequently referred to as "characters." Although it may seem odd that the day has come when sailors deplore intoxication in other sailors, there is not an issue of The Pilot which doesn't have an indignant warning that "The policy of the Union is that a gashound is a dangerous menace on the ships, and the Union has overwhelmingly decided that he has no place on the ships, and no place in the Union." In the future, it seems, "perpetual gashounds" will be suspended and will not be reshipped unless they can appear before a trial committee and "prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that they are not what they have been reported to be," i.e., gashounds.

Even The Pilot's advertisements, while continuing in their usual enticing fashion to boost the stock of sailors' bars in far places, have here and there a hint of present-day conditions. The advertisements from European bars have disappeared, and so have the ones from the "Moulin Rouge, the Well-Known Diversion Establishment on the Panama Canal," and the "Virginia Bar—See Your Old Friend, *Mussolini Alice*," in Santos, Brazil, (Alice has no doubt by this time changed her name), but there is still the "Mickey Mouse Bar" in Santos, and Al's Inn in Aransas Pass, Texas, which one week advises potential customers "Cold Beer—*We Hate Hitler*—Everyone Welcome But Hitler, Wheeler & Lindbergh," and the next week varies this with the warning, "Tojo, Count Your Ships—*Our Navy is Visiting You Soon.*"

Wanted: Some Bean Trawlers

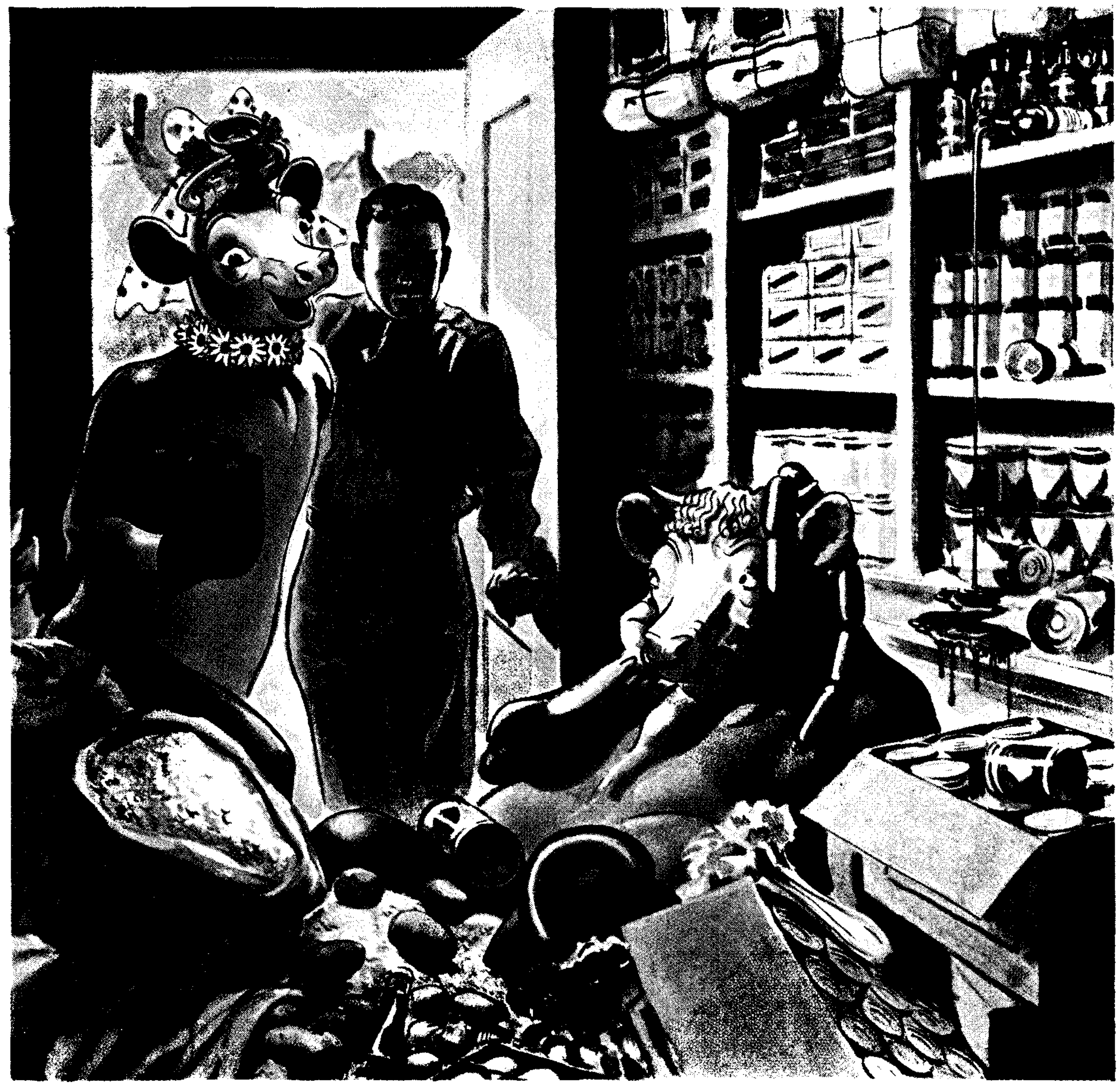
There aren't so many "beefs" today. The men used to demand everything but "a glass smokestack filled with goldfish, blondes in every slop chest, and a floor show at coffee time." But the crews who once wrote in every week to say how they hated the captain, now send copies of letters reading: "Mr. President, please give us guns on these tankers so we will have something with which to fight back."

The sailors, themselves, are most anxious to have the ocean-going fishing trawlers, called "bean trawlers," put into duty. There are hundreds of these lying idle in the harbors of Boston, Providence and other Eastern ports. The seamen claim they are the most seaworthy small boats ever built—they sometimes go out as far as 1,500 to 1,800 miles at sea for fishing and remain away for three weeks at a time. They have high-powered Diesel engines, and they are very fast. They carry crews of 12 men each, and they could easily be equipped with machine guns and the "ash can" type of depth bombs. They could patrol the coast, one every few miles, and attack and sink submarines.

It is true that the Navy's own blimp and plane patrols along the Atlantic Coast have been increased, but they are still not adequate. The subs are sinking ships faster than we are building them; and local naval authorities claim that the crucial test of the shipping battle of the Atlantic is likely to come during the next few months. In addition, sinkings have been increasing in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean.

Your friends ship out for Australia or Africa or India or Russia, and you say, "So long! Keep 'em sailing!" and you know they'll be gone a long time, but that at least they'll have a pretty good chance of getting back because they'll sail in convoy. But when they ship out for Mobile or Texas City, you don't know if they'll ever come home. A few of those "bean trawlers" patrolling our coast line would make you feel a whole lot better. And, as the sailors themselves say, "We don't mind risking our lives to deliver the goods—but they sure don't do nobody no good lying on the bottom of the ocean!"

THE END



"And this, I suppose," smiled Elsie, "is an army mess!"

"THAT," said the mess sergeant, glaring at Elmer, "is no mess. That is your husband. He just came barging in here and . . . blooey!"

"I tripped," muttered Elmer. "It could have happened to anyone."

"Well, suppose you just trip around and clean up this litter while the sergeant shows me his kitchen," Elsie, the Borden Cow, said firmly.

"Sorry, ma'am," answered the sergeant. "No cows allowed in the kitchen. Army regulations. Of course, for *you,* I might . . ."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of your making an exception for me," interrupted Elsie. "I'm all in favor of army regulations. Particularly the one that specifies the equivalent of at least a pint of milk for every soldier every day. You know my pure, wholesome milk and all the wonderful things Borden experts make from it are my life's work."

"And good work, too," approved the sergeant. "We use a lot of your *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk.*"

TRY BORDEN'S EVAPORATED FOR CREAMED SOUPS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED M

"Then I don't have to tell you what splendid creamed soups and fluffy mashed potatoes it makes," beamed Elsie. "Or how digestible and rich in Vitamin D it is. It may be news to you, though, that our allies use tremendous amounts of it, too."

"You started all this," Elmer complained to the mess sergeant. "You listen to it. I'm going out and spend a quiet, peaceful hour with the heavy artillery."

"Elmer's awfully jealous of my career," chuckled Elsie, as Elmer huffed out. "Sometimes I think he even resents all the nice things people say about my luscious, creamy *Borden's Ice Cream.* And I'm sure you couldn't find a finer food than that!"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A REAL FOOD!

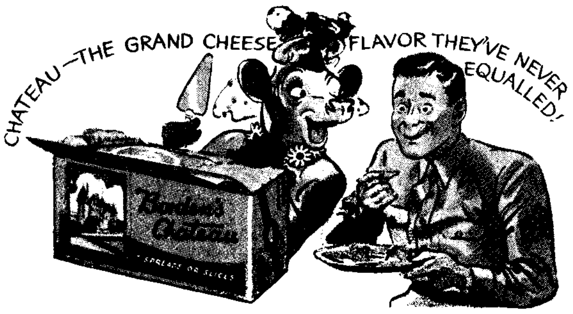
"I'll say you couldn't," agreed the sergeant. "I knew that husband of yours was a wet blanket the minute he messed up my post commissary. If he had his just desserts . . ."

"You can give your whole regiment their just desserts," Elsie broke in, "with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* It's the handy, short-cut way to make cake frostings, pie fillings, and loads of other delicious desserts because it's milk *plus* sugar."

MAGIC DESSERTS WITH BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"Gosh, Elsie, you sound like an expert on food," said the sergeant. "Maybe *you* can persuade women who entertain soldiers not to serve those wishy-washy, 'tea-party' sandwiches."

"Sergeant, I'm surprised at you." Elsie giggled. "Thousands of women already know how to turn out hearty, man-pleasing sandwiches. It's no trick at all with *Borden's Chateau.* And mellow, golden *Chateau* is only *one* member of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses!"*


CHATEAU—THE GRAND CHEESE FLAVOR THEY'VE NEVER EQUALLED!
Borden's Chateau

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed the sergeant. "I guess all of us learn something new every day."

"It's a lucky thing for all those people who are learning about HEMO," enthused Elsie. "HEMO is Borden's grand, new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Why, folks who need more vitamins and minerals are getting a brand-new kick out of life with HEMO. And it tastes better than the most marvelous malted milk ever mixed."

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"Gosh," puzzled the sergeant, "to hear you tell it, everything Borden makes *is* super-super."

"Of course it is, sergeant," laughed Elsie. "Borden has its regulations just like the army. And the most important of these regulations is: *'If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!'* "

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Elsie says: ***"We can't have too many cooks to spoil the broth for the Axis.*** **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY.** ***It's a recipe guaranteed to put the Axis in the soup."***

© THE BORDEN COMPANY

• Action by Night

Continued from page 12

"You'd probably be Valencia Wilder," he said.

Her voice was round and soft and reserved. She could, Coleman thought, handle men as she pleased. "Yes," she said.

"Maybe," suggested Wall, "you might like to fresh-up before eatin'. The room at the top of the stairs."

She nodded and passed Wall. But her mind was not finished with Coleman; when she reached the doorway she turned her head and gave him a deliberate glance and moved into the room, leaving behind her a fragrance and the memory of her skirts' faint rustling. Coleman saw the redheaded Ben standing inside, stiff and still. Ben said nothing to the girl; he followed her with his eyes as she went up the stairs and passed from sight.

Coleman reached for his tobacco and put a cigarette together. He lighted it; he stood with the burning match cupped at his face, fine short wrinkles coming around his eyes. He dropped the match and put his foot on it, drew a long breath of smoke and moved on to his horse. He leaned against the horse and smoked his cigarette half through, remembering how this girl had appeared as she stepped from the coach. The color of her eyes was the color of blue-black velvet; there was a lot of knowledge in those eyes.

He led the horse to the trough, and on to the corral, removing saddle and bridle. The sound of the river never let up; it was a sledge-hammer heartbeat in the chill, damp dark. One streak of motion disturbed the shadows beyond the corral; he looked that way until he saw two people walk slowly side by side along the margin of the river. He heard the quick soft laughter of a woman. He came back to the roadhouse's front room, laid his saddle on a rack and hung up the bridle. The redheaded Ben had disappeared, Luke Wall was in the yard unhitching the stage horses and the driver, who had already bolted his supper, sat back in his chair and gave out a great belch.

BEN SOLVAY started up the stairs as soon as Valencia Wilder closed the door of her room. He knocked on the door, heard her voice, and entered. He left the door open so that she would not be afraid; he took off his hat and he met her eyes and tried to conceal his embarrassment. "I'm Ben Solvay," he said.

He admired her for her self-possessed silence as she studied him. He had expected a plain woman plainly dressed, ill at ease because of the strangeness of the thing they were doing; but she was neat and to his eyes she was beautiful and nothing appeared to trouble her. But even as he found himself gratefully shocked, he knew everything was wrong. The black, still wisdom in her eyes greatly disturbed him.

"I had you pictured differently in my mind," she said. "But I am not disappointed. I was to have met you in War Bonnet. This isn't War Bonnet, is it?"

"Thought I'd ride down and catch you here. War Bonnet's got more people in it—and maybe they'd wonder why I had to introduce myself to you one day and get married to you the next."

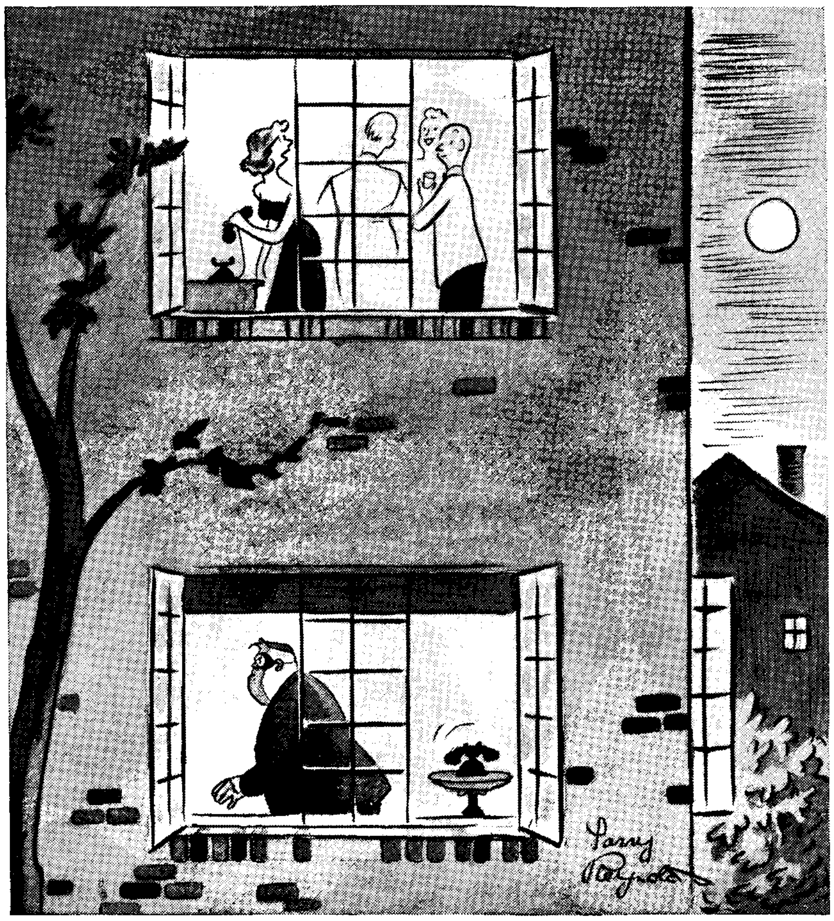
"You're thoughtful. I got that impression from your letters. You can shut the door now."

He closed the door and put his back to it and he remained silent while she appraised him, her head slightly to one side, her glance seeming both sympathetic and critical.

"In none of your letters," she murmured, "did you ever really say how it was you came to know about me."

His partial smile somewhat relieved the flat determination of his plain, square face. All of his character was there for her to see. The honesty she had commented on, the steadiness, the dry practicalness—these were visible to her. He was not a man with secrets beneath him. "Friend of mine came through this country during the summer and told me a story about a fellow who had come to Fort Loring from Arizona to start a ranch and make some money. He made some money and sent back to Arizona for the girl he figured to marry. She came up, but the day before she got to Loring he was killed. So she buried him. You were the girl."

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"It was the apartment downstairs complaining about our noise"

He watched her, to see if his talk brought back grief to her, but all he saw was the unchanged interest of her eyes. She said, "Was it pity that made you write?"

"It was something my friend said about you. You buried your man and you stood at his grave and didn't cry. But you said this country had cheated you so you'd stay and take your pay from it somehow. I thought about that for a couple months. It stuck in my mind—the kind of a girl you must be. So I wrote."

"I often wondered why you didn't make the trip down to Loring to see me, instead of writing."

SHE discovered then the most characteristic side of Ben Solvay, his painstaking consideration of all things. "There was no use of my coming down there to take this first man out of your mind. You buried something with him a second man couldn't get. So the second man had to offer something different. Well, you said you'd stay in this country and lick it. That stuck with me. You were a lone woman gamblin' on prospects. So I wrote and offered you my prospects. A letter was best for that. It could say everything straighter than I could talk it to you."

"YOU were honest. You said all the worst things first."

"I put the prospects as clear as I could. I told you what I've got and what life up here would be like for you. There's only a few women in the Basin. Lonesome country. You'll never starve and you'll never know meanness from me. One thing I can't provide—which is the thing the other man meant to you."

She started to speak, looked at him carefully a moment, and said nothing. Ben Solvay ventured an incomplete smile. "I know my limits. I'm meant to do the practical things that have got to be done. You can give me what a man must have if he's to live like a human being. I can give you a way of staying in the country. Maybe that will be enough." Then he added an afterthought which rather startled her with its directness: "And maybe it won't be. This is the turning-back point. You've seen me. It can end right here if you wish."

The suggestion challenged her. "People get old, turning back, and they get nowhere. I want something to show for my life." Once more she placed on him her perceiving glance. "You are disappointed in me."

"I expected less," he said, quite honestly. "I expected somebody plain and practical, somebody used to the straight calico, which is all I've got. You came from better than that. I can tell those things. The bargain would be good for me—but bad for you."

"You're wondering what I was and how I came this far from Arizona?"

"You came to marry a man," he said.

She opened her mouth to answer him; and again she stayed the answer and studied him, and at last said, "The past is past. If you have not changed your mind—"

He dipped his head, staring at the floor, and he began to show extra color. He wished her to see no uncertainty in him and he owned a steady man's religious belief in keeping a bargain. This bargain was with a woman and therefore all the more binding; yet he had his uneasy doubts concerning her and, hard-pressed, he came upon a reasonable excuse for delay. "I will not permit you to make up your mind until you have had a long look at me. Ride on to War Bonnet and put up at the Alma House. I'll see you every day for a week. By then you'll know for certain."

She had never lost her sure command of the scene, and now she said quietly, "I understand."

He flushed deeply; now he was ashamed of his doubts. "You can have no idea what the sight of a woman as beautiful as you are does to a man like me. But if I took advantage of you—. A week is short enough time for you to see what you're getting into."

"Take me to supper," she said.

The stage driver stood impatiently and sourly at the doorway when they came down the stairs, and he said, "Don't expect me to wait."

Ben Solvay, having gone through a scene which left him in a poor frame of mind, let go at the driver with his irritated voice: "You'll wait, Jim."

THE driver grumbled and left the room. Solvay moved after him, more and more uncomfortable, leaving Valencia Wilder alone with her meal. She stood up to the table and poured herself a cup of coffee and walked to the fireplace as she drank it. Luke Wall made a racket with the fresh horses in the yard and Coleman came into the room, dipping his head at the door. He moved casually on until he was near her. He took off his hat and laid it on the table; he rolled up a smoke. "Going on to War Bonnet?"

"Yes."

He lighted the cigarette, he stared at the bright leap of the fire. Valencia Wilder moved by him to place the empty coffee cup on the table. She stood at the table's end, her back to him; he watched her shoulders lift. She seemed to be looking at the door when she spoke, "That smoke smells good."

He turned and walked to her, looking down at the heavy shine of the light on her hair. Luke Wall cursed the horses as he hitched them and the river laid its never-ending drumming over the meadow. "Long ride ahead of you," Coleman said.

"Yes."

She turned her head to him, a shadowed, unsmiling repression on her face; her lips stirred and turned still. "Here," he said and held the cigarette to her mouth. She took a slow, indrawn breath of smoke and expelled it. She kept her glance on him. She said in a half-voice, "Thanks," and moved to the doorway.

He followed; he watched Ben Solvay hand her into the coach. As the driver swung around the meadow her face showed at the little window of the coach door; she smiled at Solvay and afterward her glance lifted and came to Coleman, the smile dying. The stage

VISIT HIM EVERY WEEK IN *SNAPSHOTS*

"We read all your letters together—your mother and I"

"When's he coming home?"

"Wish you could see what a great little fisherman she's getting to be"

KEEP HIM HAPPY by slipping a few snapshots into your letter every time you write. Snapshots fill a big want in a soldier's life. They're next best thing to a visit from the home folks.

And because these snapshots will mean so much to him—don't take chances—load with Kodak Verichrome Film. It's the film most snapshooters prefer to any other.

Verichrome owes its all-out success to its remarkable "range"—which takes care of reasonable exposure errors . . . lengthens your snapshot day . . . gives you good snapshots even on days when the sun is behind the clouds . . . makes any camera a better camera.

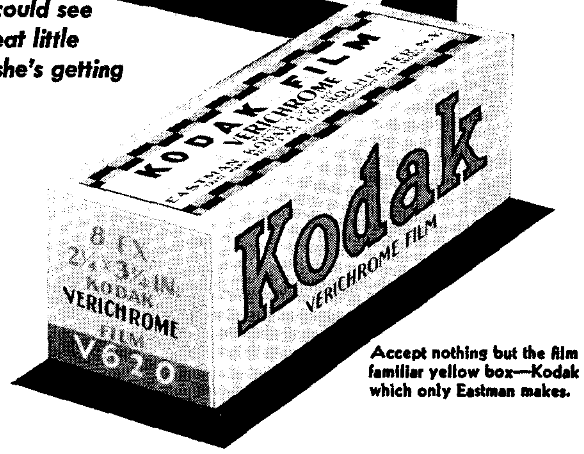
Ask for, and be sure that you get, Kodak Verichrome Film—at your Kodak dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

• • •

EVERY SOLDIER WANTS A KODAK—
SEND ALONG THAT EXTRA ONE OF YOURS

Cameras are a big "want" among Service men. If you have an extra Kodak or Brownie, even an old one—make some soldier happy by sending it to him, with some film. Every camera Eastman makes is designed and built to last for years.

Send him snapshots every week



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

rolled on toward the canyon's mouth.

There was the sound of the river and the sound of the stage; then as the stage left the yard and at once entered the jaws of the gorge, the sound of the river absorbed it. Tracy Coleman listened carefully to that change, for the ways of the earth were close to him, and each day held its newness and each night its fresh mystery. Ben Solvay stood solemn in the doorway's lamplight. Luke Wall came up from the barn and paused. These three men were silent, ignoring one another, and somewhere a new sound struggled out of the canyon's guttering racket and in another few moments a pair of riders trotted from the canyon and wheeled before the roadhouse.

One man was wide and heavy on the saddle, past middle age and showing gray hairs below his hat brim. The house light reached his face and glittered against frosty blue eyes; his voice grabbed Luke Wall, roughly using the tavernkeeper:

"My daughter been here?"

Wall was slow with his answer, as though he were framing it beforehand in his head. The other rider was small and restless; he waited and he listened and his glance roved the yard with steady suspicion. Wall said, "Lately, Dan. But she rode on, sayin' she might be back to put up overnight."

"Anybody else been through here?"

"The stage," said Wall.

THE big man looked at the redhead. He said, "What you doing here, Solvay?" Then he turned his eyes to Coleman and, not knowing him, studied him. The small rider, still controlled by his suspicions, left his saddle and strolled along the horse rack, watching the ground. "Three, four, five horses been standin' here."

Wall murmured, "You arguin' with what I said, Tap?"

The little rider straightened around. He didn't answer; he looked up at the big man and the big man answered for him: "Get out of the nettle patch, Luke."

"Take what I tell you or don't ask questions," said Wall.

The big man said, "Whose horse in the corral?"

Tracy Coleman spoke: "Mine."

"I didn't get your name?"

"I didn't give it," answered Coleman. He saw the affront plow deep into the other's temper. The big man had the earmarks of a cattle owner all about him, with such a man's accustomed sense of power and unchallenged authority. His broad face showed a vein-netted redness, his broad mouth lay trap-tight as he considered Coleman's implied rebuke. Presently he gave out a grudging admission:

"Your privilege." Then he added a warning: "If I ever see you on my range I'll ask you again and I'll get an answer."

"That may come," said Coleman, straight and idle against the wall. Over at the edge of the meadow the shapes of the two people he had earlier noticed moved discreetly through the blackness and presently disappeared in or behind the barn. A little later one shape came on from the barn, leading a horse, and moved in vaguest outline toward the jaws of the gorge, disappearing.

"Drew Trumbo been down here, Luke?" asked the big man.

Luke Wall shrugged his shoulders. "That wouldn't be my affair, Stuart."

The big man pulled his horse around, said, "Come on," to the little rider with him, and rode toward the gorge. Ben Solvay said, "I'll ride with you," and stepped to the saddle, following. Coleman listened to the sound of these various travelers fade away. Damp wind flowed from the gorge and the mountains were a vast, heaving outline against the pale black sky. One star fell and the light of its millions of years made a scratch on the heavens and died. He said, "Who's the big fellow?"

"Dan Stuart," answered Wall and stepped into the house.

COLEMAN strolled toward the corral and paused there, watching the dense up-and-down streak of darkness which was the mouth of the gorge. His horse came to the edge of the corral and put its nose through, chuckering at him. He went around the corral to the barn and came to a small door, standing open. He stepped through the doorway and took a match from his pocket and struck it on a thumbnail. The bright burst of light struck the still shape of a woman standing before him.

He killed the light at once, but he had the clearest memory of her face and its alert, half-smiling expression. Her hair was a deep-toned yellow and he remembered how straight she had been standing. He said, "Better stay here a bit. Those fellows might double back and take a second look."

The near melody of laughter was in her voice: "Did they ask for me?"

"The big man did."

"Did he ask about anyone else?"

"The name of Drew Trumbo was mentioned."

There was a horse somewhere in the barn, grinding on its bit. The rank smell of the barn was sweetened with the odor of fresh hay. The girl walked over the packed dirt floor and her voice held its softly amused tone: "Why would they double back?"

"The oldest trick in the book. Maybe the big man wouldn't. But he had a fellow with him with a sour-milk disposition. That fellow, I judge, is a bloodhound."

"Tap," she murmured, her voice less amused. He swung about, catching the short, sharp tattoo of a horse above the river tone; and saw a single rider come before the stagehouse, dismount and step inside. The girl's shoulder came beside him. "That's Tap," she murmured. She was tall for a girl, the edge of her shoulder touching him below his shoulder point. "Where," she said, "did you learn about doubling back?"

"I have done it—and it's been done to me."

"If you're on the run," she said, with some doubt and some reserve, "you're in the right country."

Tap came from the roadhouse, got into the saddle and turned back to the gorge. Luke Wall appeared at the house's doorway, a huge block against the light. "I think Tap's gone," said Coleman, "but if I were you I'd still wait a little."

"You went out of your way—but thanks."

"Most of my troubles," he told her, "have come from going out of my way." He left the barn and, keeping well away from the lanes of house light, returned to the roadhouse. Luke Wall watched him come forward with a Chinese blankness; he stepped aside to let Coleman into the house. Luke Wall's idle voice came after him: "Man that gets tangled in the affairs of the Basin people never is a lucky man. Take room three."

Coleman found the room and immediately went to bed. Just before falling asleep he heard the girl's voice downstairs. She was talking to Wall and she was laughing.

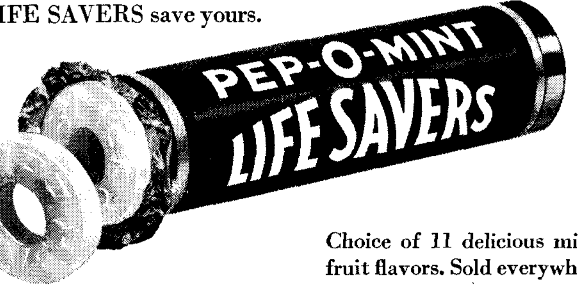
DAYLIGHT came across the sky in changing sheets of color. Out on the desert, which was hidden from him by the knees of the hills, sunlight would already be turning the gray soil warm but here in the canyon the shadows hung on and the air was thin and raw

⬅ If you want to make a hit like this...

but she seems to be giving you this... ➡

⬅ TRY THIS

➡ EVERYBODY'S BREATH offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.



Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

"All candy products having the distinctive shape of LIFE SAVERS are manufactured by Life Savers Corp., Port Chester, N. Y., and in Canada by Life Savers, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario."

and bracing, containing the rich, rank odors of the mountains. He lugged his gear to the corral and saddled his horse; he stood by, making up his morning smoke. The horse, fresh with the desire to go, put a cold nose against him and pushed him aside; whereupon Coleman stepped to the saddle, let the horse have its morning buck, and turned to the gorge.

All up from Texas he had thus studied the land, so that now he could draw a map upon the ground of each river and creek he had crossed, each hill and pass, each town and roadhouse; he could describe the quality of grass along the trail, the conditions of summer water and winter shelter, the brands of the various trail herds he had passed. There was this map in his head, filling out day by day. The world was a natural world of weather and grass and beef, and of this world he was an attentive scholar. Somewhere far east was another world in this year of 1878, of which he heard vague rumors; in that world men lived crowded together, worked according to the clock and surrendered their freedom to authority placed above them; and all that made a terrible picture of little souls sweating on an endless treadmill.

At noon the road ran precariously between river and canyon rim, with a thousand feet of space either way. During middle-afternoon the road reached a summit and passed through rough hills of pine; near sunset it came upon a rolling plain surrounded on all sides by the black rims of mountains. This was the Basin, a yellow sea of grass cupped high in the hills.

He cooked bacon and coffee and sat at the edge of timber while sunlight laid golden windrows across the forward land and sank beyond the western escarpments. Twilight lingered longer than seemed natural to a flatlands man. Proceeding through this twilight and on into the dark he sighted the tawny core of a campfire, gleaming ahead. An hour's riding brought him within a hundred yards of it and here he stopped and sent out his call. "Hello, camp." He received no immediate answer. Shapes of men sat backed against the firelight and one shape slowly rose and slowly turned. A chuck wagon stood near the fire and half a dozen horses were on picket close by; farther out on the plain lay the bulk of other horses. A voice came to him at last, noncommittal and grudging: "Come in."

HE RODE in, even then with a guard lifted against the rank and hostile quality of that voice. Four men lay close to the fire, now turning to look upon him; and one other man stood above the fire. On that long lank one he placed his attention, on the loose and dusty clothes hanging to a scarecrow frame, on the thin neck and the narrow wedge of a face with its little flat ears and its dust-reddened eyes. He surveyed Coleman with a dry and scheming expression. He said, in grudging politeness, "Light. Beans left in the pot."

"Had supper," said Coleman, and got down. He dropped to the ground and he built a smoke and seemed thoroughly preoccupied by it, but he was not. He was seeing the crew—the young boy with the matted black hair, the older one with the faded, leaf-brown cheeks, the one with brilliant-green eyes showing against half a beard, the chunky-shouldered man smoking a pipe. This last one idly poked a sage stem into the fire and solemnly ignored Coleman. There wasn't any sweetness in the outfit; it didn't hang together.

"What range am I on?" Coleman asked.

It was the old one with the brown-parched skin who finally said, "Horsehead."

Coleman licked his cigarette and lighted it. The sour man standing at the fire would be the foreman. Coleman threw the match into the flame and relaxed on an elbow.

"Pretty stars," he murmured. "This a Horsehead crew?"

The foreman shifted his long feet and spoke at last: "Horsehead crew and no jobs open if that's whut you're after."

"Maybe I wouldn't like it here anyway," murmured Coleman. "Country's colder than Texas. Kind of crowded in by mountains."

The young boy with the head of tangled hair showed a youth's sudden intolerance of criticism: "Whut keeps you here if you don't like it?"

"That," said Coleman, still soft, "is scarcely your business, son."

The boy showed his teeth in callow, gawky contempt. "Big mouth," he said.

HE WAS directly next to Coleman, seated on his blanket three feet away. Coleman drew his arm across his chest and swept it over the distance. His open palm chopped the boy's open mouth with a full-length swing that sent the other backward, stunned and yelling; in another moment the youngster rolled like a cat, sprang up and retreated toward the fire. He stepped into the fire and ducked sidewise, spreading his legs apart. His long hair hung down over his eyes and anger shook his arm when he pointed it at Coleman. "I'll blow your guts—"

Coleman used his voice as he had used his hand: "You're a fool standin' against that light, boy. Stand still and shut up."

The boy stood still. He let his arm fall slowly against his side. He kept his feet apart and then he drew a hand over his mouth. He stood futile in the light, a mass of hatred and humiliation and with insufficient bottom to go through with what he had started. Nobody else had taken up the quarrel.

A rider moved rapidly in from the night, his voice coming on: "Pairvent." He brought his horse to a standstill within the round circle of the fire and spoke again "George." The horse fiddled in the dust and circled around; when the rider faced the light again Coleman recognized him as the man who had been at Gateway, spooking in the night. Coleman remembered the name Dan Stuart had used. Drew Trumbo—that was his name. Pairvent, the foreman, went around the fire until he stood near Trumbo. Trumbo said, "We're cleaned up on Stuart's and my range. You through here?"

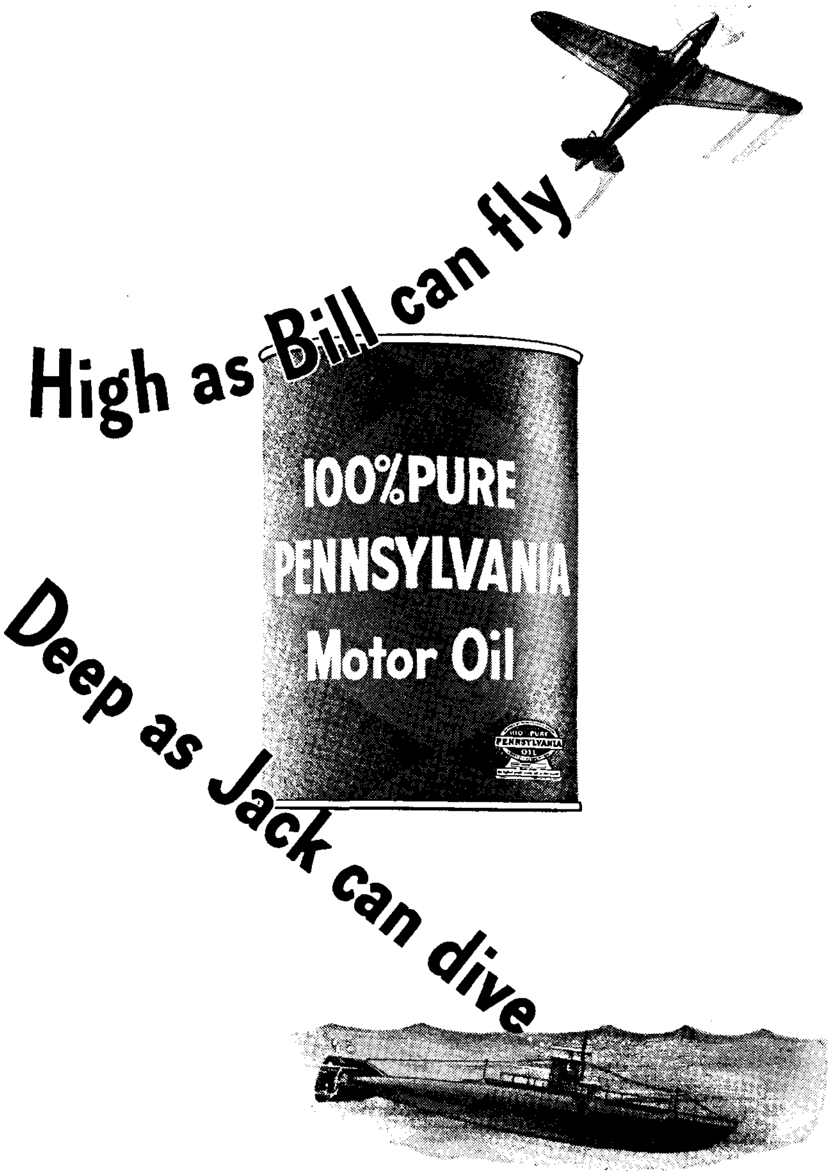
"All through."

"Tomorrow the main roundup will finish Gunderson's west side, near town. Then we're through. The owners will be meetin' in War Bonnet. Be there around nine o'clock in the mornin'."

Trumbo had, on first approach, cast one incurious glance at the group; and cast another and discovered Coleman. His face showed a break of recognition and for a moment he seemed inclined to speak to Coleman, thought better of it and moved out upon the prairie. Beyond the firelight he halted, calling back: "One more thing, George." Pairvent followed him, these two parleying in the dark. The heavy-shouldered puncher again began to stab the fire with his sage stem and the young lad slowly came back to his blankets and saddle, gathered them up and moved around to the far side of the blaze. Drew Trumbo set his horse into quick motion, scudding away. Pairvent returned slowly into the light, his glance reaching for Coleman. He stopped near Coleman, looking down. Suspicion was a pin point of light in his recessed eyes.

"Pairvent," murmured Coleman. "George Pairvent of Horsehead."

Distrust freshened in Pairvent and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Deep as Jack can dive
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he backed away until he had the fire on his left elbow. He stood still, muscles gathering and straining the bony body. "That's right," he said, rustling the words in his throat.

Coleman lifted a hand to the breast pocket of his coat and pulled out a letter. He rocked forward and extended the letter at the full length of his arm. "Yours," he said.

Pairvent shoved a rasping question at him: "Where you from?"

"Texas."

The string-shaped foreman seized the letter. He drew away, watching Coleman as he opened it; and even then he grudged the necessity of taking his eyes from Coleman, reading and looking up and reading again. The chunky puncher with the sage stem watched this with a growing interest. He smelled something, and the others smelled something; they were all alert.

Pairvent folded the letter together and held it over the flame. Coleman said at once, "That will change nothing. I'll keep it."

Pairvent dropped the letter on the ground. The corners of his mouth formed deep angles. "Ray," he said to the chunky puncher with the sage stem, "take the outfit back home at daylight." He circled the chuck wagon and got his horse from picket and rode again to the fire. He sat on the saddle, long looking at Coleman. Then he said, "We'll see," and swung about, galloping away.

The chunky Ray tossed the sage stem into the fire. He had a broad face and a chin built for battle; he was a big-lipped, deliberate man with his eyes so near shut that he seemed to be smiling. He looked over at Coleman, evidently full of speculation. He yawned and used his boot to shove the dying coals of the fire together. "Like poker with the deuces wild," he murmured.

Nobody answered him; he sat crouched over, staring at the fire and deeply involved in his thoughts. Coleman rose and unsaddled his horse and led it out on the grass, driving down a picket pin. He came back and made up his bed from the saddle and the saddle blanket; and settled to rest. The stars were fully showing, the air was sharp and strong-scented. Near sleep he saw Ray still brooding before the fire.

AT DAYBREAK the Horsehead crew turned west to the river while Coleman lined out northward toward War Bonnet over a beautiful land of rolling grass, separated into independent valleys by low ridges. He passed over valley, rose through scented crests of pine, and entered valleys again until at last he saw before him the great wall of mountains which closed in the Basin. The river curved at the foot of the wall; and here, beside the river and against the mountain's sharp slopes, lay War Bonnet, the windows of its two dozen buildings aflash with morning's strong sunlight.

He saw only a few people abroad on the street as he passed stable and saloon and store and blacksmith shop and headed into a rack before the narrow front of a restaurant. He had eaten breakfast at the Horsehead chuck wagon; now after two hours' riding he was hungry again, and so he entered the restaurant and sat up to a second breakfast and permitted himself to idle over it.

He finished his coffee and bought a tinder-dry cigar; and stood in the restaurant's doorway with the fragrance of the cigar cloudy around his face.

Loitering there, he saw riders move out of the yonder yellow grass and come fast inward, singly, in pairs, in groups; and presently the town took on life. He recognized Dan Stuart and Tap as they arrived and later he noticed Drew Trumbo come in alone. All these men were owners or foremen. Coleman could sort them out as precisely as he could sort out brands of cattle at a loading pen; an owner always had an air. Most of them pulled in by the saloon and entered for a drink, afterward walking on to the hotel. Somewhat later Coleman observed George Pairvent come to the saloon's doorway and stand there. Coleman put away in his head the fact that Pairvent did not join the owners at the hotel.

It was then a little after nine o'clock and sunlight and street dust made a silk-silver haze against the day. Ben Solvay came from a back quarter of town and racked before the hotel. He stood a moment on the street, smoking a cigarette thoughtfully; he saw Coleman and his eyes briefly acknowledged Coleman. Casting away his cigarette with a definite gesture, as though his mind had been made up, he entered the Alma House. Coleman had now finished his cigar. He dropped it and ground it beneath a foot and moved upon the Alma. As he reached its door he heard another horse run fast in from the desert and turned to see Dan Stuart's daughter step from her horse before it had entirely stopped.

Coleman, directly before her, lifted his hat. Her glance came to him, showing slight surprise. "You're here," she murmured, and gave him a thoughtful inspection. The spirit of this girl was light and quick and the edge of a smile stood at the corners of her mouth even when she was grave. She said, "You're taller than you seemed last night," and walked on to the store. Coleman noticed how carefully George Pairvent watched this scene from the saloon.

The cattlemen were in the dining room beyond the lobby, somebody's voice laying its heavy weight upon the group. Coleman noticed Valencia Wilder in a corner chair, as composed as she had been at Gateway. Ben Solvay stood before her with his hat in his hand, soberly talking. Her glance came away from him, even as he talked, and met Coleman's eyes; after he reached the dining room's doorway she still watched him.

Coleman saw that it was Dan Stuart who stood at the end of the dining room and flung his naturally aggressive voice toward the rest of the group. There were a dozen men here, bunched up in two groups at opposite sides of the room, like the division of a standing vote—side equally against side. He would have speculated on this had not Dan Stuart, seeing him, thrown out a quick warning.

"You're in the wrong place," he said. "This is a cattlemen's meetin'."

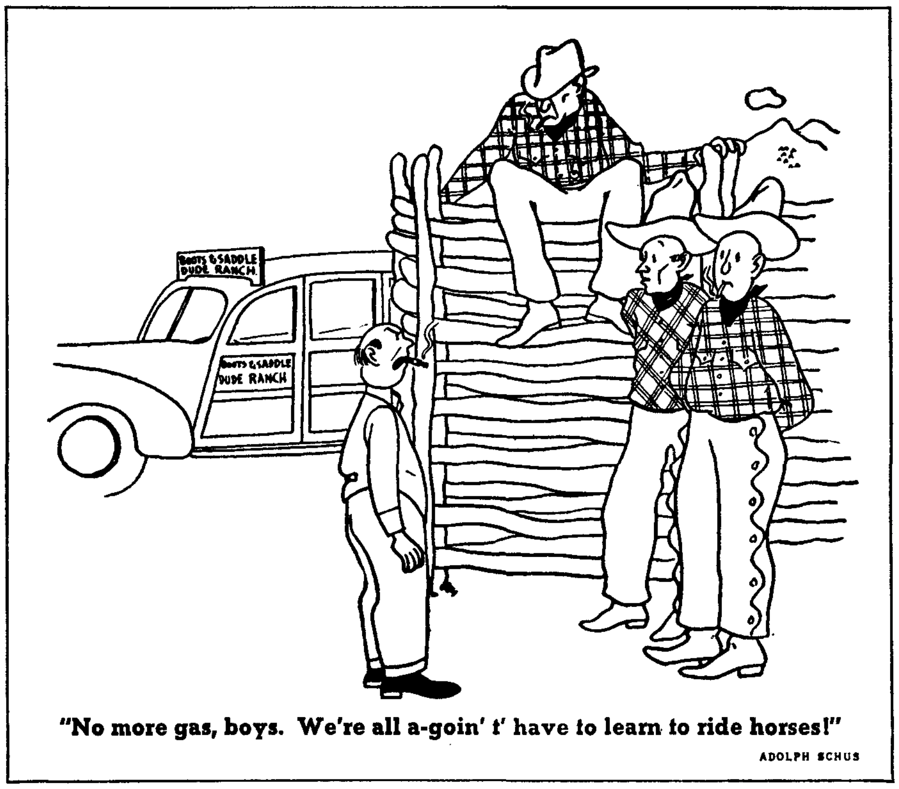
"I'm in the right place," said Coleman.

"Representin' what outfit?"

"Horsehead," answered Coleman. Change came over the room like sundown's cool wind. Dan Stuart shook his head with an irritated impatience. Tap stared. He made a pushing gesture at Coleman with his hand; he started toward Coleman. Drew Trumbo, handsome in his flushed way, covertly watched.

Stuart said, "George Pairvent represents Horsehead."

"A question occurs naturally to me," remarked Coleman. "If he does, what's he doin' at the saloon instead of here?"



"No more gas, boys. We're all a-goin' t' have to learn to ride horses!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"That's another thing," said Stuart and closed his big jaws like a trap.

"May be," agreed Coleman and took from his pocket the same letter he had earlier shown Pairvent. "And it also may be he once represented Horsehead. He no longer does."

HE OPENED the letter, feeling weight behind him; he looked about and saw Ben Solvay at the doorway and in the lobby he noticed Stuart's daughter, and other men now collecting. They were all listening. "I'll just read this," he said.

"To George Pairvent and the Basin:

"It has come to my attention the last three years that my ranch on Horsehead lacks management. I further feel, from information now and then coming down the trail, that Horsehead has acquired a poor reputation.

"Being an old man, I cannot personally come up to set things aright. Nor have I sons to send. I am, therefore, putting Horsehead in the hands of the best of my foremen, Tracy Coleman, to do with it as he wishes and in whatever manner he wishes. From this notice forward, Tracy Coleman may be considered to be the owner.

"To all my old friends in the Basin, and particularly to Frank DeLeon if he's still alive, my best howdy. And to all of them, so long. The riding was fun and the world was fine. Now I'm an old dog crawling into a thicket to die.

"BEN-TIM HOWLETT."

"Why," said somebody, "old Ben-Tim remembers me," and looking up Coleman saw an older man run a hand across a pure white set of mustaches. "We were the first in the country, Ben-Tim and me. But Ben-Tim always liked Texas best. So he went back."

This was the only remark, this touched recollection of an old-timer who was apparently Frank DeLeon. Otherwise the cool current ran strong against Tracy Coleman. He felt it push at him; he felt his aloneness. He folded the letter and returned it to his pocket. "I'm representing Horsehead."

Dan Stuart shook his head. "Go back and tell Ben-Tim he let Horsehead go too long. Tell him the Basin respects a man's rights to a piece of range so long as he uses that range for beef, no longer. Tell him he ran it from a distance too long and that now he's got nothing to put on that grass, while other men here with plenty of beef are cryin' for grass. It was free range when he came here and it is still free range today. But free range is only for the man that can show good use of it. Tell him he's no longer got it. And he can't give you somethin' he hasn't got. The Basin will split that grass among the men here. Go back and tell him that."

"How," asked Tracy Coleman, "do you propose to split it?"

HE THOUGHT then he knew what put these men into their two separate groups; the question fell into a silence and the silence remained, and he saw Dan Stuart look slowly around him and he saw Drew Trumbo's face take on an odd expression, and the coldness which had flowed so steadily against him seemed now to swirl among them all. They had decided to break up Horsehead, but each man was scheming for Horsehead.

"That," said Dan Stuart, "comes later. You're in the wrong game. Ride on."

Coleman put both hands in his pockets and looked above the group, beyond them to a window. Out through the window he saw white clouds bright in the sunshine, and the ragged pine crests of the hills. Each day brought its troubles and a man seldom had a warning; sometimes he had to make an answer on the fall of the moment and to hold to that answer until the sky fell in.

"It was a long ride up the trail," he said, "and it would be a longer ride back. I came to take over Horsehead, and that I will do. As long as one Horsehead cow walks on that grass it remains Horsehead grass. If there is no cow to eat it I will turn my horse upon it. If I lose my horse I'll stand on that grass with my own two legs and claim it."

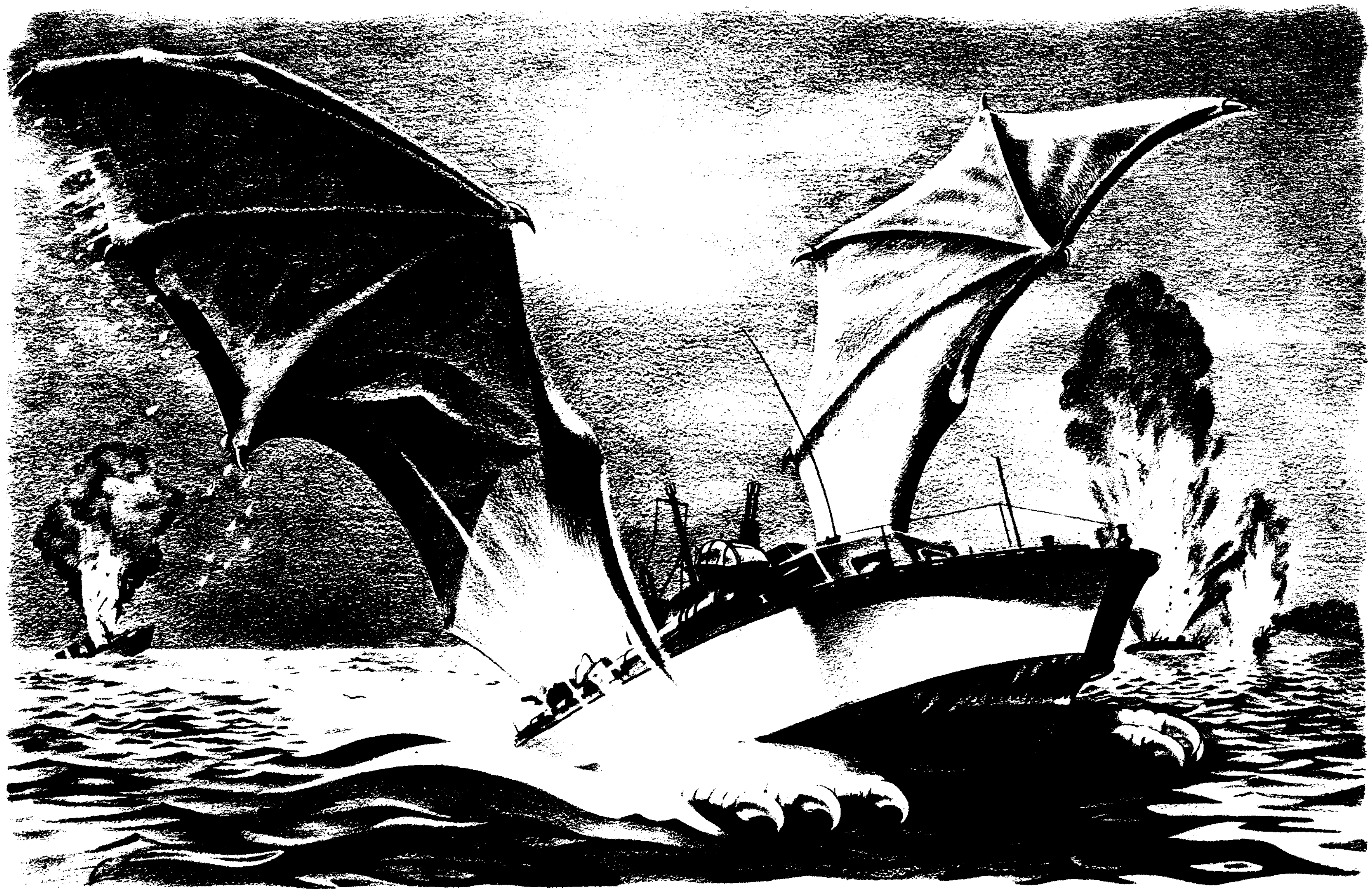
Dan Stuart, unaccustomed to resistance, shouted back: "The moment you set foot on Horsehead we will regard you as an outlaw, to be treated as such!" Then, because he was a man with a powerful temper and a will that would not be crossed, he permitted himself a further, unguarded statement: "You'll be joinin' the rest of the outlaws already there."

The cavalry-mustached Frank DeLeon said immediately, "I'd let that remark die, Dan."

Dan Stuart may have regretted the remark, but he growled, "Let it stand. Stay off Horsehead, Coleman. Otherwise the shape of a tree and the shape of a rope starts walkin' with you."

Coleman did a strange thing. He smiled, and the smile made his face rough and bonelike and the mildness went out of him: "It would be better if you shot me down than to let me leave the hotel. If you open a war on me there'll be fewer of us here at the next meetin'. I will be at Horsehead ranch by noon today. That man among you who sets the dogs upon me—that man I will personally hunt down and destroy, unless he gets at me first. I do not believe in beginnin' trouble but if there is to be trouble I do not believe in mercy." He turned and walked from the room.

(To be continued next week)



"THE AMERICAN MONSTER WITH THE FLAPPING WINGS!"

When Lt. John D. Bulkeley, U.S.N., returned from the Far East, he brought with him news of the Tokyo broadcast, that said:

"America has developed a secret weapon, a monster with flapping wings, which makes a lot of noise and fires torpedoes in all directions."

What "secret weapon" threw the Japs into this blind frenzy, dreaming up wings that just weren't there? It was the Navy's incredibly fast, highly versatile PT boats, powered by Packard. They're the boats that sank Jap transports in Subic Bay, that sent a Jap cruiser to the bottom, downed dive bombers, strafed troops on shore. One of them carried General Douglas MacArthur safely away from Corregidor.

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Out of this experience are emerging new discoveries and advanced techniques that will be reflected in the Packards of the future.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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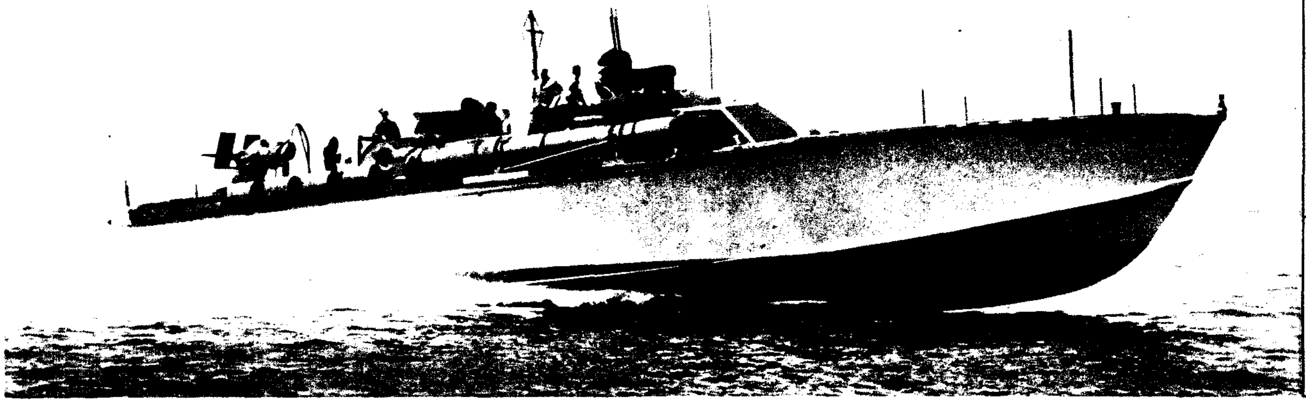

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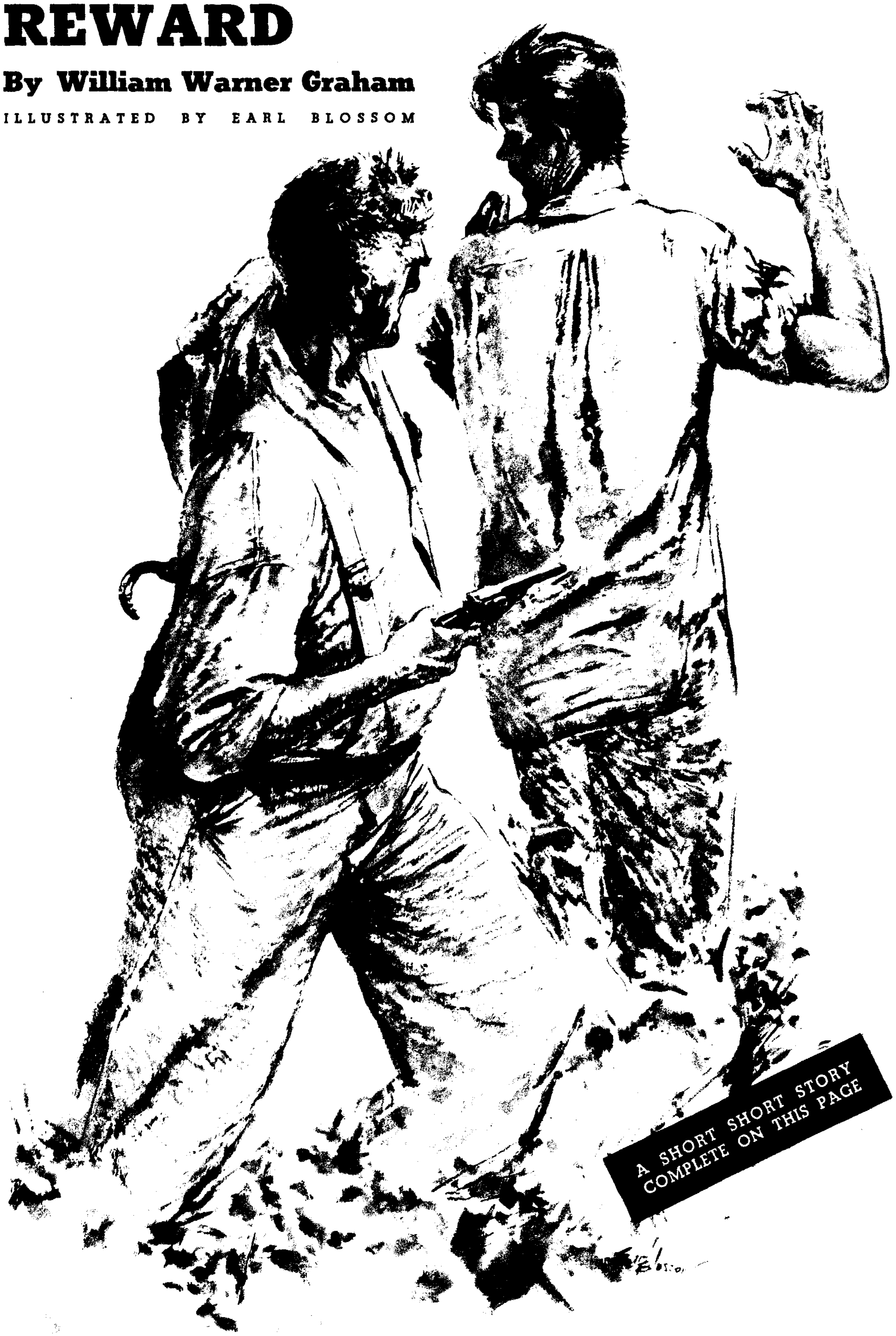
The Navy "E"—awarded to Packard's Marine Engine Division "for Excellence and Achievement"

REWARD

By William Warner Graham

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The deputy ran up puffing and Ed could feel the pistol jabbing at his backbone. "Don't you resist!" "I ain't putting up no fight," said Ed wearily

WHEN Ed Wheeler heard the old car's motor slugging he stood tall suddenly in the oak scrub, then started running to cut across the road. He knew he couldn't make it.

"Halt!" The command was shouted. "I got you caught!"

Ed halted, his hard young body tight. The deputy ran up puffing and Ed could feel the pistol jabbing at his backbone.

"Don't you resist!"

"I ain't putting up no fight," said Ed wearily.

"You' right! Git to moving!"

Ed walked stiffly ahead of the shirt-sleeved deputy, his faded jeans slapping forlornly at his ankles.

"Climb in. Stick them hands up here."

Ed complied. Climbing in the topless touring car he pressed his wrists together close to the rusty windshield post. He knew what to do; he'd gone in like this the first time, five months back.

The steel cuffs snapped like angry fox traps on his wrists, pulling him forward on the seat, and the deputy walked around, squeezing in under the wheel.

Ed said, looking straight ahead, "I'd like to see Laura."

"If it was me now," drawled the deputy, "I wouldn't want to see who turned me in. Didn't know it was Laura, likely?"

"She vowed she'd do it," Ed said slowly, remembering the angry, futile ache in Laura's voice.

"You crackers." The deputy's voice was weary. "Whyn't you light out, knowing your woman was sore and going to inform on you? Looks like you hung round just waiting to git caught."

"Reckon I could've got away," Ed said.

The deputy grunted. "I can't figure you out, Ed. Here five months back when you was married going on a year you git in trouble the first time stealing Will Lawler's cows."

"You ketched me with 'em," Ed said.

"Sure—the way you was dawdling 'em along. And you git six months. You'd have been out in another month too, legal, didn't you take it into your head to light out on your own. And just escaping wouldn't have been so bad because you never bucked the law before, but you had to slug a guard doing it."

Ed said quickly, "I made out not to hurt him much."

"Anyhow, they figure you're mean now and hang a hundred-dollar reward on you. You sneak home and your woman's still sore about you gitting in trouble the first time. Can't blame her, not me. You never have no money to buy her fancy stuff or for doctors or pleasures or nothing. Now you even got to go git in trouble again just when she's going to have her young'un. You sneak in and she's plenty sore and tells me where I'll catch you. This time you'll likely git a year."

Ed said doggedly, "I'd mighty like to see Laura."

"You crazy?" demanded the deputy, exasperatedly. "She's sore! Says she run you off the place with a gun! How'd I know she won't shoot you 'n' me both?"

"Reckon she won't," Ed said slowly. "Reckon she figures to collect that reward."

"That's so." The deputy's appraisal was pitying. "Guess you got the right to see your woman—even if she did tell me where I'd catch you. Five minutes won't hurt none."

Five minutes! Ed sucked a breath. It wasn't long; but likely long enough for Laura to hold in. She'd been wild.

"You know when they'll pay out that reward money?" Ed asked. "Ain't air fret of mine, though."

"Laura'll git that reward money," said the deputy, "and have it pitched away without you ever laying your eyes on it! Might I could hurry it, though, don't you cause no trouble."

"Don't aim to cause no trouble," Ed said.

ED'S body tensed. Ahead a weathered shack showed through the trees, cane stalks feathery, shimmering green beyond. Ed seldom had a dollar ahead from scraping a meager living out of cane, but his pride hadn't let him go on relief. Slowing the car, the deputy sent a wary look over the sunny clearing to the two-room house.

"Mrs. Wheeler!"

Ed watched the doorway. He could vision the big, clean front room, deep hearth, fresh window curtains; and a hot, aching torment came with knowing that after two days' freedom he was leaving the only home he'd ever had. His own pa's home. But when Laura stood there suddenly, her brown feet bare below her loose gray dress, sun-bleached hair caught up prettily above her soft hazel eyes, Ed forgot himself and could think only of the awful agony due her with the coming young'un.

"You got five minutes." Leaving the motor running the deputy got out of the car and moved off. "No monkey business."

"You—all right?" Ed's voice was thick.

"I'm all right." Laura stepped quickly to the ground, her strained face breaking until an agony of effort drew it hard again. "What you want?"

"You tell Will Lawler to keer for them cows of his," Ed said, a hint of secret humor in his throat. "Next time I'll—"

"Won't be no next time!" Laura cried, and stumbling around, ran headlong for the house. "I'm going to git your gun and I'm going to shoot—"

But the deputy had jumped, squeezed beneath the wheel, and as he frenziedly flung the car around, jockeying the tires into the ruts, Ed twisted forlornly to look back. Laura leaned a little forward, gripping the gun. Then it dropped from her hands which lifted in a tiny, futile gesture.

"What'd I tell you?" shouted the deputy. "She's sore enough to drill you, Ed! And I don't blame her."

Ed couldn't speak, but he knew who Laura would have shot if they'd waited any longer.

"Say," the deputy grinned sidewise, "she's going to have that young'un right soon, ain't she? And you ought to be ashamed!" he said violently. "Gitting in trouble just when she needs you most and can't be with her!"

But Ed was not ashamed. He was happy, deeply happy, because it had all worked out as he had planned—from stealing the cows to persuading Laura to turn him in, which hadn't been easy to do. What happened to him didn't matter as long as Laura would have money to pay a doctor to born her young'un—her first young'un.

"Ed, you just ain't smart," grunted the deputy, "else it's me that's dumb."

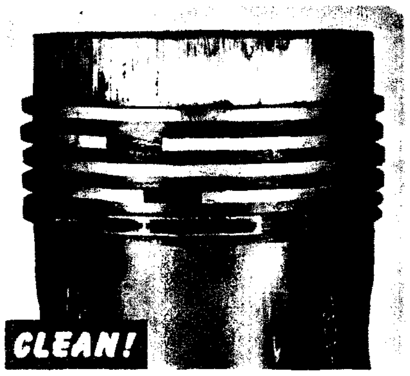
"Reckon you're right," was all Ed could trust himself to say.

For the Long Pull Just Ahead

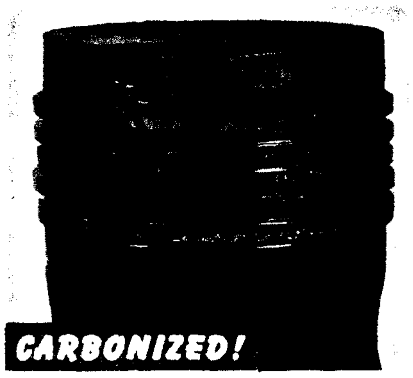
truck motors need this sensational new lubricant

Oil filter from motor run in 2,500-mile test with no oil drainage. Oil was the new Quaker State HD Oil, specially formulated for all heavy-duty service. Sludge formation remained at minimum. Motor clean and free from harmful deposits.

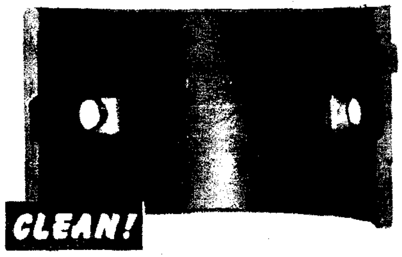
Oil filter from identical motor in similar test. Oil was a widely used, SAE 20, conventionally refined ordinary oil. It contained no additives. Rapid oxidation took place, filling filter with gelatinous sludge. Motor interior showed similar deposits.



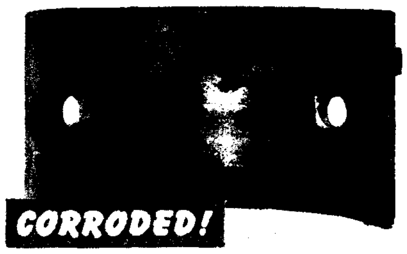
Piston from Diesel truck engine after severe, high-speed, high-load test run, using Quaker State HD Oil. Such results in cleanliness and trouble-free operation are possible only by proper blending of correct detergent.



Piston from Diesel truck engine after identical test run. Oil used was a well-known truck and bus oil, long considered a quality product by old standards. Lack of a scientific detergent is responsible for heavily carbonized rings and grooves.



These copper-lead bearings are clean and bright after a test run of 30,000 miles with Quaker State HD Oil, specially formulated for heavy-duty service. No evidence whatever of corrosion, or even wear.



These copper-lead bearings after 10,000 miles under the same testing conditions became badly corroded. Oil used was a nationally sold, conventionally refined oil with no additives.

All photographs unretouched

". . . it has become the patriotic duty of every truck owner in America to help in every possible way to make his truck and tires last longer."—From the President's introduction to the booklet "America's Trucks," published by the Office of Defense Transportation.

* * * * * *

Truck owners with wartime worries, here's a piece of good news to lighten your load. It's this: you can now put the responsibility for the proper lubrication of your motors right up to Quaker State's HD Oil . . . a sensational achievement in heavy-duty lubrication.

Quaker State HD Oil has ALL the right answers to truck lubrication problems. Please note them:

Yes, it is specially processed, with the proper additives in the correct proportions, by Quaker State's own engineers.

Yes, it is refined from Pennsylvania grade crude oil.

Yes, it is made specifically for truck service.

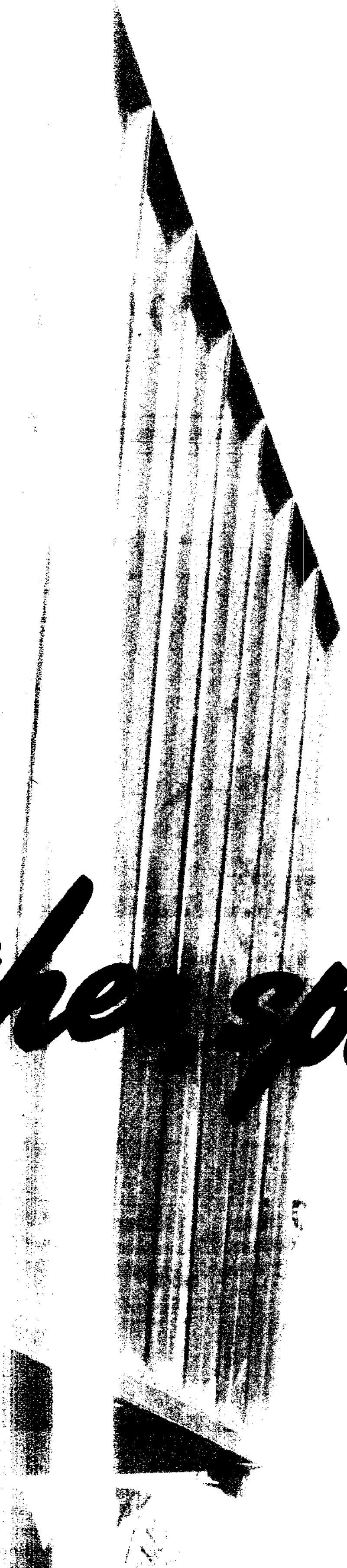
Yes, it will render proper lubrication service in keeping with the nation's effort to safeguard its vital transportation.

Quaker State HD Oil users report tremendous success in all types of service. It has hung up a truly amazing record of continuous, trouble-free performance. Write for the full story . . . Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Quaker State
★ HD ★
Oil

—A NEW OIL FOR SERVICE IN TRUCKS, BUSES, TRACTORS AND OTHER MOTORIZED EQUIPMENT —BOTH GASOLINE AND DIESEL ENGINE POWERED

GUARANTEED 100 PER CENT PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL
QUAKER STATE



Brotherspar

P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Sponsored by Collier's
for Truck and Motor Car Owners

Keep 'em fit to keep 'em rolling

Copyright 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Printed in U. S. A.

TRUCK MAINTENANCE COSTS A BILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY —AND WE HAVEN'T THE TIME, MEN, MONEY OR TRUCKS TO WASTE ONE THIN DIME.

that truck!

EVERYTHING has to be done to save trucks NOW. For anybody who needs a good scare before doing his level best, here it is:

> *There are less than 120,000 new trucks left in the pool—to be distributed under careful Government rationing.*
>
> *Normally, this country scraps, and replaces, about 40,000 trucks every month.*

No one has to be a quiz kid to figure that, on the old basis, we have less than 3 months' normal supply of trucks to last 'til Victory. And without trucks, the baby won't get its bottle nor the battlefield its munitions. *We have to make present trucks last longer!*

How are we going to do it?

We are going to do it by a change of attitude . . . an about-face . . . an ability to break habits of long standing. For instance, in the past, it was worth the excessive cost in gasoline and rubber to clip an hour off a trip. *Now, materials are more important than that kind of time-saving.* In the past, we were all quick to say, "It's cheaper to replace than repair." *Now, the last ounce of usefulness must be squeezed out of parts and materials.* In the past, speeding was something to brag about if we didn't get caught. *Now, high speed is a stab in the back of the boys at the front.*

Preventive Service for trucks is not something we can take or leave alone. It must be applied on every one of the 5,000,000 trucks on the road. So follow these four "D's" to keep your trucks doing their best:

★ **DRIVE CAREFULLY**— Even if you are on a 4-lane highway and not a soul in sight, don't go over 40. Be a leader in this crusade to save rubber and trucks. Set the example. Make easy stops and starts. Watch the curbs and stay away from them as if they were poison. Take the turns sweet and slow. . . . Truck drivers have been praised for their well-earned capacity for courtesy. Now let them show what the Nation can do when it comes to putting every ounce of their driving skill into saving trucks and tires.

★ **DON'T OVERLOAD**— Running an overloaded truck produces the same bad result as if the tires were under-inflated. Don't let this happen to the truck in your charge. Know the capacity of your truck down to the last pound and follow the instructions of the Office of Defense Transportation. Get the table of rated tire capacities from ODT or your tire dealer and figure out your case right now. It is so simple. From this table you take the rated capacity of the size tires you are using. Multiply this by the number of tires on the truck and subtract the weight of the truck. Then you have your truck's load-carrying capacity. Remember that figure as you remember your own telephone number.

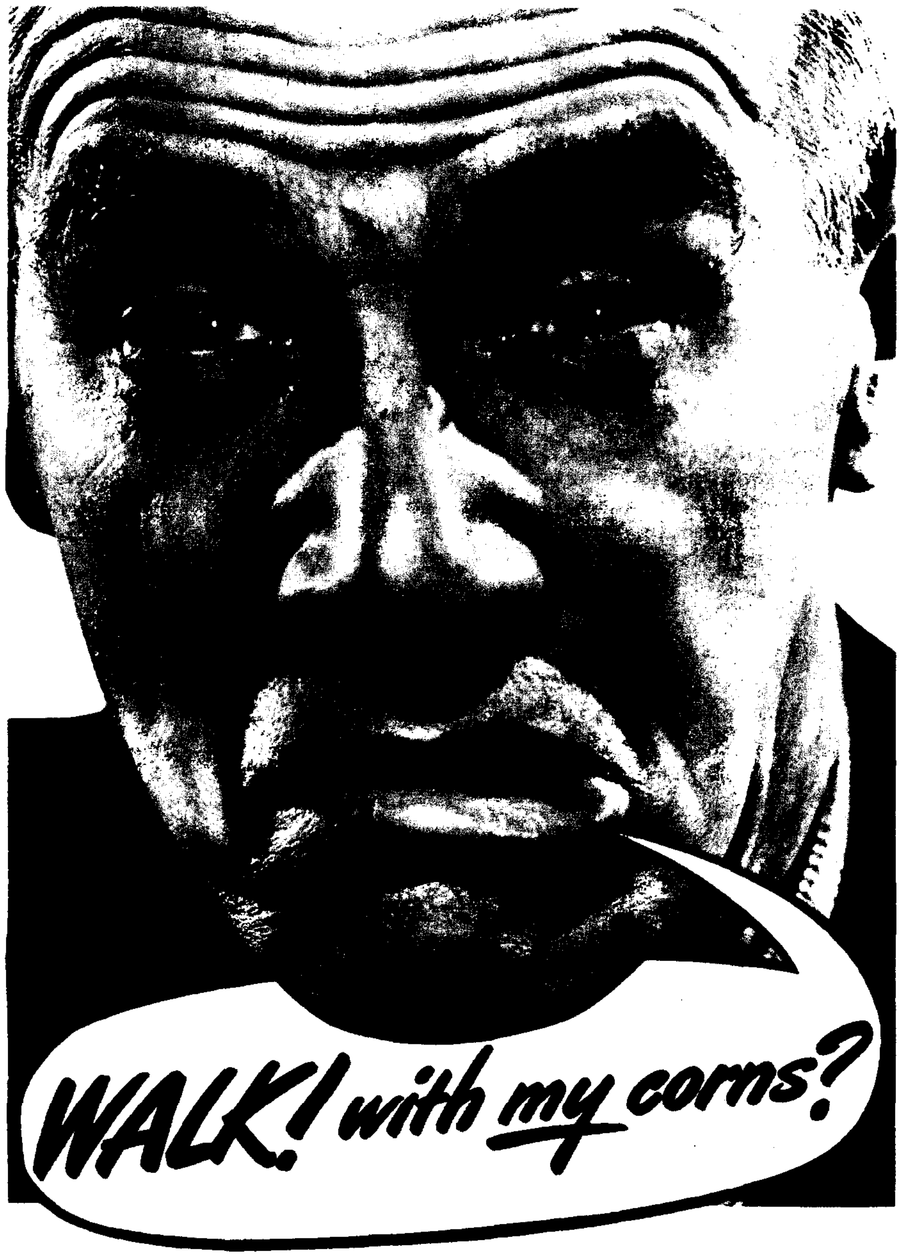
★ **DAILY TIRE CHECK**— At least once a day, check every tire. Go around your truck like a pilot goes 'round his plane before taking off on a vital mission. You're the captain of this ship of the road. Get the feeling in your bones that life and death depend upon you, personally. Watch the air pressure like a hawk. See that the duals are riding right. Be on the lookout for cuts, bruises, alignment and balance.

★ **DAILY REPORT**— Every "pilot" of every truck should make a daily report covering its service needs. If you don't have a maintenance department of your own, make a tie-up with a competent service organization and work out a plan for daily Preventive Service. The main point is to have necessary mechanical adjustments made every day. And, of course, lubrication is vital—chassis lubrication very important. That is the way to avoid major breakdowns. It has been figured that if, with constant care, we can reduce truck maintenance cost 25%, we will not only save our trucks, but we'll save enough manpower, money and materials to build 5,000 extra tanks per year. *That's a goal worth shooting for!*

ACT NOW! *If you haven't received your copy, send to ODT for the free booklet "America's Trucks . . . Keep 'Em Rolling."* Through a great, patriotic, cooperative effort, the Government's Office of Defense Transportation has brought together in one booklet the time-proven methods, forms and practices that will make your trucks and tires last longer. Put them into operation *now* whether you own just one truck or hundreds. Above all, don't think you are unimportant to this program if you own only one or two trucks. Your group represents more trucks than all the fleets put together. To get help—or give help, Collier's urges you to address Office of Defense Transportation, Washington, D. C.

Join the U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

Special Note to Truck Owners and Fleet Executives: Be sure every one of your drivers sees this message. Reprints for distribution to the men may be obtained from Collier's for $2.00 per 100. Send your request to Collier's Preventive Service, 250 Park Ave., New York City.


WALK! with my corns?

IT'S TOUGH, Mister, but when your present car gives out, you'll just have to hoof it.

So take good care of the car you now have. Put it in the hands of a Sinclair Dealer for regular servicing. Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer.

Even as American railroads, airlines and the U.S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so, too, can you rely on Sinclair lubricants to help keep your car running.

Ask a Sinclair Dealer about his service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR

TIRES · BATTERY · GEARS · MOTOR · FRONT WHEELS
RADIATOR · CHASSIS · FAN BELT · SPARK PLUGS · OIL AND AIR FILTER

SAVE WEAR WITH SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR—FOR YOUR COUNTRY

Born to Fly

Continued from page 13

Now their own efforts must be, and their opposition will be, much greater.

Australia brightened when General Brett arrived, got his hands on the tactical management of the available fighting planes and airmen, communicated his faith in the offensive and the offensive alone to forces that, by a press of circumstances and a chain of misfortunes, had become defensive-minded.

Brett immediately laid down this rule for his Allied fliers: "Our first principle must be: no more uncrippled planes destroyed on the ground!" If destroyed in the air, fighting, attacking, or on the ground while unflyable, that's okay—that's part of the fortunes of offensive warfare.

You could at once detect the new spirit among the airmen. To start, there was no more than a handful of tired veterans from Java, from Malaya, even from Bataan, with the equipment they had saved. Then came new equipment from the States, plus fistfuls of enthusiastic but green youngsters lately graduated from the flying schools back home.

A Sting for the Japs

Their strength, then or now, cannot be told; only this: whoever they are and with what they have, few or many and much, they are buzzing from numerous hastily built airdromes in Australia's vast land and stinging the Japs often and hard. Kupang, Rabaul, Salamaua, Lae—these were names scarcely known to anyone but South Sea traders heretofore. Now Brett's Allied bombers and fighters have pinned them forever in history, perhaps as the places where Japanese success came to the end of its southeast road, certainly as the reefs on which their first great wave broke.

Pending General Douglas MacArthur's arrival from the epic of Bataan—to give Australia's public its biggest single morale boost—George Brett was the ranking United States officer in Australia. Then he settled resolutely into the specific high post to which experience, training, professional standing and lifelong devotion had brought him—Commander of the Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific.

To you and to me, quite as much as to military experts, the term of General MacArthur's breath-taking command, The Southwest Pacific, has but one meaning in the strategy of freedom—that Australia is the anchored forge of Pacific destiny, on which the spearhead of offensive to victory will be wrought and from which it will be hurled from island to island until it lets blood finally from the heart of Japan in Tokyo.

But to General Brett, it has an even more precise meaning. He knows that while the heavy shaft of the spear must be carried ultimately by sea fighters and ocean-borne land troops, its flaming tip will be first stabbed home by his young airmen.

George Howard Brett has been among the most fortunate of modern American military airmen. His years of seminomadic Army life, of many tours on foreign stations, have not effaced telltales from his accent and his manner. He is as wholesomely Midwestern as Alf Landon, of whom, in fact, he reminds you. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on February 7, 1886. His father was city librarian. Schools and a library named Brett still attest the cultural reputation of the family in Cleveland.

Like Chief of Staff General Marshall, he is not a West Pointer, but a graduate of Virginia Military Institute; which, from its own long and cherished tradition of notable captains, sometimes looks down its nose at the academy on the Hudson.

George doesn't remember that he zipped paper gliders out of classroom windows or leaped from barn roofs with umbrellas, after the conventional annals of "born" fliers. In fact, he loved horses. His own family today—his wife, two daughters, son and two grandchildren—all ride. If the grandchildren don't yet, they will when he gets home again and takes them in hand.

His turning to aviation was in the pattern that has marked his career—a result of cool study and deliberation. Upon graduation from V.M.I. he applied for the Coast Artillery but was turned down because of color blindness. Thereupon, he joined the Philippine Scouts; but after a year with the "jungle infantry" transferred to the United States cavalry.

Three years later, while the autumn of 1914 rolled into history, it was apparent to all except elderly cavalry officers and inmates of old soldiers' homes that the horse still had a place in war—but not its former place, of Balaclava and the Little Big Horn. There was a new kind of cavalry of wire and paint, linen and hot metal, that ate gasoline instead of oats and used its tails for steering and not for brushing off flies.

Brett, however, had that little problem of color blindness. If the Coast Artillery wouldn't take a chance with him it didn't seem reasonable to expect he would be more trustworthy in a plane. But those were the questing, not the reasonable years of military flight.

The United States Army, in its Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, possessed then what had been, upon its organization in 1910, the first military air force in history. (Balloons, used by various armies over three quarters of the preceding century, had never gained formal distinction.) Color blindness raised a new point; authorities decided to send young George to the Army's flying school on North Island, San Diego, as a sort of guinea pig.

Brett Gets the Brush-Off

He arrived there late one Saturday and was met by an equally young officer, himself an air student, grumpy at the moment because he was Officer of the Day when everybody else had the afternoon off. He sent Brett packing back to town and told him to return Monday, when there'd be someone around to take care of him. That O.D. was Ralph Royce, not long out of West Point—then lieutenant, now brigadier general and Brett's chief of staff, the veteran ace who led the sensational mid-April raids on the Philippines. Here in Australia they are housed together for the fourth time in 27 years of Air Corps service; and a meal with them, while they tell off-the-record stories on each other, is something to be remembered.

George was taught to fly by two civilian instructors employed at North Island—"Doc" Wildman and Brindley—well remembered by old-timers. He learned without too much destruction of public property and was ready to get his wings with Royce and the rest of the class when someone remembered the letter that had acompanied him to school, labeling him a color-blind experiment.

Then Doctor Ocker, most famous of the Army's pioneer flight surgeons, took him up. George proudly recalls that he got through without lying. Ocker throttled the motor, pointed to a field, yelled, "What's that?" George shouted, "Mesquite!" They landed. "Hmm!" said Ocker. And that's how George Brett became a flier; he's probably the only genuinely color-blind military pilot.

Brett was a major by the end of the first World War, having been Air Service Chief of Supply with the A.E.F. in France. In 1922, Army flying was divorced from the Signal Corps, and the Air Corps was created with the hardy little nucleus of prewar early birds, plus some who had come in via wartime fields and the "Jennies." These are the top men of today, the knowledgeable, experienced leaders who now have your flying sons, brothers and sweethearts under their command on the globe-scattered fronts of democracy.

Brett is typical. Promotions came slowly but steadily through years when the Air Corps was a military poor relation. He learned and served thoroughly in every phase of flight administration, engineering, tactics. He attended and graduated from all the Army service schools. By 1936, he was a brigadier, commanding a wing at Panama. In 1938, he was Assistant Chief of the Air Corps; the following year he was in charge of the highly important Matériel Division at Dayton, Ohio. When "Hap" Arnold was raised to deputy chief of staff, Brett, then a major general, became chief of the Air Corps. Under Brett, the Air Corps Ferrying Command was set up by Colonel Bob Olds.

Co-winner of the Collier Trophy

For his personal contributions, as well as his executive management of Air Corps research, General Brett was nominated by the National Aeronautics Association last winter as co-winner of the Collier Trophy, with Dr. Sanford A. Moss of the General Electric Company, for development of the turbo-supercharger, the device that enables our planes to fly and fight in the substratosphere. He was to have been at the White House on Kittyhawk Day, December 17th, to receive the Trophy from President Roosevelt—but the latter had work for him elsewhere, studying the air war at firsthand.

He had pioneered the South Atlantic ferry run, doing his trick at the wheel of a Consolidated Liberator, or B-24, bomber. This was long before we got into the war. He watched the performance of American planes for the British in the Middle East. Then he went to London for a spell on the receiving end of airblitz. Back to Egypt, by way of Gibraltar and much-banged Malta, he went into the field again with active British air units. With invaluable lessons, he was ready to go home; packed and a happy cable sent to his family. There was a farewell party for him in Cairo. An officer handed him a "signal," as telegrams are called in that area. It was from Washington, ordering him to Chungking.

To fateful conferences with Wavell and Chiang Kai-shek, he flew across Iraq, Persia, India, Burma. We came into the war, and Brett, fortified by priceless experience, was at a hot spot. The President made him lieutenant general, Commander of United States Army Forces in Wavell's zone; and Sir Archibald immediately drafted him as Deputy Supreme Commander. Together they left Chungking last Christmas Eve.

Near Rangoon, a flight of 71 Japs got on the tail of their Douglas transport. At Mingalodon in Burma, they landed on a friendly airdrome, dived into a trench. Bombs, shrapnel, machine-gun slugs, were falling as thickly around them as snowflakes might in an old-fashioned Yule blizzard. Three hundred "heavies" exploded on that field. The Japs played hard for their chance to knock out the whole Supreme Command at once. Thumpers came as close as 20 yards; dive bombers stitched the trench with machine-gun sprays. But neither general was hurt, although both got plenty muddied.

With as much aplomb as can be mustered, when your elbows and knees are in each other's face, and the din is hellish, Wavell and Brett talked shop in the trench, to the undying admiration of their aides; then calmly went indoors to continue the conference when the Japs had been chased off by the R.A.F. and the American Volunteer Group.

Advisory War Councilman and former Air Minister McEwen, who recently made a plane swing around northern Australian bases with General Brett, declared, "He's what you Americans call a dynamo. He knows his business, inside and out—that's obvious. He has an eye for every detail and an encouraging word for everybody. He wasn't content to ride as a passenger. He piloted for hours."

But any one of the young American pilots at those advanced fields could have told Mr. McEwen of the general's reputation among them; that he can fly anything the Air Corps had yesterday, has today, or will have tomorrow.

THE END

Plenty of Oil—but How to Get It?

Continued from page 16

day that such a pipe line would be bringing in, we wouldn't be looking into the coming winter with such concern. However, a late start is better than none.

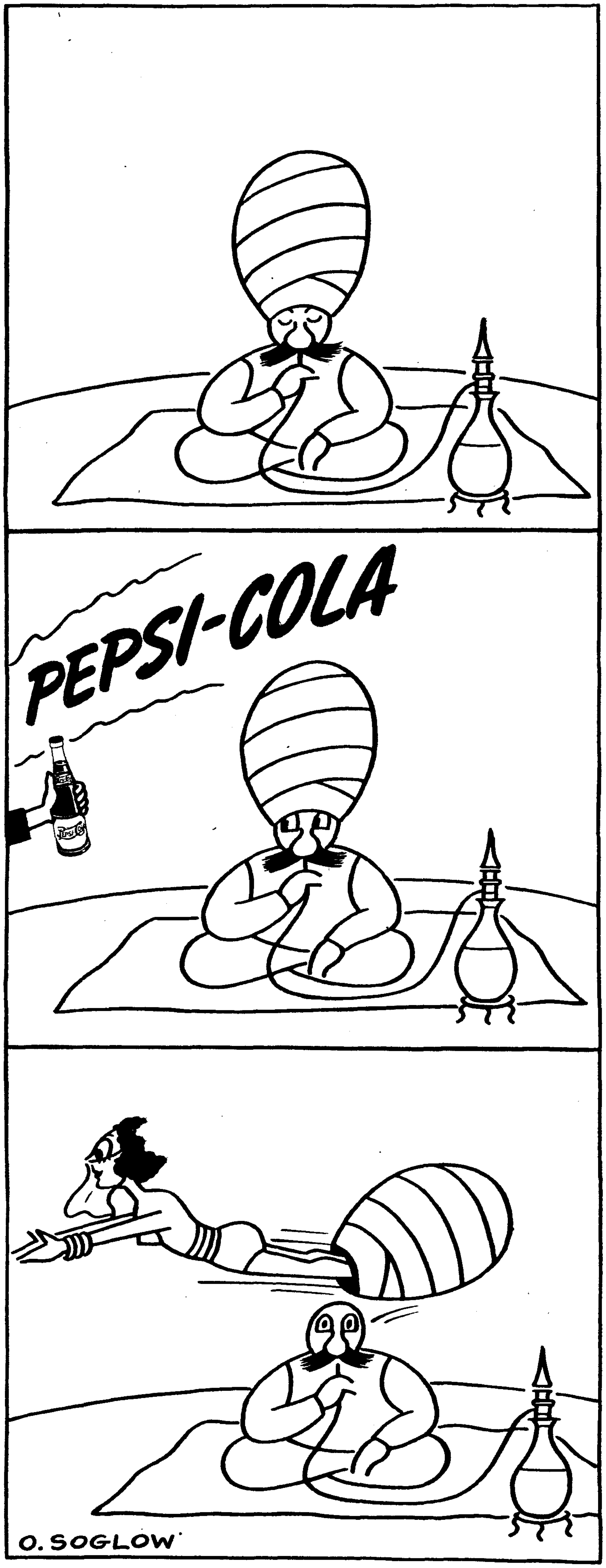
I don't want to be understood as criticizing the denial, last winter, of a priority for steel for this pipe line. The War Production Board carries a heavy responsibility—one that any of us may be thankful isn't his. There were, as there still are, other pressing demands for steel.

It was a tough question to decide, and I would long ago have stopped talking about steel for a pipe line if it had not been that petroleum is fundamental to the successful prosecution of the war. My reasoning was simply this: If we can't fly airplanes or drive ships through the water or make munitions of war—or at least the overwhelmingly important part of them—without petroleum, then we must have petroleum, even if it takes steel that is valuable and necessary for other important war purposes.

Naturally, I am glad that this point of view has been accepted. As I write this, the War Production Board has announced that it will make steel available for this 24-inch pipe line from Longview, Texas, to Salem, Illinois, a distance of 550 miles. This pipe line will require from five to six months to build and, when completed, will deliver at Salem about 350,000 barrels of oil a day.

While it is my opinion that this will not be the complete answer to the question how to provide enough fuel oil and gasoline to meet the needs of the Atlantic Coast states, especially those in the Northeast, and while it will not make available petroleum products which may be needed in England and on the continent of Europe unless the submarine menace can be overcome quickly, it will go a long way toward solving our problems.

THE END



For SAFETY'S SAKE
have the brake system
of your automobile checked this month

Act now!
CONSERVE
the life of your car or truck

It doesn't pay to guess about the condition of the brake system of an automobile. It won't take long for a brake expert to determine what's what. His inspection may disclose wear and minor faults which can be corrected before serious trouble occurs. He may find that the brake wheel-cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. In checking the master cylinder he may find that all that is required is a small additional quantity of No. 21 Brake Fluid—or he may find nothing is needed because everything is okay. There is an expert serviceman near you. Better see him this month.

★ LOOK FOR A WAGNER SERVICE SIGN. Drive in the shop or station displaying this red, white and blue sign. Ask the serviceman to check the brake system "the Wagner way."

We use GENUINE WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS & FLUID
For Safety and Maximum Brake Performance

If fluid is needed--be sure to specify
WAGNER LOCKHEED
No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

Genuine LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID 21
Wagner Electric Corporation

No. 21 is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

Behind this quality product are seventeen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is recommended for the service needs of *all* cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto).

H42-24

Wagner
LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID...
AIR BRAKES...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...TACHOGRAPH

A Long Way to Go

Continued from page 22

sat down opposite her. He said, "Bring us a bottle of champagne and stick it in one of those shiny buckets like in the movies. Nothing is too good for us."

Mary said, "Johnny, you are certainly different, the most refreshing man I ever met."

"You're on the beam yourself, kid," Johnny said. "Let's shuffle."

He led her out on the floor. She followed perfectly, nestled against his chest and her hair smelled fresh and fragrant.

"You promise to write me every week?" Johnny asked.

Mary said, "I promise. I'll send you brownies. I make wonderful ones, gooey inside."

"The gooey ones are best," Johnny agreed. They returned to their table and ordered dinner. "The last time for me," Johnny said. "You don't start off with shrimp cocktail in the Army."

Mary said, "What do you plan to do in the Army? Are you going to try to be anything special?"

"All the guys I know," Johnny said, "have figured on being specialists, on getting quick promotions. I think I'll just try and be a good private. I'm not an Army guy. I don't like much to fight. A peaceful gent, that's me. But now we have to fight, so I'll be a private and I hope I can be a good one."

They finished dinner and Johnny paid the check and they went outside on the terrace. They sat down in a hammock and looked out at the lake in the twilight. Mary's shoulder touched Johnny's. He turned and put his arms around her. He tilted her head and kissed her lips. They were cool and sweet against his, and her arm lay across his shoulder, her fingers touching his cheek.

Johnny held her there a moment and then he gently pushed her away. He slumped back in the hammock.

Mary said in an uncertain voice, "What's the trouble, Johnny? Didn't you want to kiss me?"

Johnny said, "I'm just a Cinderella guy, that's me. I been having a wonderful time. And now in a couple of hours I get on the train, and the spell is broken. I fell in love with you the first day you came in the office. But you were the boss' daughter; I never did anything about it. Just because I'm going in the Army, I let myself go today. I put on an act. But a guy can't kid himself forever."

"You think I'm going out with you tonight and letting you kiss me because you're going in the Army?" Mary asked.

Johnny said sadly, "You're just being patriotic."

Mary slipped her hand through his arm. She said in a small voice, "I remember the first day I went in the factory. You grinned at me and I thought you were fresh but cute. And after that, I went to the factory every week and I had no reason. And I was always hoping you'd get real fresh and speak to me, but you never did."

Johnny sat up straight. "You mean—how about the lieutenant?"

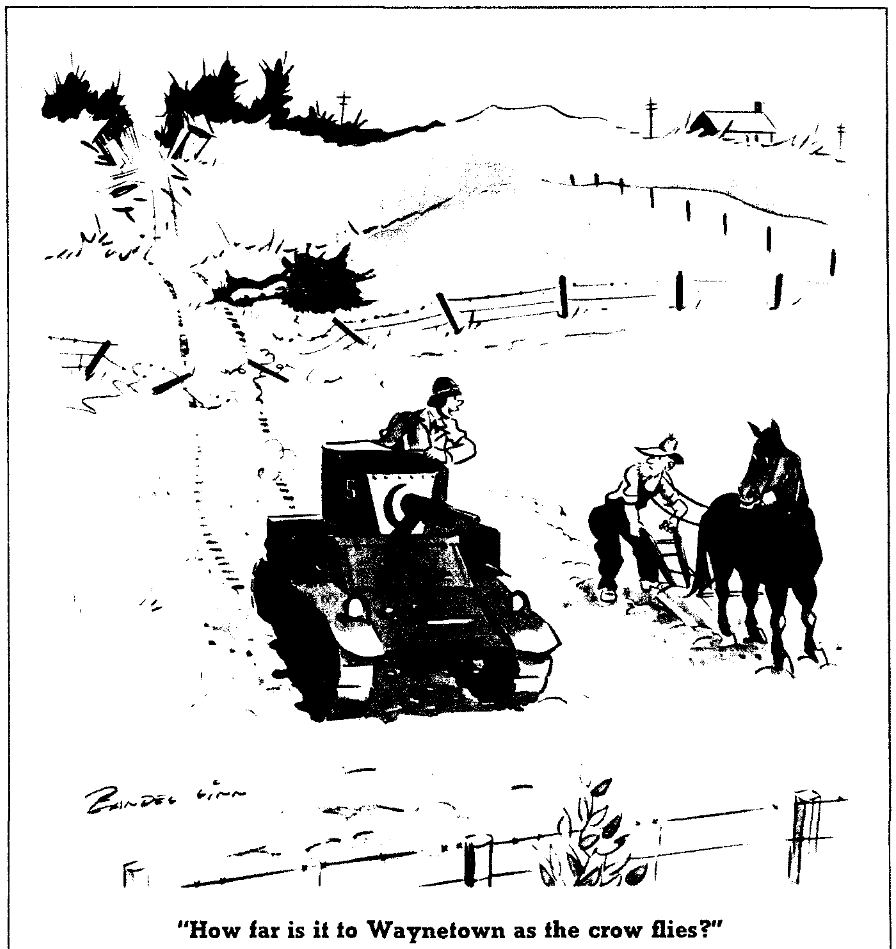
Mary said, "He's a friend. That's all."

JOHNNY took her back into his arms. He kissed her, then he said, "It's getting late. If I miss that train, I start off in the guardhouse. Come on!"

They clattered out to the car. The tires were no good but Johnny did not care. The car was no good either. He drove home forty miles an hour. The tires went like firecrackers. Johnny pulled up in the drive, running on the rims. He said, "They can make a machine gun out of it. Come in and meet the folks."

They went up on the porch, and Johnny's mother and father and Eddie were there. There were suspicious signs of moisture in Mrs. Buell's eyes. Johnny kissed her. He said, "There's nothing to cry about, Mom, I tell you everything is swell."

THE END

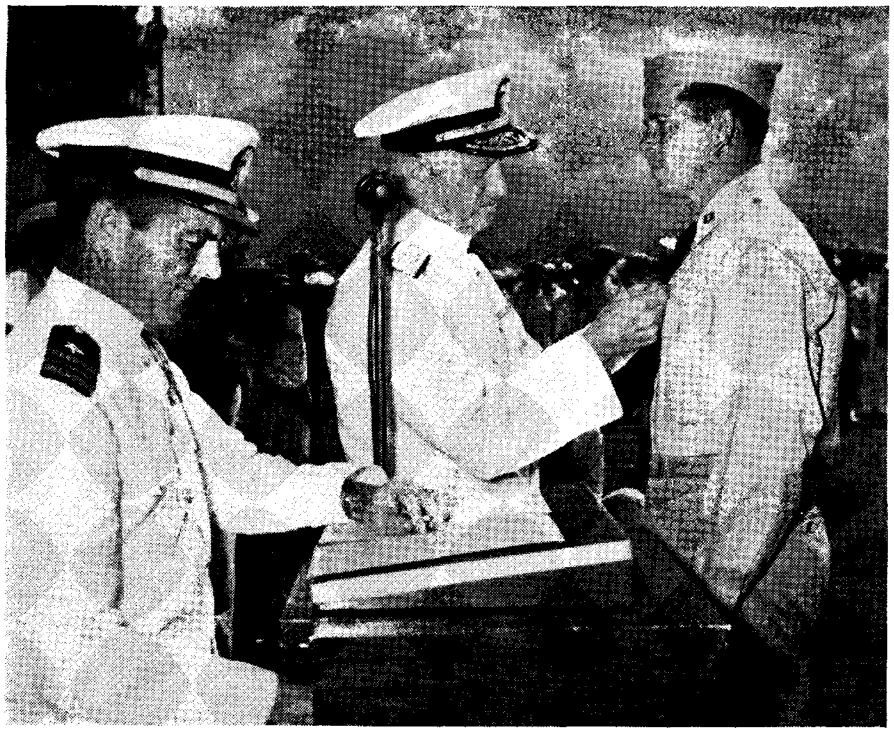


"How far is it to Waynetown as the crow flies?"

BANDEL LINN

Ace High

Continued from page 19



Lt. Com. Ernest Blake having read the citation, Admiral Nimitz awards Lt. McCuskey the Distinguished Flying Cross

anyone; the other three fighters with me knocked him down.

Then another Zero dived under and pulled up in front of me. I caught him square in my gunsight and he too went down in flames. Still another Zero started making passes at me and I would have liked to have it out with him, but a look at the gas gauge told me I'd better get back to the carrier for more fuel. When I taxied up the flight deck and stopped, there were just five gallons left in the tank.

That experience made me hungrier than ever for more Jap meat. And in the Battle of Midway I was lucky enough to bite off a big chunk of it. Meantime, I had been transferred to another carrier. We had heard from patrol planes that Japs were coming in and my squadron was ordered out to intercept them. We met them at about 10,000 feet, eighteen dive bombers in a "vee of vees" formation. Approaching from their left, I saw two of our pilots attack the lead planes, so I picked out the one on the left wing. He was directly in my sights and the first blast hit him broadside. He dropped in a plume of flame and smoke. Sweeping around behind the Jap formation I lined up another dive bomber on the right side, and down he went too. The third Jap plane practically got in my way while my finger was still on the trigger, as I didn't even have to maneuver before I saw him spin down and out.

All this took less than a minute and by that time my ammunition was gone. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the rest of our squadron had intercepted a second formation of Jap dive bombers following the first. Completely outclassed, the Japs scuttled their bombs and broke formation to engage in a mass dogfight. I went back to the carrier to reload my guns.

The trip back wasn't exactly dull. Two Japs got on my tail and, unable to fight back, I went into a steep, high-velocity dive, corkscrewing as I went down. I radioed the carrier I was coming in for rearming but when I got to her position she was maneuvering and I couldn't make a landing. I was anxious to get back into the air and do some shooting, so I landed on another carrier in our task force and was fixed up with both fuel and ammunition. A short time later I took off again with a fighter squadron from my adopted carrier and we ran into a flight of Zeros right over our own surface force. I caught one of the Zeros by surprise, sneaked up on his tail and, before he knew what was happening, his plane was blazing and he was out of the war. I didn't have time to watch him go all the way down because another Zero loomed up in front of me and I went after him. He looped, and I looped to stay on his tail. As I fired at him I spun out on top of the loop and I thought for a minute that I was in trouble. But a wingman took over and kept the Jap busy until I recovered from my spin, got on his tail again and shot him down. When I got back to the carrier my fighter looked more like a sieve than a plane. One bullet had missed an oil line by a bare six inches. Lucky for me it didn't get that oil line or I would have had to use the Pacific Ocean for a landing strip.

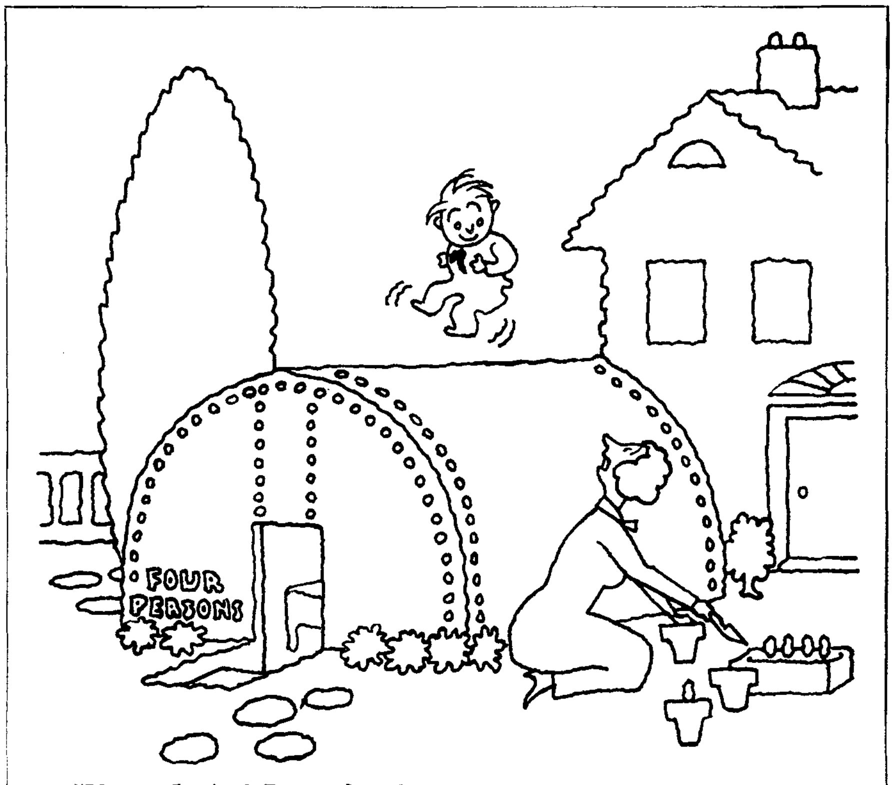
A few days later I was back on dry land for practically the first time in six months. That same week Adams and I received the Distinguished Flying Cross from Admiral Nimitz. Adams was promoted from ensign to junior-grade lieutenant and I was promoted to senior lieutenant.

Knocking off that first Jap patrol bomber was, as I have said, the greatest thrill in my life. Tangling with Jap dive bombers and Zeros later was plenty exciting, too, but the one other event that still sends chills down my spine when I think back on it took place four years ago.

I had left law school to become a Navy flier. First, of course, there was the small detail of learning to fly. I reported to the reserve base at Kansas City for elimination training. I attended lectures and ground school and studied books. I took the usual dual training and after ten hours of this an instructor climbed into my ship to give me the final check flight before soloing. I took a look at the wind sock over the hangar and taxied my plane down to the end of the runway, turned, gave it the gun and started to take off. Up to this moment the instructor just sat there saying nothing. Then he spoke, quietly, sarcastically, into my earphone: "Do you always take off downwind? It's much easier and safer the other way!"

I had committed a flier's cardinal sin, and prospects of going to Pensacola faded into the ground. Might as well get ready to go back to law school and forget all about this flying business. But only the instructor's shell was hard-boiled. He ordered me to taxi down to the opposite—and correct—end of the runway for another take-off. My check-out, he told me later, was perfect, and so was the flight that followed. I had soloed.

THE END



"Please, Junior! Remember that's got to last till the air raids start!"

GARDNER REA

Thrifty Nifty!

WHEN REMOVING MAKE-UP OR MANICURING NAILS I USE HALF SHEETS OF KLEENEX. IT SAVES TISSUES... SAVES TOWELS!
(from a letter by G L. K., Phoenix, Ariz.)

"Hold Your Hats, Girls!"
...IT'S THE HAY FEVER SNEASON! THAT'S WHY I KEEP SOFT, SOOTHING KLEENEX ALWAYS ON HAND. IT SAVES MY NOSE, SAVES HANKIES, SAVES LAUNDRY!
(from a letter by C C. J, Longview, Texas)

WIN $25
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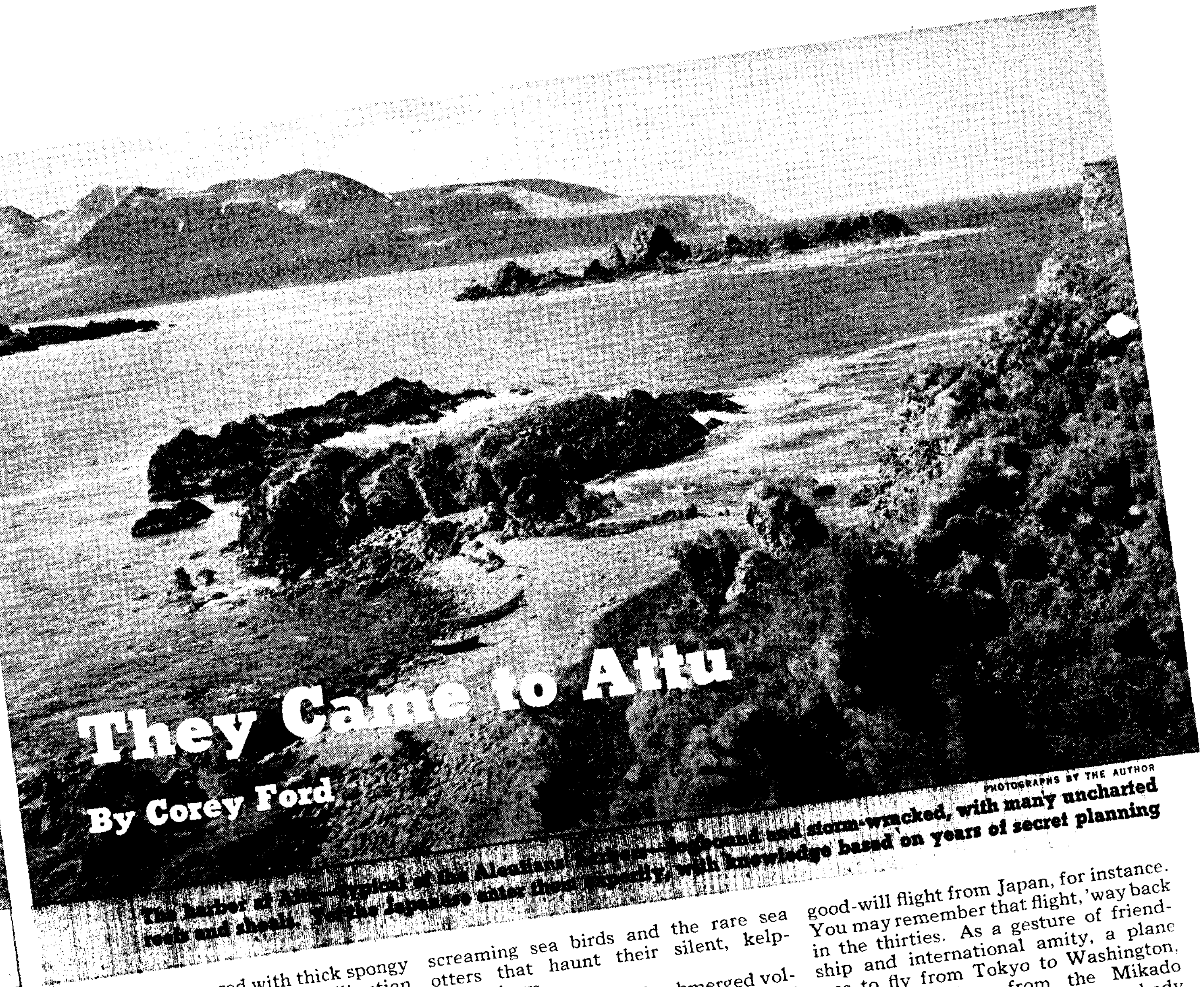
(from a letter by Pvt. H. F. W., Jefferson Barracks, Mo)

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off)



They Came to Attu

By Corey Ford

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The harbor of Attu—typical of the Aleutians, [illegible] fogbound and storm-wracked, with many uncharted reefs and shoals. Yet the Japanese enter them expertly, with knowledge based on years of secret planning

Beside a native barabara—Mike Hudakof, who prophesied Jap seizure of the island

An Aleut boy of Attu. His chief excitement was fishing—before the Japs came

This is the story of gray paint scraped off on undersea rocks, of mysterious crosses and strange fishing parties. It's the story of what Attu knew about Japanese plans

I WONDER what's happened to Mike. I haven't seen Mike for a couple of years, since the time he took us fishing; but I think of him when I read of the Japs landing on Attu. You see, Mike Hudakof was chief of the little Aleut village of Attu: a short swart eager native, somewhere in his early forties, I should judge; a combination mayor and doctor and radio operator and priest; wriggling with excitement, voluble, jabbering constantly about the Japs that day as he led us across the island to his favorite fishing stream.

"Some day they come to Attu." I remember how his lips would pull back in a snarl of fright when he spoke of the Japs—as if he lived in mortal terror of them. "They come here. You see. They take Attu some day."

He chattered incessantly as he climbed ahead of us up the steep barren slopes of the island. Attu is treeless like all the Aleutians, covered with thick spongy tundra and studded with Lilliputian wild flowers and miniature cranberries and willows only a few inches high; your fishing boots sink clear to the knee, and progress is slow.

"They know all about these islands," Mike said. "They come here last year. They plant a cross."

"What kind of a cross, Mike?" we asked, as we halted beside a deep pool and rigged our rods and tied on a No. 12 Light Cahill.

"They come in a warship and they land and plant a big white cross on the hill."

"Tell us about it, Mike," we said.

Something struck the fly, and we were into a fourteen-inch Dolly Varden, which so far as we know is the westernmost American trout ever taken on a dry fly. We busied ourselves bringing it to net while Mike talked.

The warship had anchored in the harbor of Attu, he said, and a party of Jap naval officers had come ashore and asked for the chief of the village. Mike had been badly frightened; but the Japs were very friendly. All they wanted, they assured him, was to erect a cross at a spot where a Japanese prince had died. It seemed to be a laudible sentiment, and Mike gave his assent. It did strike him as odd that the Japs knew exactly where the prince was buried. They climbed the hill to the highest point, right above the town, he said, and they planted a white cross there; and then they came down again and thanked Mike and went back to their ship.

The Mystery of the Prince

They didn't sail right off, though. They stayed in the harbor all day, and some men came out on deck, and they made a lot of measurements with little instruments. When they finally sailed away, Mike said, he climbed the hill with a shovel and dug all around the cross, but there was no sign of any prince at all. So he took down the cross and later he turned it over to the authorities.

We didn't pay much attention to Mike at the time because wild rumors and legends like this are as thick as the fog itself on these far-off and fabulous islands. For nine hundred miles, west of Dutch Harbor, they are virtually uninhabited save for the millions of screaming sea birds and the rare sea otters that haunt their silent, kelp-strewn bays.

Most of them are half-submerged volcanoes, their coasts lined with tumbled boulders against which the surf seethes and thunders ceaselessly, their ash-strewn slopes reaching up to craters that still smoke against the sky. Sometime, a million years ago, this whole majestic range extended from the tip of the Alaskan peninsula across the Bering Sea almost to Japan; then the range foundered and sank, the water rose, and today only their smoking peaks remain above the waves.

A wild and desolate land of volcanoes and mummies and sea otters and fog, as remote as the other side of the moon, its channels and harbors still virtually unknown, only the rusting wrecks of boats marking the dangerous reefs and shoals. No adequate navigation charts exist; the best map of Chichagof Harbor at Attu, for instance, is based on early Russian explorations. And yet these bleak islands have recently become an important amphitheater of war.

The Japs have invaded them, sailed into them expertly, without any hesitation or fumbling in the fog. They have known the exact channels through which to pass, the harbors in which to drop anchor, the bays where they could hide. They have shown a knowledge of these islands that could only be based on years of secret planning, and charting and sounding of these waters.

"They know all about these islands," Mike said. "They take Attu some day."

We laughed at Mike's insistent stories; they sounded like the sheerest imagination to us then. We laughed at his tales of Japanese poachers, for example, who raided the priceless sea-otter herds each winter when the Coast Guard was away. To be sure, we knew that the sea otters were not increasing as fast as they should; but it seemed too implausible that the Japs would actually dare. . . .

We laughed when he told us of curious signs he had found in the sand of an isolated beach, a deep triangular gouge that could only be made by the keel of a heavy dory, or a broken china teacup, or an occasional patch of gray paint scraped off on the rocks under water. We laughed at his fables of submarines that native trappers had seen.

There was the story of the famous good-will flight from Japan, for instance. You may remember that flight, 'way back in the thirties. As a gesture of friendship and international amity, a plane was to fly from Tokyo to Washington, bringing greetings from the Mikado to our own Chief of State. Everybody thought it was a highly worthy cause; and when Tokyo politely asked permission to station a few observers on the Aleutian Islands, just to wave the plane along on its way, Washington gave immediate assent.

The Japs Were So Sorry

So a Japanese warship dropped off the observers in little groups of three, at various strategic points along the Aleutians, and left them with nothing but a rowboat and some fishing tackle. Mike said it was a most unusual kind of fishing-tackle—nothing but a long string with a piece of lead on the end.

It was about that time that the plane in Tokyo began to have the most puzzling kind of trouble getting started on its flight. Tokyo was terribly embarrassed; something was wrong with the motors—please. The trip would have to be postponed another week or two—Washington would please understand.

Again and again that summer the trip was unaccountably delayed; until at last Tokyo sent apologetic word that in view of the late season it would no longer be feasible to make the attempt. They were so sorry, they said, so very, very sorry, and Washington said forget it, it was perfectly all right, and a couple of ambassadors were photographed shaking hands, and the following week the Japanese warship went out to the Aleutians and picked up all the little groups of observers and brought them home again. And that was all—or almost all.

The following year the cutter Northland was negotiating one of the narrow passes in the Aleutians, using the best available Coast Guard charts, swinging the lead and sounding her whistle to test the echo bouncing against the fog-bound cliffs, and making at best about four knots an hour. Behind her she heard a polite toot: "So sorry, please," and a Jap cruiser edged past her, doing some twenty knots, and slipped swiftly out of sight in the fog. . . .

I wonder what Mike Hudakof is doing now. ★★★

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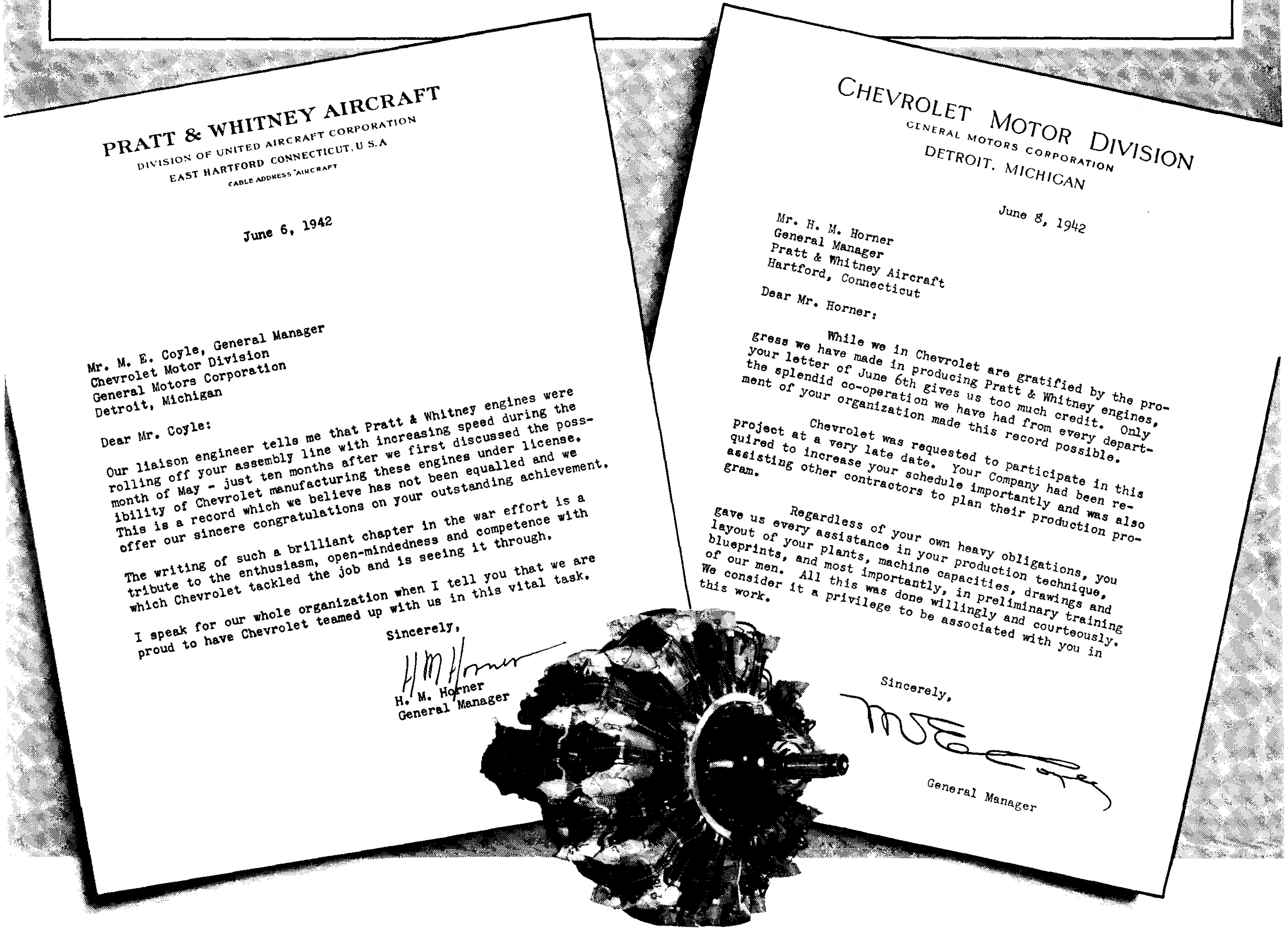

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June 6, 1942

Mr. M. E. Coyle, General Manager
Chevrolet Motor Division
General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Mr. Coyle:

Our liaison engineer tells me that Pratt & Whitney engines were rolling off your assembly line with increasing speed during the month of May - just ten months after we first discussed the possibility of Chevrolet manufacturing these engines under license. This is a record which we believe has not been equalled and we offer our sincere congratulations on your outstanding achievement.

The writing of such a brilliant chapter in the war effort is a tribute to the enthusiasm, open-mindedness and competence with which Chevrolet tackled the job and is seeing it through.

I speak for our whole organization when I tell you that we are proud to have Chevrolet teamed up with us in this vital task.

Sincerely,

H M Horner

H. M. Horner
General Manager

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

June 8, 1942

Mr. H. M. Horner
General Manager
Pratt & Whitney Aircraft
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mr. Horner:

While we in Chevrolet are gratified by the progress we have made in producing Pratt & Whitney engines, your letter of June 6th gives us too much credit. Only the splendid co-operation we have had from every department of your organization made this record possible.

Chevrolet was requested to participate in this project at a very late date. Your Company had been required to increase your schedule importantly and was also assisting other contractors to plan their production program.

Regardless of your own heavy obligations, you gave us every assistance in your production technique, layout of your plants, machine capacities, drawings and blueprints, and most importantly, in preliminary training of our men. All this was done willingly and courteously. We consider it a privilege to be associated with you in this work.

Sincerely,

M E Coyle

General Manager

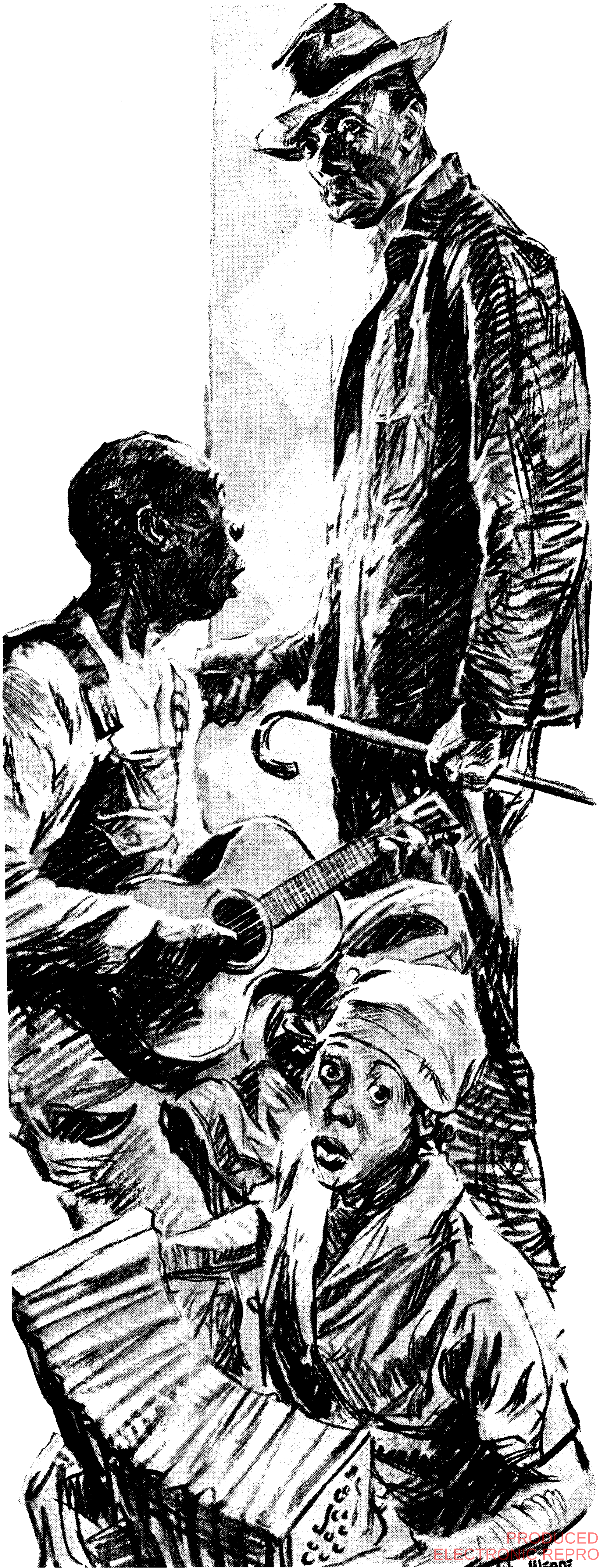
Close, consistent, wholehearted teamwork between Pratt & Whitney, the Army Air Corps and Chevrolet has made possible the outstanding production record referred to in the letters reproduced above. . . . It is just such *cooperative effort* that will enable us to attain the objective we so strongly desire—the winning of this war.

CHEVROLET AMERICA'S FOREMOST VOLUME PRODUCER OF CARS AND TRUCKS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Cooter Blues

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Cooter, his hands resting lovingly on his guitar, gazed out the door at the murky weather. "Yassuh," he agreed. "Me and Flobelle was speakin' 'bout dat dis mawnin'"

Giles hears some music, and it just about ruins him. The Widow Duck, as usual, is in possession of all the facts

MEASURED by almost any standard, Cooter was a no-good. As a gangling growing boy, he had shown no aptitude for plowing or for handling a big team of mules in the cotton field. As a full-grown man with a wife and a crop of his own, he demonstrated an almost total lack of interest in farming.

People on Little Bee Bend plantation wondered why Giles, the short-patienced foreman, didn't "run him off," a measure that had overtaken many a better worker. Giles had threatened banishment and, in especially aggravating instances, sudden death for Cooter. Nothing ever came of the threats.

"Look, Cooter," Giles pleaded, "you kin see you's plowin' up de cotton, and you know you's s'posed to be plowin' up de grass. Ain't dat right?"

"Yassuh."

"Den how come you plow up de cotton?"

"Well, Mist' Giles, I'm gonter tell you," Cooter promised. "Hit's like dis." He stopped and looked around helplessly.

"I'm gonter tell you," Giles stated. "You jest ain't payin' no mind to what you was doin'."

"Yassuh, I'm is too payin' some mind," declared Cooter. "I'm got my mind right square on hit. In my mind I'm sayin', 'Cooter, le's git dis row plowed right.' Jest like I do's in my mind when I'm pickin' Ole Lost John on my guit-tar."

"Plowin' cotton ain't got nothin' to do wid pickin' no guit-tar," Giles snapped.

"Nawsuh, hit sho ain't," Cooter readily agreed. "On de guit-tar, you jest set yo' mind on hit and turn yo' hands a-loose. But efn you do dat wid a plow, I swear, Mist' Giles, you'll plow up all de cotton, sho."

The foreman left in disgust. "Ain't wuth killin'," he growled. "I'm gonter run him off."

Instead of evicting Cooter, Giles loaned him the plantation truck to bring a bride and some miscellaneous furniture on the place. "Gittin' married up wid a wife," Giles explained to the Widow Duck, "might put some hustle in his bones." He knew that marriage would do no such thing for Cooter, but he felt he had to make some kind of excuse.

"Who he married up wid?" the Widow Duck wanted to know.

"One er Porter's gals, up in de hills. Name er Flobelle."

"H'mm," the Widow Duck mused. "Ain't she de one which sets about de house all de time, mashin' dat 'caw-deen?"

Giles shuddered in pain. "She might not be," he said hopefully. "She might be de one which ain't too lazy."

The Widow Duck laughed. "You ain't got to lie to me, Giles," she told him. "You know dad-blamed well she's de 'caw-deen masher. And f'm what I hyars, she kin squeeze de fool outn dat thing. And you know good as me dat'll sound mighty purty, wid Cooter pickin' his guit-tar and Flobelle mashin' out de seconds."

"Efn dey stays on dis place, dey got to git all de grass outn Cooter's crop and what I mean, in high gears, too. I ain't fixin' to put up wid no mo' er dat humbug f'm Cooter, f'm now on! He levels, or I runs 'em bofe off."

Marriage did not improve Cooter. His work was still uneven and ineffective. Flobelle's hoe was no great help, either. Her best was only fair and she seldom did her best.

Their shiftlessness did not stop in the field. By midsummer they owed as much at the commissary as their not-too-good crop could reasonably be expected to pay off next fall. And yet, when a heavy rain sent the men to hunting rabbits and the women to fishing the bayou to save on twelve-cents-a-pound meat, Cooter and Flobelle stayed at home.

Giles roared wrathfully, "I'm gonter run you plum to It'ly! You know dis rain driv ev'y varmint in Bodcau swamps twarge de high ground. De woods is swarmin' wid rabbits! And you settin' in de house high and dry!"

Cooter, his hands resting lovingly on his guitar, gazed out the door at the murky weather. "Yassuh," he agreed. "Me and Flobelle was speakin' 'bout dat dis mawnin'. Flobelle, she say 'Darlin', I bet dis rain done driv de rabbits outn Bodcau swamps and I bet dey headed straight for we's woods.'" He fingered the guitar strings speculatively. "Yassuh, I kin jest see a big ole bull swamp rabbit a-settin' agin de bresh pile, feelin' de rain beatin' down on his haid, and watchin' de water rise in de bayou."

A FEW more chords and Cooter ceased to be himself; he was now the old bull swamp rabbit. "Dis ain't no place for me!" He thumped the bass to indicate a lazy hop. "Too much water 'round hyar. I'm fixin' to go whar I kin find some dust." He took another hop on the strings. "Must be 'bout fo' miles over yonder whar I'm fixin' to go." Cooter began to play a slow rhythm, indicating the casual journey of a rabbit that knew exactly where he was going and in no hurry to get there.

"'Bout dat time"—Cooter was himself, now, narrating above the music—"ole Luther, dat's Mist' Ringgold's ole yaller hound dog, woke up." He turned to his wife. "Gimme ole Luther wakin' up." And Flobelle squeezed a sleepy hound dog's yawn from her accordion. The rabbit stopped and listened, then proceeded with more caution.

Flobelle's accordion sniffed, caught the scent and the chase was on. The rabbit skipped through the strings of the guitar and the hound mourned from the accordion, and Cooter talked with growing excitement.

Giles felt his anger cooling and grinned. At first he was tolerantly amused but presently he caught the spirit of the chase. "Fool, ole Luther ain't never gonter catch dat rabbit," he warned. "De rabbit is runnin' too fast and ole Luther too ole—"

(Continued on page 67)

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 17

His wife was not strong; in her place he had brought with him his daughter Fanny, some six or seven years older than Loveday, squarely built, dark and friendly, and the once-detested Rodney, who had turned into an extremely attractive young man. Rodney was tall, with wide shoulders, and his father's pleasant, attentive smile. The younger daughter, Nini, was at school in southern California; the older son, Christopher, married and beginning to make a name for himself as a playwright, lived in New York, but Fanny, Rodney and their father settled down in Friends Haven as if it was the most natural thing in the world to consider themselves welcome, and Loveday found their presence infinitely comforting.

"I was thinking," Warren St. George said to her, when on the morning of the third day the time came to lay her mother and grandmother in the old cemetery of Indian Hill, "that we will be on our way this afternoon, Loveday, say about four, and take you straight to Aunt Laura. You used to call my wife that when you were very small and I know she'd love to have you call her that now. I don't like the idea of your being alone in this house. It's all arranged to leave Wing Foo here, and he's been told not to touch anything in any of the rooms. Some day, when the weather's pleasanter, perhaps Fanny and Rod and you will come here, and go over things. But it's too much for you now. What do you think?"

"I think—whatever you do, Mr. St. George," said Loveday's deep voice, with a new note of gravity in it.

"YOU won't mind a fifty-mile drive all the way to San Francisco after—everything?"

"No. No. I'll be glad to get away. Annie'll pack my things and send them after me. Mr. St. George—" Loveday began, and stopped.

"Go ahead." His look was fatherly and encouraging.

"That young Lawrence Ingersoll you met yesterday. We're engaged to be married as soon as he gets his job. I wanted you to know."

"Ah?" he said noncommittally. She sensed somehow that he was not quite pleased. "But you're not twenty," he went on kindly, "and I shall have tremendous responsibilities for whatever you do for the next twelve months."

"We thought perhaps we could get married in June," the girl said steadily. For a second she caught his gravely considering look, then comprehended perfectly the one that succeeded it, that said, "Ah, I mustn't bother the poor child now."

"I hope you'll feel," he said aloud, "that you're coming to friends who only want you to be happy, to have your life go in the way your dear mother and grandmother would have wished. It's been a great shock to you, of course, the two deaths coming within a few hours of each other. But your grandmother never would have wanted a long lingering illness, Loveday, and she had had a good life."

"Oh, I know, I feel that! I felt it when I went in to wake her," Loveday said. "In the morning, Wednesday—was that only day before yesterday! She looked so peaceful, asleep with her hand under her cheek, the way she always slept, that I hated to tell her that Mother—Mother was gone—"

She stopped, choked. Warren St. George did not speak.

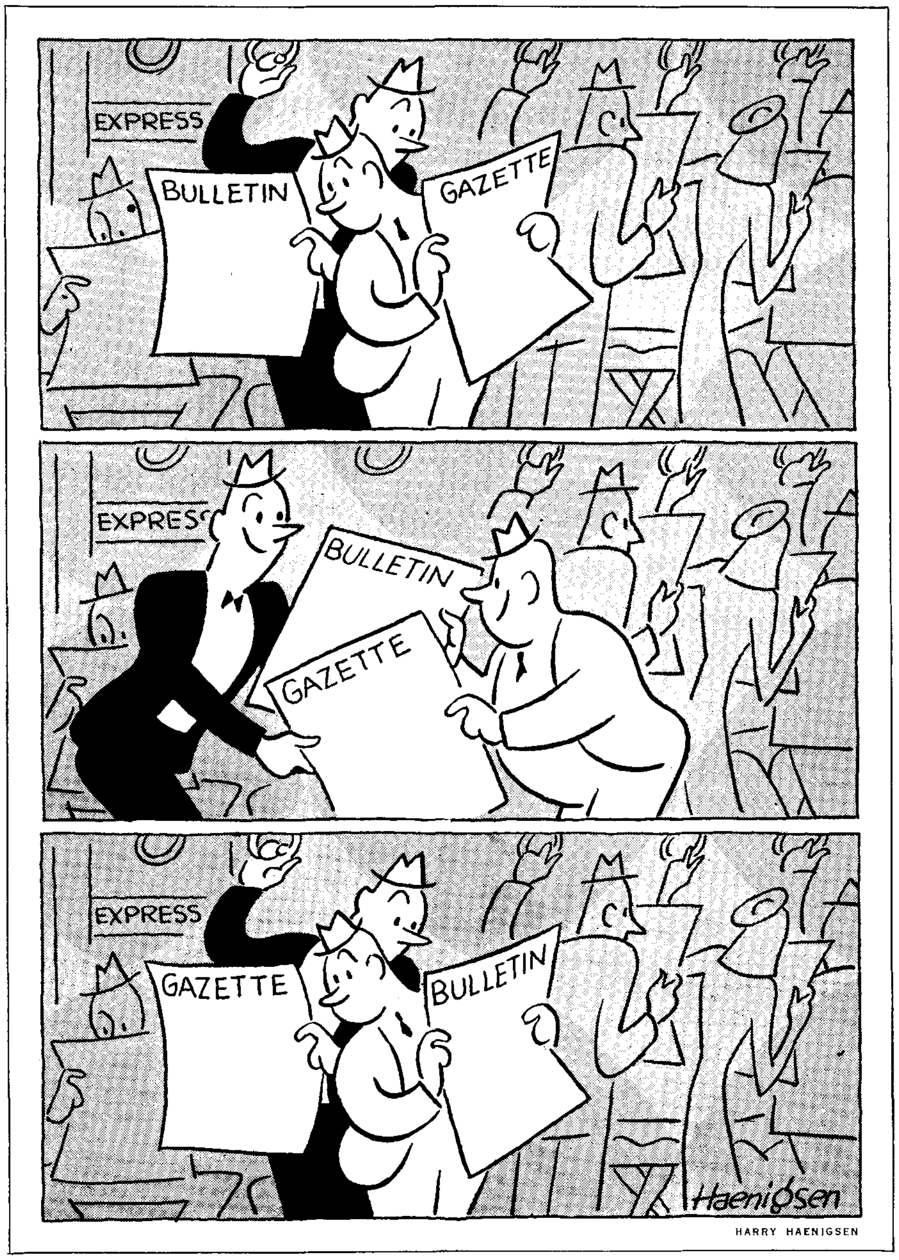
"You won't—you won't ask me not to marry Larry?" Loveday said after a moment, turning to face him again. The man answered her seriously:

"No, my dear. Not if you are sure that your happiness lies that way."

"You don't like him?" she asked in quick sensitiveness.

"I *do* like him. But I feel—I suppose I was feeling, Loveday," Warren St. George said, "that you haven't had much opportunity here to see men as other girls do, to be sure he is really your choice."

"I think I'm sure," she said with confidence.



"Well, that's all you need! And now, what are you taking for tonight, for a few days until we see what you need? You have a heavy coat?"

"I haven't a black coat." Fanny St. George had brought her a large box in which were the black dress she was wearing, black gloves, a small black hat with a veil. She had borrowed Fanny's black coat for today and Fanny would wear her brown one.

"That's all right. We can manage that. You get together what you'll need and tell the Chinese that we will get in touch with him in a day or two."

THE hours went on somehow; somehow she moved through them. The crowds were gone now; Fanny and Rodney St. George were in the hall; Wing Foo, his eyes red, came out to help with the closing of doors and carrying of bags. Fanny and Loveday got into the back seat of the waiting car. Rodney drove and his father sat beside him on the front seat.

"You're going to be the greatest blessing to my mother," Fanny presently began easily. "I'm getting married in March—"

"You are?" The first smile that had lighted Loveday's face for days was turned upon the other girl. "Oh, who to?"

"His name is Arthur Stephen Fraser Fox. He's Canadian," said Fanny, not daring to show how pleased she was at the reaction to this announcement, "and completely adorable. He's a captain in the air corps.

"Everyone pleased at last," she continued after a moment. "To tell you the truth I've been rather a fool about my affairs," said Fanny frankly, "and driven my respectable parents half crazy. Engaged, as it were, to this one and that, you know."

A shadow of her own laugh surprised Loveday. She could laugh, then?

"Fraser is one of our family names," she said.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. We're all Scotch and Quaker together," Fanny conceded. "He's probably your cousin."

"And I'm engaged, too," Loveday said timidly.

"You aren't," Fanny answered simply.

"But I am. He's had to go to Florida; he went yesterday, to get a job, but as soon as he's making money enough we're going to be married."

"You mean that nice Larry boy?"

"Yes," Loveday said, warming.

"Well, it was perfectly obvious that he is ga-ga about *you*," Fanny commented. "But what I was going to say," she went on, after a moment's reflection and with a deliberate change of subject, "was that you will be the greatest blessing to my mother after I go away. You see, she's delicate, and she only goes out to walk around the garden or perhaps be taken to a concert or on a little drive with Dad, and she gets lonely. My sister Nini is away at school and that means that Rod will be the only one at home—Rod and Marcel."

"Marcel?"

"He's a young doctor—French. D'you speak French?"

"A little. I don't know how well. We had it at St. Dominic's."

"Well, he speaks perfect English, of course; he's been here since he was about fifteen, I think. But he loves to gabble his own tongue. He's living with us; Dad knows his adopted mother—he's a war orphan. She found him in France after the last war, and educated him—medical school, year in Edinburgh, everything. Now he's doing post-graduate work, and Rod and he were pals in college, so he lives with us. The reason," Fanny went on, "that I felt a little sorry about you and Larry Ingersoll—who is really terribly nice—was that I feel sure that both Marcel Villard and my brother Rod will fall for you in a big, convincing way!"

Loveday laughed again, but she made no comment. . . .

DUSK had closed down upon the world when they reached San Francisco and drove through a long arm of the park and across a bright business section where markets and drugstores and movie houses were swimming in a flood of light that was dazzling to Loveday's tired eyes. They went all the way to the water, skirting the cliffs above the Golden Gate, and stopping finally at the entrance to a pleasant walled garden, in which stood a gray-timbered house with white doorways and window sashes. The house was one of a rambling, garden-enclosed row that faced the city, standing only a few feet from the cliff, below which the waters of the bay rolled pebbles upon a narrow strand. To the left were the outlines of the Gate, spanned by a mystic arch of bridge in the dimming light; to the right the bay spread itself between Angel Island and the Sausalito shores, with a chain of tiny, faraway stars twinkling to show where lay Berkeley and Oakland.

"Oh, right on the water!" Loveday said, breaking a long silence with an involuntary cry of pleasure.

"Right on the water. That's the fishing fleet going out now." Rodney St. George indicated two score small boats under the bridge that fanned themselves out upon the smooth sheen of the tide. "And one of the big liners coming in—she's late, she was due this morning," he said.

"She was held a day over at Honolulu," his father observed. "Here we are, girls. Take Loveday up to your mother, Fan."

There was a lovely brightness and color about the house. White-curtained windows followed the stairway up; flowers everywhere; chairs and davenports covered with gay flowered chintzes. It was not like Loveday's conception of a city house; there was an airiness and spaciousness about it infinitely homelike and welcoming even at this first bewildered glance.

In a spacious back bedroom, in a pillowed chair close to a stretch of wide windows, a gray-haired woman with a fresh, smiling face was seated. She held out her hand as Fan and Loveday came in. Loveday, going forward to take the hand, and to stand shy and nervous and smiling before Laura St. George, felt herself drawn down for a kiss, and seated on a chair beside her.

"Well, Loveday Gurney," said the motherly voice, "I'm so glad to have you here!" Loveday's eyes filled; she could not speak.

Immediately the conversation went on among the others, nobody paying any attention to her as questions were asked and answered.

"How've you been, Laura?" This was the man of the house, seated in a deep chair now, with the satisfied resting air of the person home again after uncomfortable journeying.

"Lazy. Tired." But she smiled as she admitted it.

"Coming down to dinner?"

"I think so."

"Come on, Loveday, I'll show you your room. You're next to me, and we'll have to mark up our bath hours the way they do on ships." Fanny got to her feet, tall and graceful and weary, her fur coat over her arm. "Isn't she nice?" she asked her mother.

Mrs. St. George's wise eyes moved to Loveday smilingly.

"She's lovely. She's so different from all you Sicilian bandits that I'm going to love looking at her. Oh, here's Marc."

A young, dark-eyed man had come into the room; he hesitated when he saw that the expected stranger had arrived. Fanny and Loveday paused on their way to the door, and Loveday saw that the newcomer was small and sinewy, with strong glasses, long hanging arms and big hands, and a dark, smiling, monkeylike face.

"Loveday, Doctor Villard. Marc, this is Loveday Gurney."

"Mademoiselle." The bright eyes were full of admiration and interest; Loveday and he, whose destinies were to be so strangely interlocked, looked at each other a moment, then the girls went on to their own apartments.

FOR the first few dazed weeks, when everything she had ever known had been swept away from her, and everything about her was new and strange, Loveday lived much in the pleasant bedroom of the mother of the family.

Mrs. St. George, despite her semi-invalided condition, was an active worker in a dozen different causes, and had many private charities as well. She made good use of Loveday's youth and enthusiasm, and soon expressed the opinion that she couldn't get along at all without the girl's help.

In the pleasant, foggy mornings they worked away busily at desk and telephone, and at these times Laura St. George chatted away easily about her husband and children; Loveday was enabled to see through her pleasant gossip a hundred phases of her new family and their lives that might have been much longer a mystery to her. The mother's pride in them, her old nursery anxieties, the problems that Fanny, Rodney and Nini had presented in turn were of absorbing interest to Loveday; sometimes her "Aunt Laura" would laugh at the serious face with which she considered them.

There was an older son, of course, Chris. Loveday remembered Chris. He was the big brother who with such superb efficiency and strength and general grown-up superiority had lifted her down from the shed roof upon which the teasing other children had stranded her, when she had been a frightened little girl. Evidently magnificence was still the attribute of Chris.

Chris, in his family's eyes, was different from everybody else in the world. Nobody was ever so successful or so handsome or so clever or so funny as Chris. At the state university in Berkeley he had carried all literary honors casually; almost, Loveday suspected, disdainfully, before him. He had gone on to Harvard for a postgraduate course in letters, somewhat to his father's uneasiness.

"But before that year was over Chris had sold his play," his mother told Loveday in quiet triumph. "That answered Dad's misgivings as to his being an idler —playing with writing!"

"Chris was how old then?"

"Twenty-four."

"Imagine it! And did you all go on to see the play?" Loveday demanded at this point.

"No. I don't know," Mrs. St. George said thoughtfully, "that we realized at the time exactly how important that was, what an extraordinary thing for a boy of his age to do. It was only afterward, when they made him a member of clubs, when he went to the London opening that we realized that our duckling was a swan."

IT WAS said with a gentle laugh of motherly pride. Loveday's eyes were glowing.

"He was married then?"

"Oh, yes." Was there the slightest moderation in tone, the least possible flagging of enthusiasm? Loveday fancied she perceived it sometimes when Merle was mentioned.

But the St. Georges were loyal. Merle was Christopher's wife; by that circumstance alone she was above criticism. Loveday studied Merle and Chris through the medium of a hundred pictures; snapshots in albums in all sorts of costumes and places, framed photographs in every room in the house. Merle's earlier photographs were pretty and girlish; the later ones a trifle harder, shrewder in expression, smarter as to hats and furs. But every likeness of Chris seemed more fascinating than the last. A tall dark man with a thin, clever face, high cheekbones, the dark fine line of a mustache above a firm mouth; a man who looked equally well in impeccable evening dress or the open-throated shirt and slacks of a fishing trip.

Rodney, Loveday thought, must be entirely eclipsed by the brilliant older brother. Rodney was as nice as he could be, but dull. Little excitable Marc Villard was much more entertaining than Rodney, and Larry Ingersoll far exceeded him in magnetism and force. Loveday was glad that she had spoken to various members of the family quite openly of her engagement. Otherwise Rodney might begin to imagine—or at least Aunt Laura's and Fanny's hints sometimes suggested that he was beginning to imagine—

However, she was engaged to Larry Ingersoll, so that was all there was to that.

The days flew by; there was never time enough for all they had to do.

Here everything seemed young, of the future; Fanny's wedding plans were thrilling to the younger girl; fluffy-headed little Nini, home from school for the first family wedding, was all gaiety and absurdity; the young men were full of life and high spirits, with new and joyous plans for every day.

The affection of every one of them for Loveday steadily deepened. At first they had been sorry for her; they had gradually come to admire her courage and feel assured as to her self-control and spirit.

"How nice things can happen!" Marc said enthusiastically one day, when he

Wartime Walking makes feet hot and steaming—leads to

ATHLETE'S FOOT

It's the excessive perspiration that comes with today's extra walking that helps breed the Athlete's Foot fungi. These tiny plants feed on stale perspiration products and dead skin. Then, when the skin cracks open, they get in and infect the living tissue. Livid red toes, peeling skin and pain with every step tell you it's Athlete's Foot you've got!

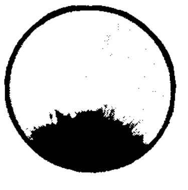
[illegible] them TONIGHT

Examine the skin between your toes tonight. Is it cracked, raw? Drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., *full strength.* Repeat daily, night and morning. Remember —it's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot!

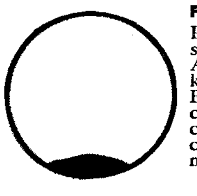
1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists. If free sample is desired address your inquiry to W. F. Young, Inc., 201M Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.



Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

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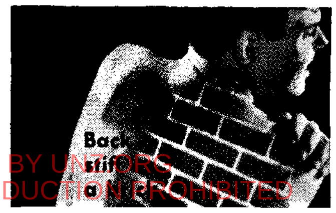
Also QUICK RELIEF for these summer troubles:



and Loveday were walking on the windy cliffs.

"Like what, Marc?"

"Like—well, you are not there, and then you are there, and we are all in love with you! We are rich before, but the thing happens and we are richer—you are indeed beloved."

She laughed, although tears were in her eyes.

"You're all just overwhelmingly good to me. But it's the way you put things, Marc. 'You are beloved.'"

"Well, are you not?"

"I hope I am."

"Then how would you say it?"

"I suppose I'd have said, 'They all like you.'"

"My English!" he said ruefully.

"Your English is simply amazing. If I could ever speak French like that! Did you speak it when you were quite small?"

"Yes, I think so. I was born three years before the first World War, you know, and shifted about from place to place. We were of Lorraine. I can remember moving from some place—they were driving cows, I know—"

"Oh, what a terrible memory!"

"Then someone telling me that it was peace, and horns blowing, and my nurse crying with her apron over her eyes—and the ship—we were on a ship."

"Coming to America?"

"To China. And we must have gone back, for I remember India again, and riding on a camel, and then Paris. And I was fifteen before we came to America to live."

"Your father and mother had you through all this?"

"No, they were dead. There were many of us, I suppose—small children whose lives were completely broken up. And then a kind American lady took charge of me, sent me to college and to medical college, *et voila!* And I come to San Francisco just in time to meet the lovely Miss Gurney."

"I THOUGHT," Loveday said, laughing at him through a veil of blown hair, "that the St. Georges were being especially kind to me, and I was afraid it wouldn't last. But now I see that they're that way to everyone. They're just—that sort."

"And Rodney will be more than kind to you when you will let him," Marc said seriously, and he caught her elbow so that he might steady her—or rather that they might steady each other against the wind. Her color rushed up; after a moment she said:

"Rod knows that I am engaged to Lawrence Ingersoll."

"But you know, when you love a person, Loveday, you don't believe that!" Marc said eagerly and apologetically.

"Well, but he must believe it!" she said with a hint of impatience. "Not—not that I think it goes very deep with Rod," Loveday added, quickening her step to join Fanny, who was waiting for them in the shelter of a clump of windblown pines, "but if it is going to make him unhappy, it will make me unhappy too!"

"I'll tell you who it will make very unhappy," Marc said. "Aunt Laura."

"Oh, but she has no right to feel that way!" Loveday said, distressed. "She knew—I told Uncle Warren, I told them all, one time or another, just how it was."

"I know. But she is very fond of you, *ma cherie.*"

"And I'm so fond of them, all of them! How could it be any other way? Only—a promise is a promise," Loveday argued.

"But suppose you had not made that promise?"

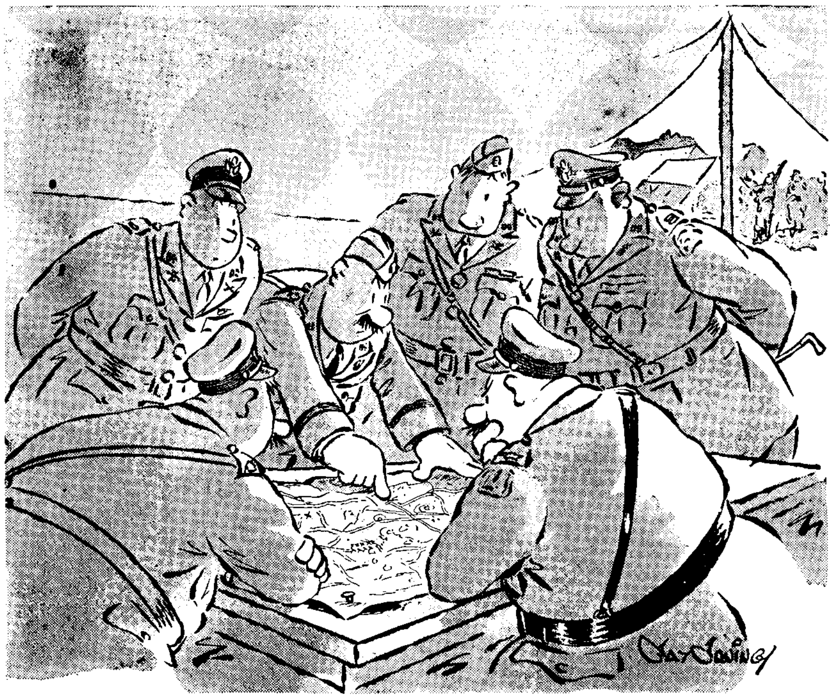
She did not answer, except for a glance of distrust and reproach. As they came up breathless to Fanny, she said:

"You look as if you and Marc had been quarreling."

"Oh, no; not quite!" But Loveday would not let herself and Marc get separated from Fanny again.

She had made the promise, that was the trouble! She was living in a new world now, among persons whose every word and act fascinated and delighted her. The shadows, the loneliness, the silences of her old home, the dripping trees and the scent of molding earth and rotting woodwork were gone. Everything here was activity and amusement and affection — affection more precious than all the rest.

NINI, awkward, overweight, clumsy sixteen, adored her, and kept her both touched and laughing at a hundred gauche evidences of devotion. Rod liked her only too well, and Marc was her willing and gallant squire whenever Rodney was unable to escort her. Both the older St. Georges loved her for her own as well as for her people's sake, and many of the guests of the house, once she was identified, took pains to show her that she belonged by right of heritage to their own inner circle of friends. Best of all, Fanny had taken her into her confidence, into her inner heart.



"H-m-m-m . . . that's a toll bridge . . . m-m-m-m, eight thousand men . . . and all our trucks . . . m-m-m-m . . ." JAY IRVING

As spring came on, and when she put on the new clothes that Fanny had helped her buy, the trim black suit with the white frill, the soft silk dinner dress that so quaintly touched the floor, and that with its severe collar and snug white cuffs somehow made her look a little like her Quaker grandmother, Loveday felt herself an entity, a loved daughter of the house, whose presence was welcome to them all. And gradually a little reluctance began to mingle itself in her feelings when she thought of Larry. He had been a darling—or had he? What did she know of him or remember of him? Just a vague presence, like a shadow in a shadowy time; attractive, of course, and belonging to a family that could send him to Princeton and give him every advantage—well, if they were rich and haughty and aristocratic they would be all the less willing to welcome an unknown daughter-in-law—

"No; he was nice," Loveday would tell herself sternly, "like a tousle-headed nice boy."

Only he was a dream now, and the awakening was in the St. George house above the Golden Gate, with flowers in all the crystal vases and voices sounding in the halls: laughter, doors banging, another present for Fanny—and was that the breakfast bell?—and who wants to see this particular movie?—and please listen while I read this aloud to your mother—

And, of course, the flattery of Rod's glances, the warm sensation that everyone in the family would have been happy if Loveday could see her way clear to make Rod so, had their influence.

But what made all this troublesome beyond anything that had ever burdened mind and spirit before for Loveday was that Larry, after a few letters, had been strangely silent. Within the first week of their separation he had written twice; a letter from home, where, he said, he had told the whole family of his sweetheart at Indian Hill, and a letter from the train. Not eloquent letters, not even well written or quite correctly spelled, but they had been filled with loving and longing; they had said, with all their deficiencies, exactly what she had wanted them to say. A third letter, briefer than the others, had come from Florida; it was all swell, he had written, except that everyone said that nobody could live there through the summer, at least a girl couldn't, it was too hot. But another fellow that he knew was engaged to be married, too, and they were going to scout around a little and see what could be found that would be possible. And gosh, he was certainly going to be kept busy but he would write as often as he could.

THAT letter had arrived more than a month ago. She counted the days jealously. They added themselves swiftly into weeks, it hurt her to think of them. She wrote him, fully and eagerly at first, commenting upon every phrase of his letters, describing for his benefit every detail of her new life. But somehow, it was hard; it was impossible to maintain this tone against his silence; her own letters grew shorter and fewer. She sent him an envelope addressed to herself, stamped for air mail; even that did not stir him. It was not returned.

Meanwhile, the excitement of Fanny's wedding absorbed her. She found herself thinking less and less of Larry, more and more of the scene of which she was a part. They all loved her here, they kept her busy, she could laugh again, she could feel herself needed.

Three days before the wedding she came in from a walk flushed and deliciously weary. Now for a bath—ran her thoughts—and an hour with a book before dinnertime.

She turned into the library to find something to read, saw a tall dark man rise from a red leather armchair, and went to him at once with a smile. Their hands met.

"You're Chris, aren't you? But you weren't coming until tomorrow! What sort of a trip?"

The man looked down at her smiling. He was tall, but he looked like the other St. Georges, only more distinguished, she thought. He wore a small mustache and big black-rimmed glasses.

"And you're Loveday Gurney. Of course you are. But you've slimmed out since you got caught on the roof of the chicken house."

"Oh, remember that?" They were at ease at once. "I'm disgracefully untidy," Loveday said. "But it's such a wonderful day I took an eight-mile walk."

"Good heavens!"

"It took me a little less than two hours. But tell me, you've driven all the way from New York? Was it hot? Was it lovely? I've always thought I'd like so much to do it! And where's—your wife's with you?"

"We got into Stockton this morning; we were to stay with Merle's people tonight. But her sister is there with measly twins—twins who have the measles, I mean. So I left her and came on down."

THEY were seated now; afternoon light, coming in at the western windows, shone on Loveday's fair skin and made an aureole of her gold-tipped hair.

"Where's everyone? I thought Mother would be home. I can't scare up a soul."

"Fan and Nini are having fittings and Aunt Laura went along to be sure everything was all right. Nini's to be maid of honor, of course."

"What about *your* dress?"

"Oh, I'm just"—she glanced at her black suit—"just an innocent bystander."

"I know," he said quickly, apology and sympathy in his tone. "And I'm glad," he added in the little silence, "that since it had to be that way, you could come to my family, because they're the grandest people alive, aren't they?"

"You don't have to tell me that. And how goes the play?"

"We think it's all right. You know I'm working with Ehrlen. My idea and Ehrlen's experience. We think it's going to be good."

"It seems such a miracle to me. I think of it every time they talk of you," Loveday said, her eyes glowing. "To have written two plays, and now to be working on another!"

"The first play ran eight performances," Chris said, smiling; "the second was lucky."

"It was so lucky it got the Pulitzer Prize!" Loveday supplied. His eyes danced.

"Oh, you know that? But that doesn't make one any less nervous about the new one," he said, and sat looking at her quietly, speculatively, until she was somewhat embarrassed.

"Ever get stuck on the top of chicken houses now?" he asked, *finally*.

"No—not actual ones."

"Metaphorical ones?"

"Kind of—" she began hesitatingly. Exactly why she did not know, but she was conscious of a sudden inclination to tell him of her engagement to Larry, and the change in her feeling about it now that weeks had gone by and he had written so little.

But there was no time. The St. Georges, mother and daughters, father and son, came streaming in; great laughing and kissing went on. Loveday was only an onlooker now, but she loved it all, loved watching him, groomed and distinguished, amused and self-controlled, answering their questions and turning the smiling eyes, behind the big glasses, from one to another.

He had already taken possession of her own spirit so completely that the others were only a shadowy background for him. . . .

Fanny's Captain Fox arrived the next day—tall and ruddy and friendly, laughing joyfully at everything, and presenting Fanny with a diamond that had been in the Fox family for three hundred years. Merle, Chris' wife, came from Stockton. Chris went with the car to bring her down; they arrived hot and weary in midafternoon. There was to be a rehearsal at the church that evening; Merle decided that since she had no part in the pageant she would stay quietly at home with "Mother St. George."

Loveday studied Chris' wife with keen interest; she could not keep her eyes from the other woman. Merle was the same age, perhaps a little older than Chris; she was pretty, talkative, and with something possessive in her eagerness to identify herself with her attractive husband. She told of many of the famous folk they knew, not particularly interesting data, but names impressive in themselves. It was a continual amazement to her, she confessed, that these great persons invariably liked her better than they liked Chris. For one thing, he had no time for them, and she always tried to be polite to them.

"And didn't I make him jealous last winter," exulted Merle. "Imagine it, when every woman he meets tries to get him away from me! But I happen to have acquired a friend of my own—a very eligible friend, isn't he, Chris? And if you please, Mr. Christopher St. George was growling away about it and making objections!" And Merle went into her high light laughter that somehow did not have much mirth in it at all.

"She seems terribly nervous," Loveday observed to Fanny when they were alone.

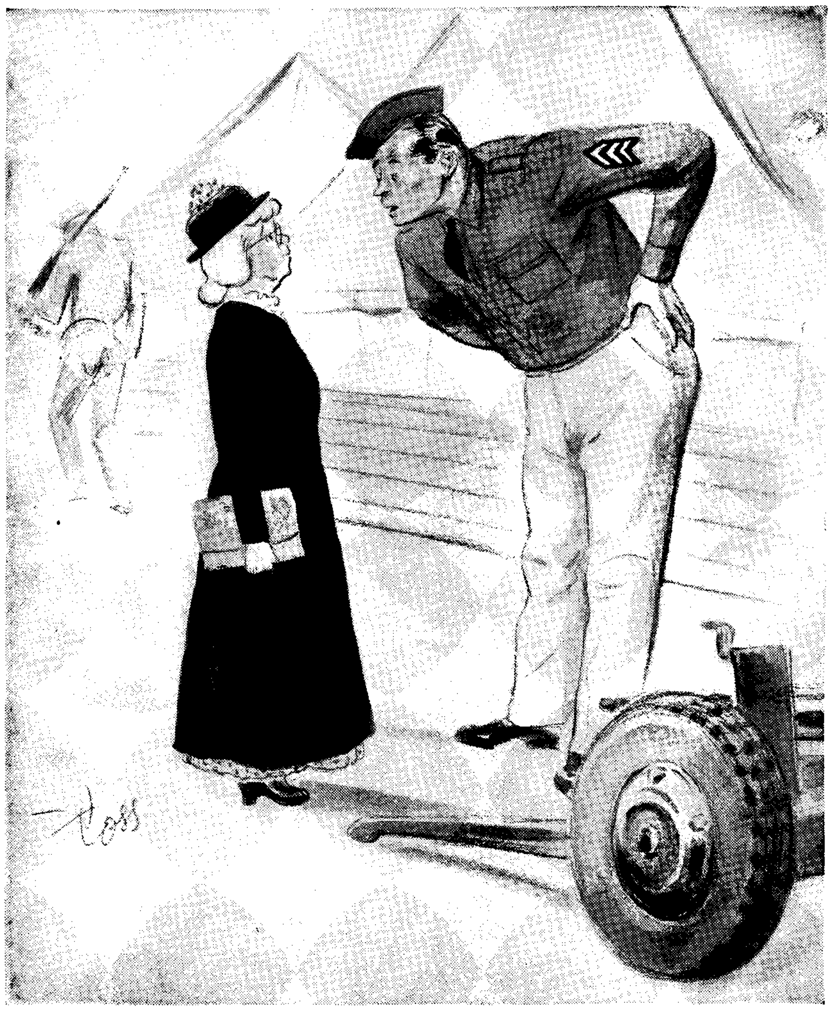
"She's afraid of losing him, poor thing," Fanny said; "she knows she never can keep up with Chris. Isn't he grand?"

"Yes, he's—he's grand," Loveday agreed a little haltingly. She did not know herself what she thought of him. She was indeed only vaguely aware that it was the presence of Chris that made these days before Fanny's wedding so strangely iridescent, so trembling with a light that did not seem to be of earth. The sun shone warmer; the breezes were gentler; the white gulls that swooped over the cliff garden seemed to be snowy specks of cloud as they whirled upward against the blue sky. Flowers in the dooryards, flowers all over the house, flowers in ropes and sunbursts in the church filled the air with sweetness; everything was laughter and fun and beauty and excitement.

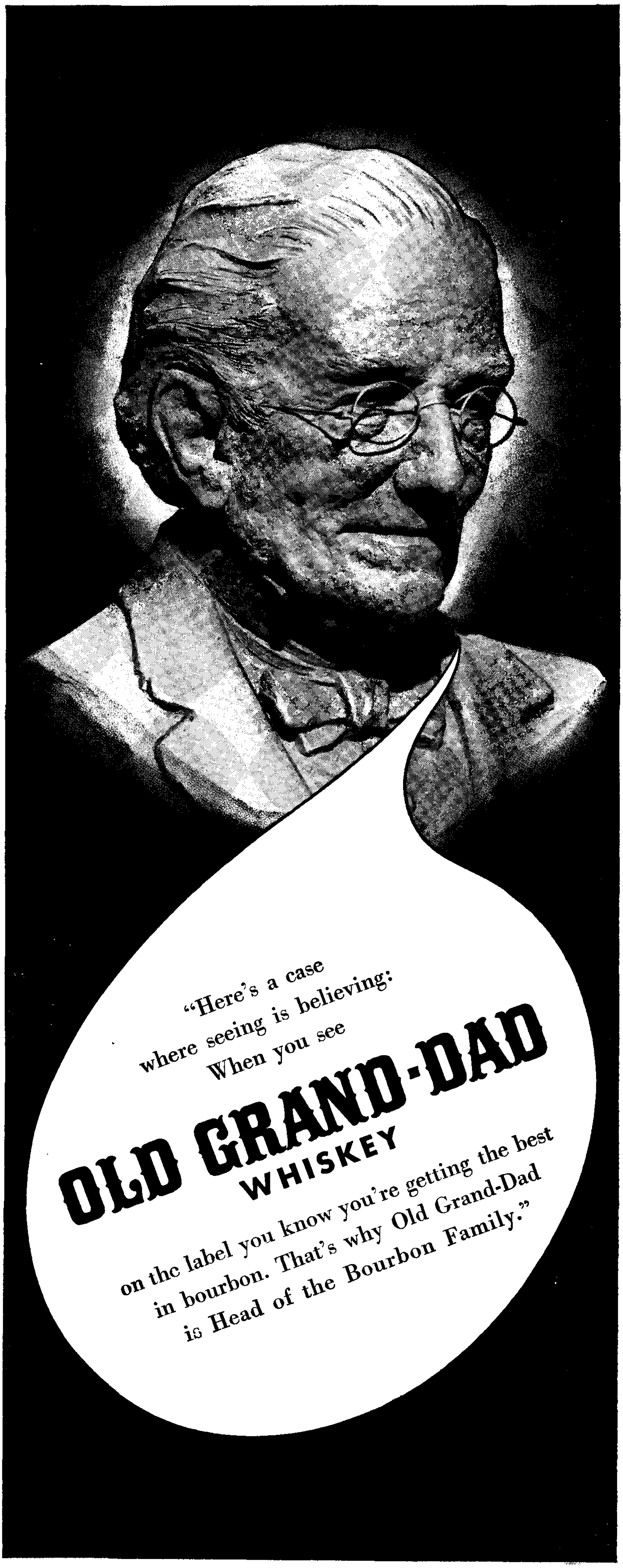
LOVEDAY had a thin black frock of silk and chiffon stripes for the wedding; her black hat had a wreath of gardenias about the low crown. The dress itself and the hat and the serious look in the gray eyes under the hat all seemed part of the enchantment in which the whole world was swimming.

The Christopher St. Georges stayed on after the festivities. Ehrlen, it seemed, was presently coming to Hollywood; Chris would see him there. It would be foolish to rush back into the heat of the East now.

Almost a week after the wedding a clear warm night of spring warmth shone over the city, and Loveday, looking from her window at ten o'clock, found herself restless and wakeful. She had been unable to find her book; there were other books all about, of course. But Drums Along the Mohawk was not a volume one could put down unfinished;



"All I can tell you, Mrs. Burton, is that your son is doing all right. We don't give out report cards around here!" AL ROSS


"Here's a case
where seeing is believing:
When you see
OLD GRAND-DAD
WHISKEY
on the label you know you're getting the best
in bourbon. That's why Old Grand-Dad
is Head of the Bourbon Family."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

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Loveday knelt at the windowsill, stared down into the street, and tried to remember where she had last been reading it.

The house was very still. Nini and Merle and Aunt Laura had very much wanted to see a certain picture, and had gone off after dinner; Marc was on hospital duty; the other men were at the club. There was some special dinner or entertainment there on this Thursday night.

Loveday had begged off the movie. Her head had felt "fuzzy," she said. She had not had any exercise all day; she was going to walk for a while; "just 'round and 'round the block," she reassured Aunt Laura, who had looked a little dubious at the idea.

And around the block she had indeed walked, trying to get rid of the restlessness that possessed her. And now, still wide awake and untired, she was in her room, wishing that the moon was not so bright and the night so perilously sweet.

Down on the narrow terrace of the back garden above the sea—that was where she had left her book, of course! She had been idling and reading there when the lunch gong had sounded, and had plunged it into the seat cushions to hide it from Nini, who was a notorious stealer of books. Loveday went down through the silent dimly lighted house, through the breakfast room and out upon the terrace. The sea below the cliff was breathing quietly under the moon; Mount Tamalpais and the range of Marin hills swam in a pearly mist that mingled with the luminous sky. Night air felt fresh and cool on her face.

A MAN was stretched in one of the lounging chairs on the terrace. She saw that it was Chris.

"Oh, you, Loveday?" he said quietly.

"I left my book out here," she said.

"It must be Pamela," Chris observed, after his usual easy pause. "That is, if it matches that excuse."

"No; and it's not Evelina," Loveday countered. "I really did lose it!" And she triumphantly produced it.

"Sit down," Chris said, not stirring.

"I can't—" but she was sitting down as she spoke.

"What does a girl your age know about Pamela and Evelina?"

"They were both in my grandfather's library. But you're missing the show at the club?"

"It wasn't good. Awfully hot. I cut it. You didn't go to the movie with the others?"

"I didn't feel like it. Chris—" Loveday said, her voice changing, betraying a little effort, "there's something I'd like to—I've been wondering if I could—something I'd like to ask you."

"Go ahead." His pipe was in his mouth again, he had settled back in his chair with his hands in his pockets.

"It's this. You see," Loveday began, somewhat hesitatingly, "you see I'm engaged to be married, Chris."

Moonlight dazzled in the earnest eyes she turned toward him. Chris took his pipe from his mouth.

"So they tell me," he said.

"And—here's the thing—" Loveday paused, in difficulties, and Chris supplied the phrase.

"You like someone else better?"

"Oh, no, not that!" she said eagerly. "I've not met anyone else. It isn't that."

A pause, his characteristic pause, while Chris looked at her, looked away.

"Not Rod?" he asked.

"Rod? No! I adore Rod," Loveday said inconsistently, and laughed. "No; it's that I don't want to marry anyone," she said. "It's that I don't know how I feel. Larry—Larry hasn't been writing to me, you know, not for weeks."

"I wasn't aware of that." Chris got up, put his pipe in his pocket and walked to the railing.

"What's the problem?" he asked briefly, after a pause.

"That he doesn't write—so that I don't really know where he is or how he is or what he's feeling," Loveday answered readily, reassured.

"Would it be a relief to you to have him write you that he wanted to get out of it?" Chris asked, after a silence during which she thought, with a fast-beating heart, that perhaps these confidences were in glaring bad taste and that she was offending him.

"No. Or yes; I think perhaps it would," Loveday said uncertainly.

"And it isn't Rod or Marc?"

"Marc! He's in love with a new girl every ten days; he's a perfect Frenchman!" Loveday laughed.

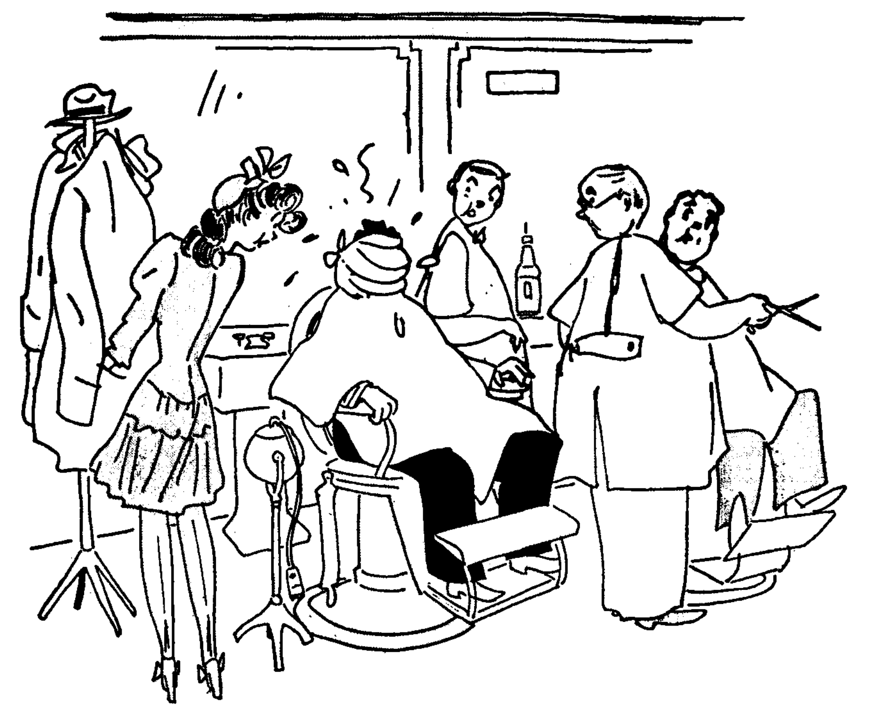
"Just—that you want to be free really to fall in love, is that it?"

"Just that I want to be free, I think," Loveday said.

"Where do his people live?"

"Bakersfield."

"Then why not go down there and see them, Loveday? Explain it to them. Take them unawares so that they'll not have time to make up any story, and clear the whole thing up once and for all. You'll feel better; anything's better than this halfway arrangement. He may have married some girl down there in Florida and be afraid to write you."



"I hope that is you, dear, and this is your coat—I'm taking five dollars"

REAMER KELLER

HE HEARD her catch a quick breath. "Oh, he wouldn't do that!"

"Find out. At least put yourself on record as wanting to get in touch with him. Make it casual. Say you happened to be driving through Bakersfield—we'll manage that somehow, and that you thought you'd stop and say 'Hello.' D'you know anything about them? What sort are they?"

"They sound rather important. Princeton, and traveling around the world—he went with a little college orchestra, but even that means that they didn't need his help at home," Loveday said. "And his uncle took him to Florida on a yacht."

"All the more reason to suppose that he isn't taking this too seriously. That's what I'd do. Clear it up."

"That's what I'll do!" She was standing close to him, and now she lifted her face and their eyes met. When they turned away again, Loveday to rest her elbows once more on the rail, she felt the man's arm about her shoulders. Her heart leaped and her senses swam; she did not dare to stir, and for a long moment they stood so, without speaking. Then Chris loosened his grip, leaned again on the parapet, and said over his shoulder:

"There's Nini putting away the car. In you go! You needn't mention that I'm out here."

Loveday turned and went into the house.

IT WAS with great laughter and much running up- and downstairs and packing and unpacking that Loveday, Nini, Rodney and Marc Villard prepared for a trip to Hollywood. Chris and Merle had been down there for several weeks; Chris was hard at work on his new play and the screen adaptation of his old one, and had written offering the younger members of the family a chance to meet some of the personalities of the studio.

This had thrown Nini, who had decided not to go back to school after Fanny's wedding, into ecstasies of excitement; she had entertained bright visions of talent scouts. "Say, seen that little sister of Chris St. George's?" Rodney and Marc had been less enthusiastic, appearing, to Nini's amazement, to regard this as just one more jaunt. Loveday had been secretly fearful; they would stop at Bakersfield, and she must face the Ingersoll family and settle the question of her relationship to Larry once and for all. She felt an inexplicable reluctance to open the subject, to risk a snub from them, to present herself as the girl who had snapped up Larry so unquestioningly.

While she faced this ordeal, the St. Georges would be taking a side trip of some thirty miles to see a brother of their mother, who had a ranch down in the Bakersfield neighborhood. They would abandon Loveday to her fate; returning to pick her up five hours later. Five hours! How could she possibly put in five hours with an unfriendly, strange family? She arranged with Rodney that they were to leave her at the hotel, where she would lunch, going afterward on foot to the Ingersoll house.

But in spite of this drawback the prospect of the trip, of the four days' stay in Los Angeles, with a look at Hollywood and the oceanside towns, was thrilling, and when the foggy May morning of the start came, and the car was actually at the door with Rodney and Marc stowing bags away in the luggage compartment, Loveday's spirits were as high as those of the others. Just to go anywhere, along strange roads and through unknown villages, was delightfully satisfying.

The sun was rising through the mist, and the clocks striking six as they took the Bayshore Highway, and breakfast at Morgan Hill two hours later was a memorable meal. After that the road was dull and the day uncomfortably warm, and Bakersfield, baking in one o'clock heat, looked glaring and commonplace. But the big hotel dining room was cool, and the luncheon delicious, and when Nini and the two men were off for their duty call upon Uncle Vincent, Loveday went to the desk with a sinking heart and asked the way to Bartlett Street.

It was surprising to be informed that it was quite near—four blocks that way and three this. Surprising, because among these busy streets of shops and restaurants and hotels it was odd to seek a family mansion. Loveday, keeping as much as possible in the shade, walked slowly in the indicated direction. Here it was, Bartlett Street. She was looking for the seven hundred block; if this was the four hundred block it must be two blocks farther. But these were strangely dull little houses.

Not shanties, just—well, just dull. Five- and six-room cottages all alike in pattern and general effect, if all different in minor details.

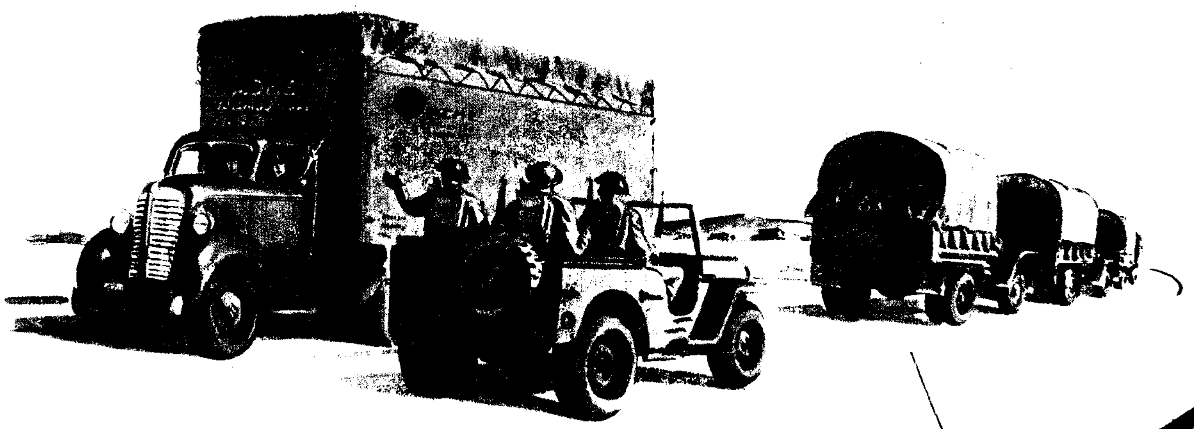
ALL had strips of garden space in front but there were no walls, no fences, no real gardens. Forlorn patches of lawn were untended; homemade lines of sticks and string wavered about certain protected plots. There were garages attached to these unattractive homes—some of corrugated iron, some of unpainted wood, some painted yellow and blue to match the houses. Children's well-worn scooters and wagons lay at all angles everywhere, and children's small garments hung on back-yard lines.

The number Loveday sought shone brightly in three tin figures rakishly nailed in a slant across one of the porch posts. It was a white cottage badly in need of paint, with stains on it where mud had splashed up from a garden hose and from leather strips that had once held hollyhocks in place against the wall. On the right of the glass-topped front door was a bay window with a statue of the crying cherub showing behind limp net curtains. On the left were a strip of porch and two flat windows; there would be two bedrooms and a bath on that side; and behind the parlor's bay window and the crying cherub would be the dining room, with another bay window on the narrow drive that led to the back of the house and the garage and the kitchen with its own small porch and steps and broom and garbage barrel.

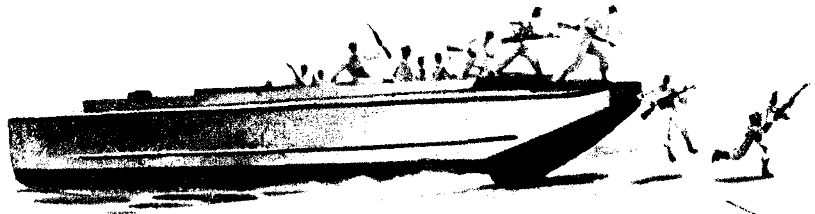
The garden was a trampled waste broken by a bush or two and a line of marigolds blazing in the afternoon heat. The steps were chipped and weather-beaten. An ice card was tip-tilted in the parlor window; an old dog beat his tail lazily on the floor as Loveday mounted to the porch. Everything in sight, up and down the row, looked in need of vigorous cleaning; the windows were spattered with dust and rain; the paths littered with gum papers and blown straw and strings and variegated rubbish; a railing was missing from one porch; a step plank from another; one or two front doors lolled open as if they had nothing worth concealing or guarding. From somewhere near by, the sound of a baby's crying came insistently.

She would not hesitate for fear her heart might fail her. This was the ad-

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

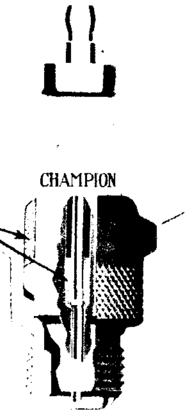


Cargo ships of the highways, the transport trucks of this nation, are actively in the service of their country 24-hours a day, 7 days a week. Thus they play their vital, indispensable part equally with the trucks that transport troops and munitions of the armed forces. Unfailing dependability is the watchword of both, and in this service Champion Spark Plugs are maintaining their reputation for the unfailing ignition which has made "*Champion*" and "*dependable*" synonymous.



Engine failure, poor engine performance, or wasteful inefficient engine performance have no place in our war-time economy. Champion Spark Plugs are daily winning new laurels because their patented and exclusive features provide the extra margin of safety which is equal to the most extreme emergency service encountered in engines of war, on land, water, and in the air.

Champion's patented Sillment seal is but one of many exclusive features which make them equal to any emergency. This compressed dry powder seal permanently banishes troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs*—leakage which causes them to overheat, pre-ignite and results in rough, wasteful engine operation. You can depend on Champion Spark Plugs in every engine in any emergency.



CHAMPION
PATENTED
More Vital - More Dependable than ever!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS AND STAMPS

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

START SURELY—
DRIVE CAREFULLY
REPLACE
WITH
A
DELCO BATTERY
DELCO
DELCO-REMY

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

★ ★

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES

Aluminum and magnesium castings and machined parts for aircraft engines . . . generators, regulators and cranking motors for Diesel- and gasoline-powered trucks, tractors, tanks and torpedo boats . . . military aircraft generators and regulators . . . aircraft magnetos . . . shielded electrical equipment for radio-equipped Army vehicles . . . solenoid switches . . . blackout switches and instrument panel controls . . . storage batteries, cranking motors, generators, ignition distributors and coils for all types of military vehicles.

★ ★

PRODUCT OF **Delco-Remy**

dress; it could not be the right house, but she must find out. Loveday rang a rotary bell that clanged audibly somewhere inside. There was neither sound nor movement. She waited; rang again.

Another silence, and she began to hope wildly that there was a mistake. This was Bartlett Street, but what she was looking for must be Bartlett Terrace or Bartlett Manor. Someone would presently appear and tell her so.

A sharp-faced pretty woman in her early fifties put her head out of the door suddenly and smiled inquiringly. Her face was thin; her hair, its natural fairness helped by dye, was screwed into several hundred light rings that were dripping with curl fixer. The yellow liquid had trickled down her rather scrawny neck in drops and fallen upon the cotton bungalow apron that she had neatly buttoned about her.

"Is this Mrs. Ingersoll's house?"

"That's just what it is. I'm Mrs. Leroy Ingersoll."

"I'm Loveday Gurney," the girl said out of a bad dream. "I don't know whether Larry ever told you about me."

HER voice faltered on the last words and her throat tickled. For a moment the woman's face was blank; the light suddenly broke and she opened the door wide.

"Well, for pity's sakes!" she said cordially. "Look at the way you caught me! My daughter Alma's getting married tomorrow night and Marge has been doing up my hair. Come in, dear. You certainly picked some awful weather. My, isn't it hot!"

She repeated the last phrase three or four times as she admitted Loveday to the stuffy darkness of the house.

"I don't let but just a little strip of light in here," she said, raising the shade behind the crying cherub, "because it's cooler indoors than out. My daughter's friend has been transferred to the New Mexico branch and they're hurrying up everything. We're having a terrible spell of weather; I don't know when it's been so hot. But I tell her she'll get some real hot weather where she's going! Will you just excuse me one minute?"

She disappeared and Loveday sat quite still, moving only her eyes as she absorbed the details of this dreadful room. The old house in Indian Hill had been full of formidable pieces of Victorian furniture, to be sure, but they had been good pieces, the finest of their period, and the house, if dilapidated, half-occupied, untended, had always maintained its original air of dignity and importance.

And the St. George house, modern and bright and fine in all its appointments, framed in its gay English garden, set high on its cliff over the sea, cool and airy and flower-scented today—

But Loveday would not think of it. She sat looking at the rugs and the striped wallpaper, the small mahogany table with the red-shaded lamp on it, the little golden oak table that held a phonograph. Two empty blue glass vases on the mantel flanked a black marble clock; there were photographs about. Quite a large one hung on the wall; it represented a seated young man with a handle-bar mustache and a girl in white with her hair pushed out over her forehead in a loose soft puff. She stood with her hand on the shoulder of her companion. Larry's father and mother on their wedding day, of course. Pictures of Larry at all ages stood on the shelves and tables, and pictures of bright-faced, rather common-looking girls were identified at once by Loveday as his sisters.

The room was not large, and it was suffocatingly hot on this burning day. The shaft of light that pierced the net curtains and enveloped the crying cherub was like a throbbing sword.

Oh, if only they would tell her that Larry had gone to Buenos Aires—that Larry had just announced his marriage—! Loveday looked at his pictured face, the lean face with the wave of fair hair above it, and the half-appealing, half-impudent smile of a small boy looked back at her. But she could not make the thought of the man seem real.

After an interval his mother was back, bringing with her an eyeglassed, round-faced girl of some twenty-five years—Larry's oldest sister, Marge.

"We all look terrible," Marge apologized, "but Mamma wanted her hair done, and I'm always home Saturday afternoons, so I said I'd do it. But, my goodness, it's so hot it seems an effort to do anything! We were fixing Larry up," she explained, "and he's just crazy to see you! Of course, he hasn't talked of anything else but you!"

"Is Larry here?" Loveday exclaimed rather than asked. This was worse than her worst imaginings.

"Here?" his mother echoed, surprised. "Didn't you know he'd been home sick for—well, it's two weeks tomorrow? We've had a terrible time with him."

(To be continued next week)

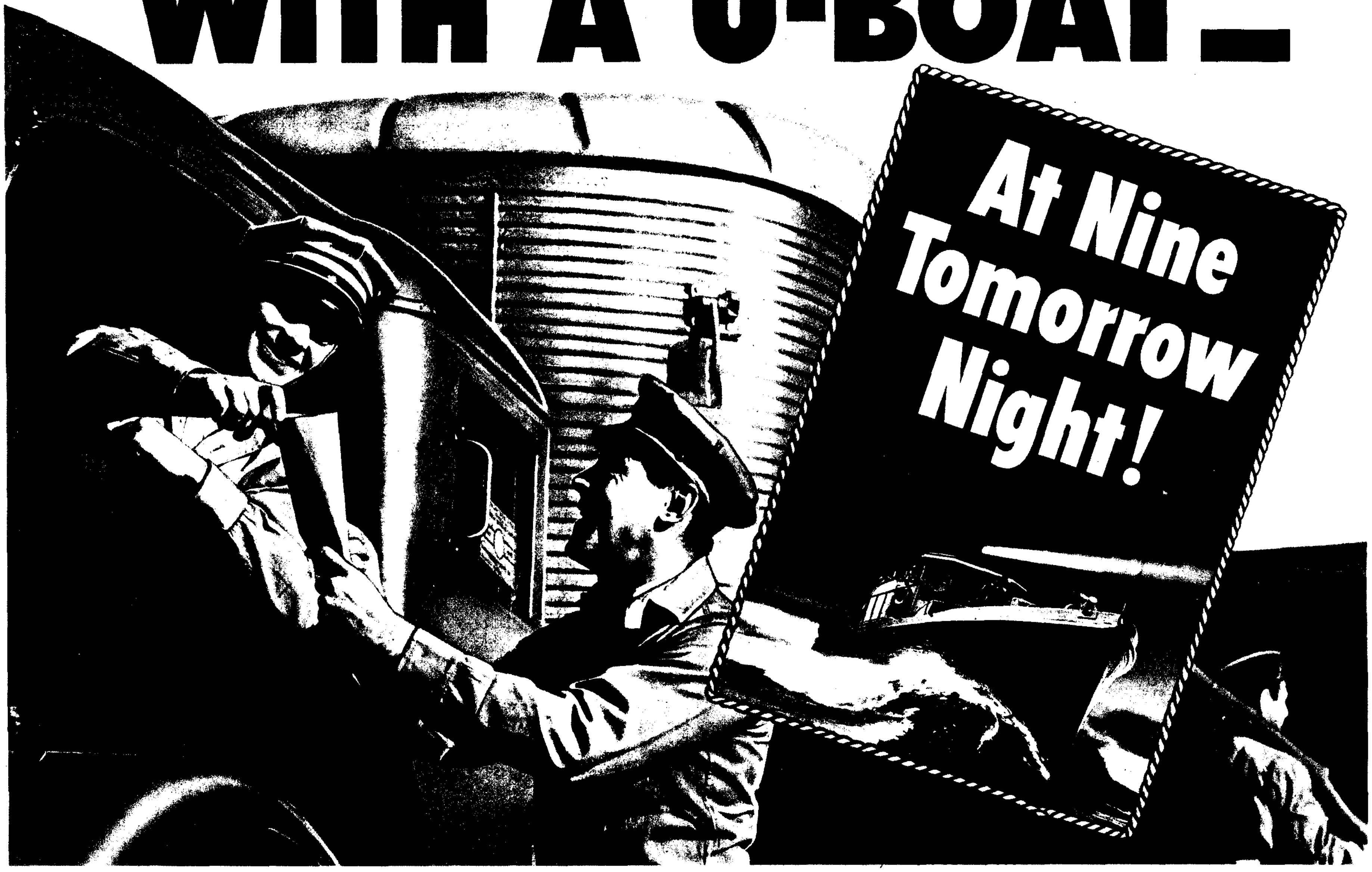
Any Week

Continued from page 4

ERNEST BRAHMA SMITH is dead. We've often wondered why everybody hasn't read his Kai Lung books—Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat, The Wallet of Kai Lung and Kai Lung's Golden Hours. But apparently only a small minority of the literate world knows Kai Lung. We had thought to say something appropriate on this occasion of the passing of a genius who made the world better by making it merrier but perhaps it's just better to nod our head and say "Good-by, Ernest." It was Kai Lung who referred to the Powerful One who, in Old China, occupied the office which we know as secretary of war as The Chief of Warlike Arrangements and Menacing Gestures. We've been thinking, too, of what Kai Lung dug out of his Book of Ineffable Truths when told of the political misfortunes of a once powerful statesman. "Better," said he, "to die a year too soon than to live a day too long."

HOWEVER, an exceedingly rich young patriot appealed not long ago to Colonel Walter H. Wells, the indispensable Cappy Wells of the United States Army Public Relations Office. The rich young man yearned to fight his country's enemies and told Cappy that a majority in the Air Corps seemed to him to be about the rank he'd fight best at. Cappy worked the young fellow down to a second lieutenancy and, observing that the going was getting better and better, he put his arm around the young man's shoulder. "Son," said Cappy Wells, as only Cappy can, "maybe I can swing a little influence in your favor. If you and I are smart and play our cards right, I think I can get you into the infantry somewhere." And before the bedazzled young fellow had quite caught up with Cappy's wiles he was inducted into the infantry—as nice a looking buck private as we've ever seen. "That Colonel Wells," he confided to us the other day, "is about as fine a gentleman as I have ever known. No wonder we are a great, powerful nation with soldiers like him." . . . W. D.

YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A U-BOAT—


At Nine Tomorrow Night!

Every truck you see on the road is helping to speed our war effort . . . many of them working 18 hours a day . . . none are joy-riding

It's four o'clock Sunday afternoon. Freight offices are closed—but the truck dispatchers are on the job. The telephone rings . . .

OPERATOR: Lieutenant Thompson calling.

DISPATCHER: Put 'im on.

LIEUT. T.: That you, Steve? Listen! We need 300 depth bombs delivered here by four tomorrow afternoon.

DISPATCHER: Good lord, Sir! That's 20 truck loads. There aren't that many trucks in town today. And it's a 275 mile run!

LIEUT. T.: Don't care if it takes a hundred trucks, Steve. Any other way would take a week. And we've got to have those bombs. The German subs won't wait.

DISPATCHER: O. K., Lieutenant. Do my best.

* * *

5:00 P. M.—Five trucks loaded and on their way.

6:30 P. M.—Telephone calls catch 15 others on the road . . . re-route them into town.

9:00 P. M.—All trucks now are loaded and rolling.

1:00 A. M.—100 miles covered; 175 miles to go.

3:30 A. M.—175 miles covered; 100 miles to go.

7:30 A. M.—Entire shipment of depth bombs unloaded at destination.

9:00 P. M.—Patrol boats at sea . . . ready for action.

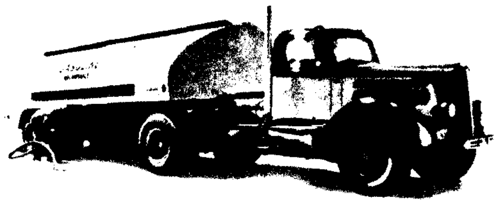
* * *

Highway transportation is like that! Amazing flexibility. Unbelievable delivery speed—even on long hauls. With freight-rate economy!

But spectacular as these "rush" shipments are—trucking performs its greatest service in handling the daily flow of material and parts between war production lines . . . in routine operation.

Our nation's entire production system is *geared* to trucks. That is why it is our patriotic duty—today more than ever before—to maintain America's highway transportation system—and keep its roads . . . its trucks . . . its trailers . . . and its men . . . working at peak efficiency.

It is to this duty that the American Trucking Associations and its members are dedicated.



AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

Winning the War is all that matters!

Today, when America's vast war effort demands that every muscle be strained in the interests of Victory, Railway Express is trying to do its part.

RAILWAY EXPRESS
AGENCY INC.

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

Brother Battery

By Arthur Mann

Even if the Cooper brothers of the St. Louis Cardinals don't put the rest of their league in a barrel by fall, they'll have a lot of fun trying

MISS FRANCES MONTGOMERY really had no right to butt in, for her job was grade-teaching in the Atherton, Missouri, school, and not baseball or athletics. But the daily games of scrub and one old cat were getting too costly because one boy could throw a baseball so hard that only one other, his brother, could catch it. Disillusioned victims of the noon-hour mayhem trooped into classes with swollen hands and battered fingers and disrupted too many afternoon recitations.

The pretty teacher decided that you need no more than such a battery to start a baseball team. She organized one in the name of the Atherton School, proclaimed herself manager and thus launched the careers of the Cooper brothers, Morton the pitcher and Walker the catcher, who, as such, are doing their best to keep the St. Louis Cardinals in the National League pennant race.

Their first game, played against pick-up opposition, had the whole town talking. Parental pride reared its ugly head when the father of the Coopers decided that a woman could scarcely inspire his sons to victory and stepped in with his own type of spur.

"Neither will get a bit of supper unless he hits a homer!" the elder Cooper announced, discarding his coat. "And I'll coach at third base."

Knowing their father as a man of many words who kept all of them, the Cooper brothers settled down to ave
starvation. Playing strictly from hunge
each hit a home run and Mort was th
winning pitcher by a score of 8 to 4.

Pop Cooper's coaching career attaine
a puzzling climax when three Atherto
runners attained third base simulta
neously in a tangle quite beyond hi
technique. He fled in complete terro
In the seclusion of the Cooper ground
however, he spent his remaining strengt
each day in pitching batting practic
to his baseball-mad sons.

A humble beginning, such as this, li
at the foundation of all big-league ca
reers, but only in boys like the Coope
can the humility be found when the
are breezing along at the top. And ho
they breezed through the first tw
months of the current season when Mo
pitched nine victories, seven in a ro
and five of them shutouts. Against th
he had only three defeats, a 5–4 setbac
by Claude Passeau on opening day, an
a pair of losses to Boston and Cinci
nati, both by 1–0.

Catching with the ease and skill of
veteran, Brother Walker became one
the few backstops whose hitting is hon
ored by a clean-up spot in the middl
of the line-up, a place he justifies b
poling the longest wallops of any play
on the St. Louis club.

It's all a delightful dream to th
Cooper boys, this business of playin
big-league baseball day after day. The
are least surprised by good luck, an
never disappointed by bad. One kin

FRED KORTH

Pitcher Morton Cooper shows Catcher Walker Cooper how he grips the horsehide when he is about to throw his forkball

ways squares up the other, according the older brother, Mort, spokesman r the Coopers, because Walker has en taught never to interrupt.

"There's no tellin' when a situation e this will end," Mort explains. "All e know is it's goin' on an' we hope it eps up."

Walker got in a word: "His arm's not re—"

"Yes, sir, pitched all of ten years with sore arm," Mort finished. "Always d a sore arm in my elbow, an' last ar it got so bad that I just couldn't row. So Doc Hyland, the Cardinals' ysician, did a little cuttin' an' re-ovin' an' took out what looked like a t of false teeth. It was a lot of bone ips, an' particles of calcium."

The result of that operation is a new tcher, unquestionably the Cardinals' st farm-club product since Dizzy ean. Cooper is not as fast as Dean, r as dizzy, but his control is just as curate and he has a greater variety deliveries, all good. His fast ball oks faster to the opposition this year contrast to a newly developed screw-ll, a great curve, and a forkball which ts similar to a spitball, wobbling cra-y at the plate.

Identified by the big Number 13 on s back, Mort is one of the National ague's four pitchers who defy the so-led jinx, which he explains with char-teristic understanding.

"Number Thirteen don't mean a ing. Start worrying about that super-tion stuff, an' you'll run into hard ck every time."

Brother Walker wears Number 15, d is usually pointed out as the pitcher the brother battery on the field, be-use he's a couple of inches taller than ort's six-feet-one.

"He doesn't weigh any more, though," ort points out quickly.

"I might've been a pitcher," Walker confided as Mort answered the phone, "if Mort had any patience. But he gets mad quick and that ruined things. After we moved to Independence, we had an idea of him pitching and me catching for half a game and then switching. So we tried out the idea one day when we were playing for the Independence Merchants against the McCune Home for Boys at the Ace of Clubs Field.

"I was doing all right on the mound when a runner started to steal second on my windup. Mort, he got all excited, rushed forward and caught the pitch. The batter swung and conked him right on the noggin, and his throw went into center field. Mort yanked off the mask in a rage and heaved it to the ground and refused to catch another ball game. I had to, but I don't mind, because you play more every day and you get to hit more often than a pitcher does. I improved my hitting—"

"We hit about the same," Mort broke in, returning from the phone.

Walker's exalted position in the line-up was pointed out.

"No matter how good a pitcher hits, he never bats anywhere but last," Mort countered with a pitcher's indestructible pride in his batting prowess. "It's his destiny, I guess. We hit about the same."

They are not the only brother battery of baseball, but they are close to being the best. There were Milton and Alex

(Continued on page 63)

WE KNOW THEY WILL
KEEP 'EM ROLLING
FOR THE DURATION

Take a Tip from Truck Operators Who "Know How" . . . They don't try to get by with HALF DONE overhauls!

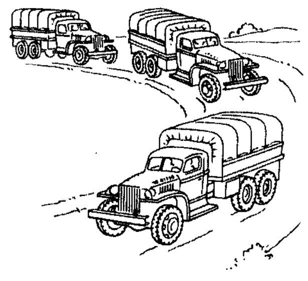
FIVE MILLION trucks now in use will have to serve for the duration, without replacement. Our truckers can make them serve, too. They know how to get the most from an engine, a body, a tire. Trucks often pile up hundreds of thousands of miles before being junked!

But when overhaul is called for, they don't try to get by with a HALF DONE job. Take a tip from them in servicing your car.

If it has a smoky exhaust, pumps oil, it is wasting gasoline, oil and metal parts. Don't have the overhaul HALF DONE—new piston rings alone are not enough to stop oil pumping caused by worn connecting rod bearings.

Tell your service man to check the engine. If the connecting rod bearings are worn, let him replace them in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings. They add little to the cost, stop oil pumping where it starts, and restore power, pep and economy *for the long run!*

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



FOR VICTORY

Army transport trucks are powered by engines equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts—as are planes, guns, tanks, boats, motorcycles. Federal-Mogul's expanded factories are on 24-hour production of armament parts—and continue producing millions of bearings to service the automobiles carrying war workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

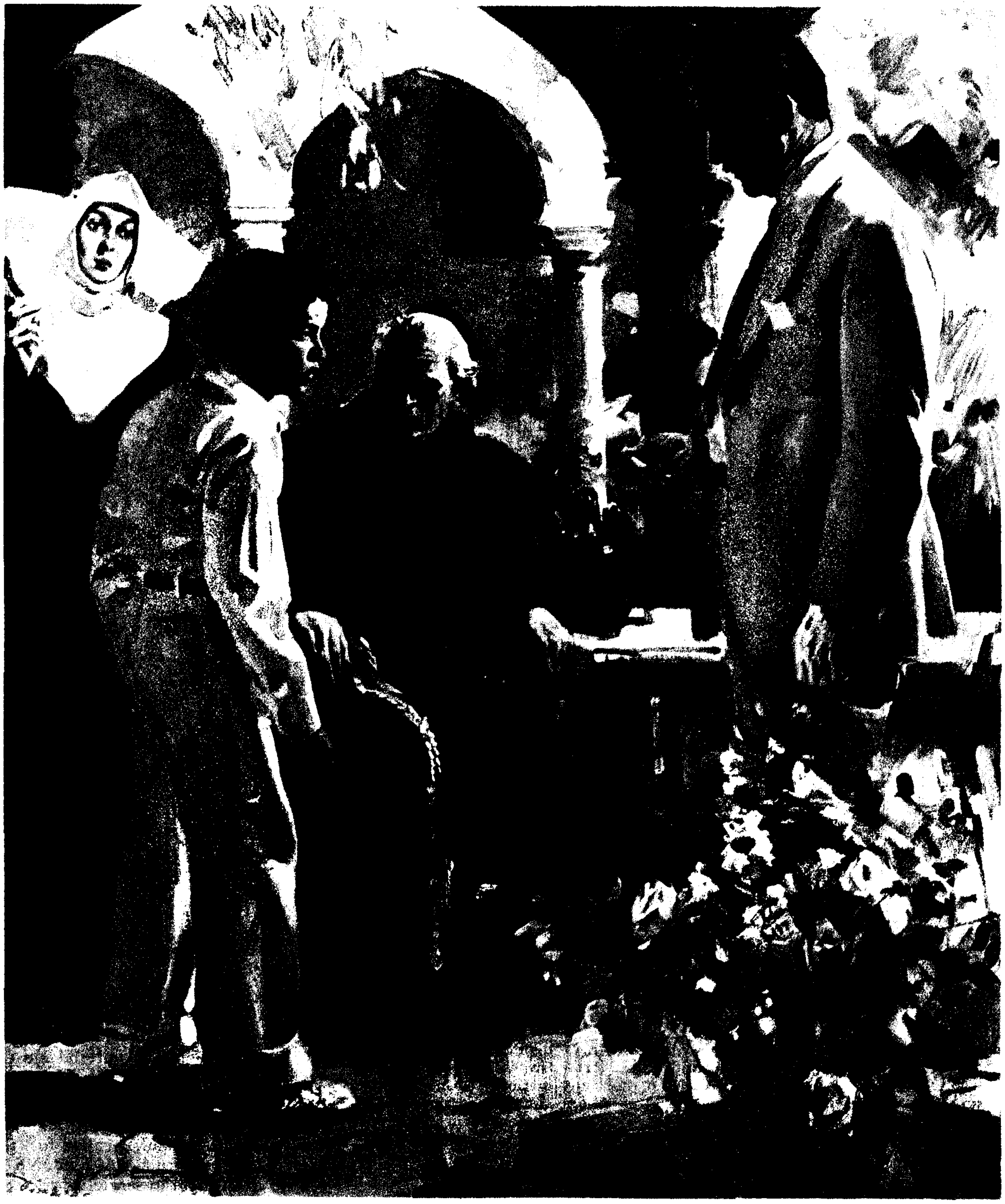
REPLACE WITH GENUINE
FEDERAL Mogul
OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS

Fear has Sharp Eyes

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Their stratagem was deceit, their weapon cunning. Against these only a steadfast heart and great faith could prevail



The padre stared at the boy. "What did you say?" "I do not like him," repeated Miguel

FATHER GREGORIO, in the garden of the church of Santa Rosalia de Luzon, smiled as the children's singing stopped abruptly. The music had not ended with a wail from the organist, therefore Miguel could not have pinched him. Perhaps Miguel sang "Ooooh, leetla town ob Batt-lee-ham" instead of the Spanish words intended by Sister Veronica to surprise the old padre.

Se necesita más paciencia; Miguel was not a bad boy, although the sisters found this difficult to believe. Yes, one needed patience, even if not so much as in the old days, when Father Gregorio asked for chasubles of white, purple, scarlet, and black to be sent from Spain, with frontals and pallia of the same colors, so needful to impress *los Igorrotes;* and what had he received? Nothing. In those days he had not even the thirteen gold coins which should be lent a bridegroom to give to his bride. Sixty-one years he had been in Luzon. His face was brown as his habit, and crowfooted like an ivy wall.

The singing began again. The padre settled back in the Bilibid chair, thinking of several things concerning Christmas, which was more important than talk of fighting somewhere north. Rumor. A few Japanese fishermen might have landed on a beach. The constabulary would brush them back into the sea.

He heard a buzzing overhead, as if bees swarmed in the fire tree, but did not look up; one paid no attention to flying in these days. The young voices sounded sweet, shrill, and believing. Then there were footsteps, heavy ones, on the path. He sighed, frowned, put his finger tips together as if deep in some problem, closed his eyes, and waited.

"Father—"

Eyes open at the voice, the padre cried, "Don Rudolfo! . . . but how are you? *Y que maja se ha puesto usted!* You go to Manila?"

"Who told you?" the visitor demanded.

"Why else the polished boots, the jacket, the necktie? Has anything happened? You look like a bird which has been scared by the cat."

"Nothing, Father. Nothing at all." The stocky younger man had a package in his hand. "I came to bring this to you. It—"

Father Gregorio broke in happily: "The little present!"

It looked like a box of cigars, thicker than those containing Manilas, and the old priest wondered how an excellent Havana would taste. The cigars would be magnificent. Don Rudolfo's mother was Spanish, his father German; and the latter, say what one wished, were judges of tobacco. And of women. Don Rudolfo's mother would have been worth marrying even if she had not been the daughter of a great landowner; Don Rudolfo's wife, now dead, had also been beautiful.

"I am ashamed, but it is not a present," Rudolfo Messner admitted. He unwrapped the package, revealing a tin box which he unlocked. "Only letters," he said, showing them, "but they were from my wife . . ." He locked the box, and the keys on the ring clattered as he put them back into his pocket. "You see, Father," Messner explained, "I have investments in Manila which I must see to, and I wish these letters kept safely. After all, there are Japanese planes in the air—"

Father Gregorio said, "You are not so simple as to believe that coolies such as plant your rice and tobacco can fly machines in the air? Surely you do not believe these rumors, my son? Of course I will keep your letters if you wish."

"I will be eternally grateful, Father."

The singing had been broken off again. "That is a long time," Father Gregorio said, listening to words which proved Miguel was again the culprit. "Express your gratitude by remaining a few moments. If you are here, Sister Veronica may not dot each of her 'i's,' but, instead, send for coffee."

Messner smiled and bowed; then he blinked, and it seemed to Father Gregorio that there was a dull rumbling sound to be heard along with the running feet which must be, and were, Miguel's.

The Filipino boy raced to where the padre sat. "Father Gregorio," he begged, out of breath, "*en la que me he metido!*"

"You are always in a mess, and you hope that by speaking Spanish I will get you out of it. What now? And why do you not bow to Don Rudolfo?"

Ignoring the first question, Miguel said, "I do not like him."

"What!" ejaculated the padre. He stared at the boy, at the shock of black hair, the thin brown face, the piercing hot eyes. "What did you say?"

"I do not like him," repeated Miguel, trembling.

Father Gregorio said, "This time, boy, you have presumed too much. I intend to punish you. Severely."

"It is time," the old priest heard; and that, he knew, without taking his eyes from the child, was Sister Veronica. There was the rumbling sound again, nearer. A load of this or that must be coming up the road. "He is a hopeless case," the sister agreed. "I cannot manage him. First he fights with one child, then with another, while we sing!"

Father Gregorio asked, "But why?"

"Pancho, awaiting his turn to sing, may have teased him a little," Sister Veronica said, to be absolutely fair.

Miguel whispered, "Pancho said that

the brown apes will force back our soldiers and for that I hit him." He faced all three with frightened defiance. "I do not like Señor Messner because he is one with the Japanese."

"Both statements are nonsense," snapped Father Gregorio. "Don Rudolfo concerns himself with the growing of sugar and tobacco and—"

"Then why does he employ tailless monkeys?" broke in Miguel.

Sister Veronica gasped at the interruption. Rudolfo Messner lit a cigarette. As Father Gregorio figured on exactly what he should say, he could hear the rumbling, closer. Probably machinery was being transported to the northern mines.

"The men of Japan work long and hard," he said, "and do not get drunk at every fiesta. After all, Don Rudolfo must engage men who produce. Now you must beg Sister Veronica's forgiveness and be a good boy."

"And that is all his punishment?" the sister asked.

Father Gregorio said hastily, "I have not yet reached a decision," and stood up. "Shall we see what is on the road?"

"I must start for Manila," Rudolfo Messner said, giving the box to the priest. "You will take good care of this, I know, Father."

MIGUEL wailed, "Do not be angry with me, Father. I am very unhappy. Perhaps my papa, fighting with the constabulary, is already dead! Perhaps—"

Father Gregorio saw the softening of Sister Veronica's face, and took advantage of this instantly. "If you ask Sister," he suggested, "you may receive permission to accompany me on my little walk."

"Keep him away until we are finished, and we will accomplish something," said Sister Veronica, trying not to smile. "He . . . I believe I will look through the gate, Father. I have never heard so many machines—"

"They should all go," Father Gregorio said; and, as they walked, Rudolfo Messner said, "I should have kept the letters securely in Manila, Father, but I need them here to read on the lonely nights. I loved her greatly. Please keep what little I have left of her until my return."

Father Gregorio was touched. "I will guard them with my life," he said.

Beyond the churchyard walls, it sounded as if Manila were coming to Santa Rosalia; and, at the gate, with the village street winding toward the Chinese shops at the end, it looked like it, too. Dust, like a swarm of locusts, hung over the long line of moving vehicles, which were a brownish green, the color of habits become mildewed in the tropics.

Father Gregorio, with Miguel's hand tight in his, standing between Sister Veronica and Messner, knew the advancing trucks for what they were. The army. *They are on some practice, some maneuver,* he told himself; but when the first of the trucks roared behind the tiny automobile which led them past where the four were watching, he knew better. Truck after truck, filled with men in brown, men with their rifles between their knees as they sat on the benches, pounded past; none of the soldiers waved nor called out as they did when playing at war.

It cannot be, thought the priest, but when he glanced hopefully at Sister Veronica, he saw that her lips were moving.

Don Rudolfo said, "Can I do anything for you in Manila?"

Father Gregorio said, "No. Go with God." When the planter walked away rapidly, the priest said, "One need never worry about a man who has his wife's picture in his heart. I will put his treasure in a safe place, and then walk to the village. The people may be uneasy. You wish to come with me, Miguelito?"

Miguel was nodding when Sister Veronica said nervously, "There are truly letters in the package, Father?"

"You, too, have listened to gossip about Don Rudolfo? Merely because he has so many Japanese laborers, and has the misfortune to be half German! He is as innocent as I. A gentleman, he told me what was in the box . . . and I saw the letters, too. Wait for me here, Miguel. I will return in moments."

Father Gregorio put the tin box on his closet shelf. The children were singing *La Primera Navidad,* less ironical than if it were *Noche de Paz.* He hummed the tune. Ah, many Christmases had been celebrated since he had left Spain, and he recalled a bishop's procession, with the bishop in purple, his canons in scarlet, the cross bearer, the bearer of the mitre, the ring on the cushion . . .

"Come quickly, Father," Miguel cried. "The Chinese are being killed!"

The priest hurried out, to see Miguel running back toward the gate. What now? Attack already? Impossible. Undoubtedly there was argument over the price of something, and a small fight; but when he could see down the road he knew that more was happening. It looked as if the Chinese shops were being sacked.

Is this how they follow what I have taught? Father Gregorio thought as he hastened along the road. Oh, it was a sacking well enough; he could see shiftless Pablo Suisilt with his arms filled with good merchandise. *The fools fear that the Japanese are coming,* the priest fumed, *and have become lawless.*

He raised his voice as soon as he was near enough. "Stop it," he called. "Have you no sense whatsoever? Stop this moment!"

It was not until then that he saw the lack of anger on the faces. Angry as he was, he read the fear on them. A man called, "We take only what has been given us, Father. The Chinese say they would rather have us use the goods than have them become useful to the Japanese."

Father Gregorio blinked. *I must do something about this,* he realized. "Chung Kang," he said to the oldest of the merchants, "have you lost your senses? How can the Japanese come here, blockhead? Did you not see the soldiers going north to sweep the Japanese—if there are any—back into the sea?"

The merchant said, "We are afraid," and put both hands inside his rusty black sleeves. "We know the devils for what they are."

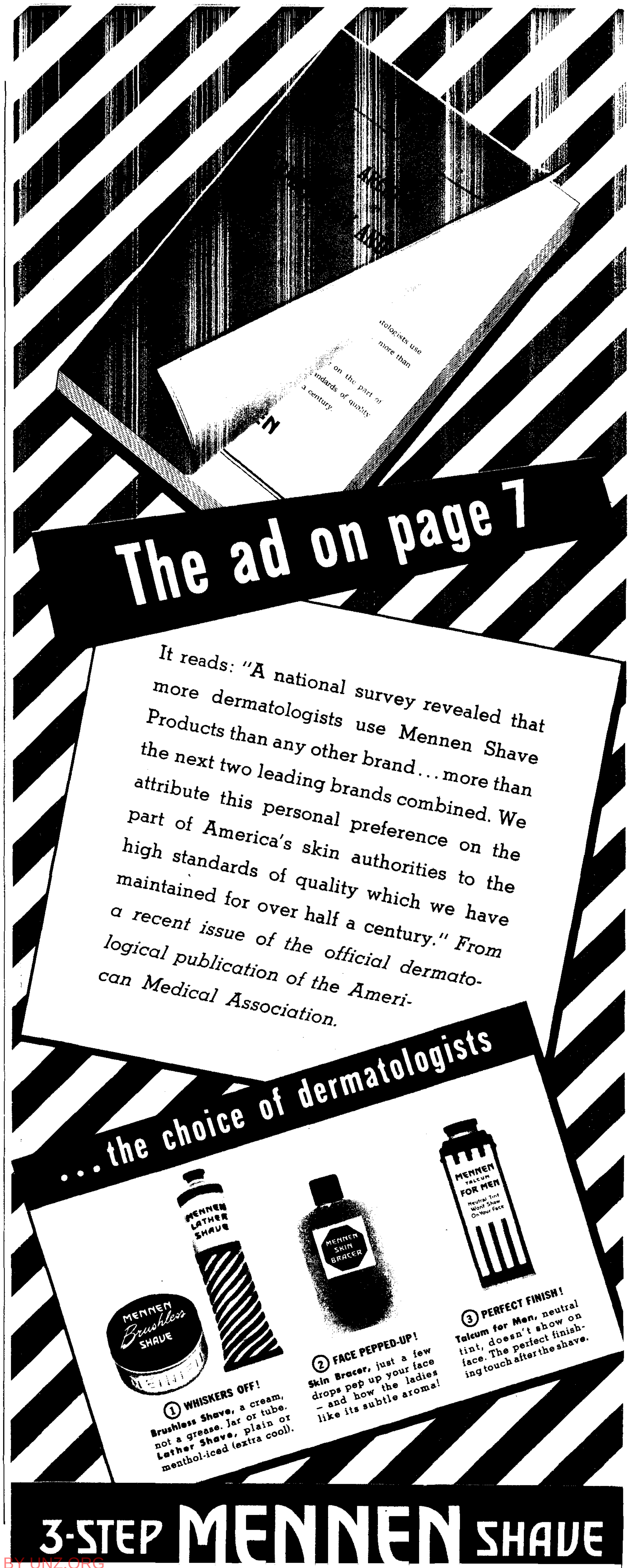
"Afraid, afraid," the padre said scornfully. "You are frightened by such puny men as work Don Rudolfo's land?"

"Our bolos will take care of *his* men," a Filipino shouted.

THE padre said, "No. They are workers, innocents, not soldiers. Moreover, they are employed by Don Rudolfo, who is my friend. I order you to stay away from them. Is that plain? You understand me?"

The villagers had never heard him speak so severely, and Father Gregorio was pleased by the lack of argument. What should be done about the goods? He knew the Chinese too well to try altering their decision; he said, "Let each person make a record of what he has taken. I will discuss it with Chung Kang, and we will reach an agreement. There is nothing to worry about, because brave men defend us. If you must think of something, think of Christmas."

He stopped, not only because this was a good place to end, but because a car had driven up. An American jumped out, asking a question of the natives,



The ad on page 7

It reads: "A national survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand... more than the next two leading brands combined. We attribute this personal preference on the part of America's skin authorities to the high standards of quality which we have maintained for over half a century." From a recent issue of the official dermatological publication of the American Medical Association.

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② FACE PEPPED-UP! Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face – and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!

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So pleasant, that I touched him
on the shoulder—and I spoke:
"I beg your pardon, sir," I said,
"I wonder if you'd mind,
Just telling me what brand
you smoke— it's such a
fragrant kind."

"Certainly, it's Edgeworth"—and
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As he reached into his pocket
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"What's the joke?"
"Why, Edgeworth," I informed him
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all of whom shook their heads and indicated the priest.

The man walked quickly to the padre. "Father," he said, "I have just been informed that Rudolfo Messner is not here."

"True," said the priest, in English. "He has gone to Manila. Not long ago." He smiled. "You are the friend, no?"

"'No' is right. Did he leave by machine?"

"I did not see. He went," said Father Gregorio, regretting he was unable to give the time, "after the soldiers passed. Yes."

The man said, "Nervy! Do you know him well, Father?"

This man has the manner of a ferret, decided Father Gregorio, *and is not Don Rudolfo's friend. Bah! It is all part of this same fear.* He said, "Well enough to know that he is a good man saddened by the past." He thought of the tin box. "I have the evidence of that," he said, smiling.

"And he has the evidence of the troops we moved," the man said coldly. "If we had only grabbed him sooner—"

Father Gregorio waited until he understood this. Matching the other's voice, he said, "Suspicions! I know his thoughts better than anyone else." He had had enough. "Miguel! If you come out of that shop with a sticky mouth, I will turn you over to Sister Veronica, and . . . ah, there you are. We go."

He did his best to stride away, but he was tired. Was Don Rudolfo to be persecuted? Had not he suffered sufficiently? *When I am rested,* decided Father Gregorio, *I must find a way to help one who has such simple love in his heart.* But, back at Santa Rosalia, he fell asleep at the table, his second cup of coffee untouched; and it was afternoon, and the coffee stone cold, when he awoke.

They treat me like an infant, was what he thought first, because he knew orders had been given not to disturb him by so much as moving a plate.

Then he remembered Don Rudolfo. Could it be true that Messner had not gone to Manila? Did Don Rudolfo fear, hateful word, that the ignorant authorities would desire to question, persecute, him? If so, where had the landowner gone? Where could he go, undetected? It came to the priest next that perhaps Messner had not gone at all, but, by saying he was leaving, and by bringing the precious letters to Santa Rosalia, merely intended to have it look as if he had gone. Why, the man might be in his own house, or hiding somewhere on his own land. Shouldn't one go and make certain? It was no more than a pleasant walk. . . .

The village was quiet, drowsing in sun and heat. It was too quiet, Father Gregorio felt; there was no feeling of life to it. Involuntarily he looked toward the north, where, far away, there might be fighting. At least there was no worry about the outcome, save in the minds of Chinese who had seen what had happened in China. "We are all one here," the padre said aloud, "and there can be no treachery." Then he started up the road to Don Rudolfo's land.

WHEN Father Gregorio had first come to Santa Rosalia there had been no road at all, but only a dim, hot path through jungle, pungent with fern and, in season, the great perfumed lilies; and in those days the men wore feather headdresses or caps of rattan ornamented with agate beads. Father Gregorio had seen wild dances, where jars of *tapuy* brought intoxication; he had seen the killing and eating of carabao until the bones were gnawed white; and he had sadly watched parties of head hunters setting out on their unholy business. Always with one woman with them. Two women meant that an expedition was friendly. The padre had never learned the reason for this, but the years had taught him that the Americans had done much for the people. Yes, that was a fact. And now the soldiers were preparing to fight for them.

The priest paused where there was an open place from which he could see Santa Rosalia, below, and rested for several minutes. Then, instead of continuing along the road down which Don Rudolfo sent his products, he turned to an almost indistinguishable path, which, if steeper, was far shorter. *I have not been to Don Rudolfo's for a long time,* he thought. *And he has been lonely and unhappy. I will do better in the future.*

The way was more difficult than he remembered; probably his years were making the difference. When he came to an old stump, he sat down and rested again. It would have been pleasant to have the little Miguel along; ah, there was a promising boy, and one who should go far. H'mm. Why not interest Don Rudolfo in him? Messner could pay for the schooling in Manila, and educate the boy to be an assistant. It would give the lonely, childless man pleasure.

Father Gregorio was delighted with the plan. Miguel's future would be assured. Don Rudolfo would be happier. And the village would feel more kindly toward one who employed Japanese when it was learned that Don Rudolfo intended to set a Filipino over them. The old priest could hardly wait to explain it to Don Rudolfo, but as he was about to rise he paused, hearing a noise in the bush.

A bird hops, he thought, *and I am startled. I am no better than the villagers.* He stood up. The sounds were closer; no birds made them. Nor did they come from the path. Why did men walk through the fern and tall grass? Father Gregorio was not afraid, but he was a little confused, and without knowing it he sat down again, his robe the color of the stump on which he sat.

Someone spoke before a single dim figure could be made out, and the talk was monkey chatter. Father Gregorio knew, that moment, what he was going to see. Japanese. Don Rudolfo's workers? It was difficult to see them as they swung along; all were dressed, uniformed, in a brown which was the color of the jungle tree trunks. How many? Fifty. A hundred. More. Some had rifles carried across their chests, and others carried pieces of metal which must be heavier weapons not yet put together; and what he was seeing turned Father Gregorio's face to the color of old wax, with his mouth a bleak strip, his eyes obsidian.

He saw Don Rudolfo's foreman. The identity of the men was beyond doubt. Could Don Rudolfo know about this?

What am I to do? Father Gregorio thought, almost aloud. Should he rush up to the house itself and warn Don Rudolfo? Warn him of what? If Messner were there, and had stood against these men, he would be dead. *If* Messner were there.

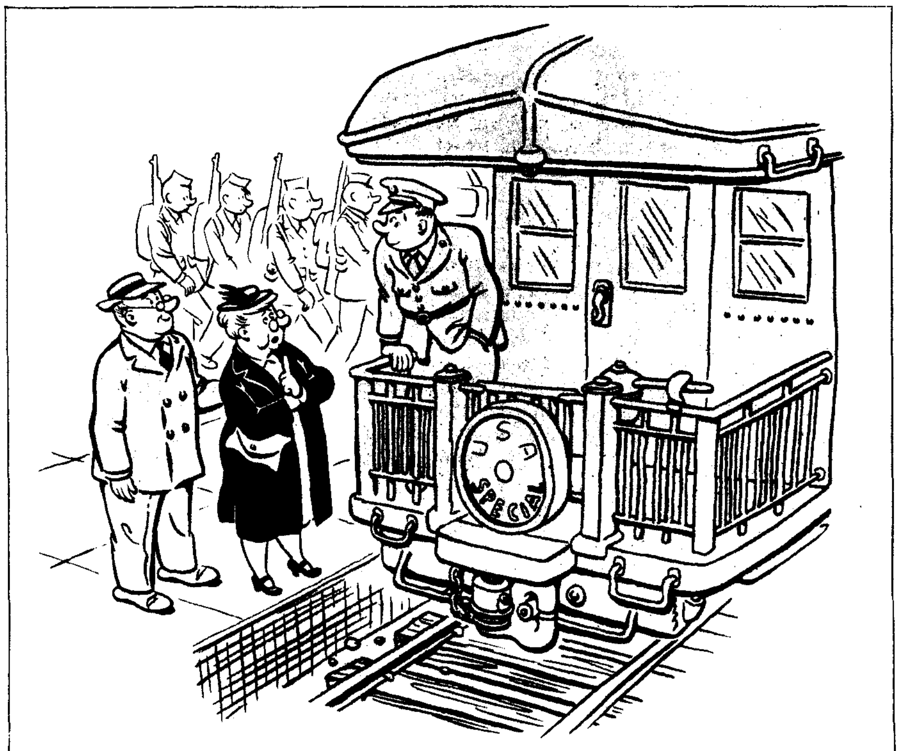
Strangely, Father Gregorio was remembering the words which had earlier escaped him, "Fear is sharp-sighted," the great Don Miguel of Spain had written, "and can see things under ground, and much more in the skies." *Only I was unafraid,* Father Gregorio knew. *Only I was blind.* But he was afraid now, and panic squeezed at his throat. He had laughed at his people, and the Japanese—there was no more noise in the jungle than that made by a plant snapping upright again—were on their way to Santa Rosalia. Nor could he hope to overtake them.

Fear had sharpened his sight in every way. And this included Don Rudolfo. Was the inquirer from Manila correct about Don Rudolfo? Was Messner embarked on some desperate venture, and was this why he had placed the tin box with the letters in the safest of hands? And . . . were they truly letters?

FATHER GREGORIO hurried down the path. When he reached the road it seemed as if he could walk no more, and he stood there shaking from the pounding of his heart.

A faint violet tinted the white walls below. Father Gregorio stared, seeking to find the figures of the Japanese; and when he took his eyes from the village he did see them. In Don Rudolfo's lowest hillside field, in the sugar cane. Why, they were cutting the good cane, right in the center of the beautiful field . . . and as he watched, he saw that an arrow was being made where the cane was cut, an arrow which pointed squarely at the church itself.

What devil's business was this? And then another diabolical thing happened, up the valley: there was a dull roar,



"Don't forget to look up Aunt Jenny in Melbourne, or Cousin Michael in Dublin, or Uncle Carl in Reykjavik" with white smoke billowing high, and through it Father Gregorio could see that the bridge across the river had disappeared. Surely the Americans had not done this. Never. It was done to prevent retreat. The very word started Father Gregorio toward the village.

The first men he met, outside of Santa Rosalia, were all of the Chinese, their faces so tormented that Father Gregorio said, *"Tin po chu y'u,"* which was all the Chinese he knew, but which was a blessing just the same. Soon he was able to see men pulling boxes across the village street, behind which to fight. Sun flashed on a bolo's blade as the wielder swung it in a furious arc.

The Filipinos were brave enough, Father Gregorio knew, but how could they stand against such weapons as he had already seen, to say nothing of the army which might follow later?

Someone shouted, "We have heard, Father. They land everywhere. But when they come here, we will be ready for them and do what we can."

"Good," said Father Gregorio. "May I make a suggestion? The women and children must hide in the hills, taking food with them. You agree? Excellent. Next, while I know how men of courage wish to defend their homes, there is something better which you might do. Why not go into the jungle—wait; do not protest yet!—and, at night, harry the invaders by taking supplies from them and . . ."

Father Gregorio stopped. He could not say, "And killing them in the night." He paused, but there was no need to continue. The men were whispering together; fists and bolos were shaken, and they began to cheer. "Good," said the padre. "Waste no time. Do not waste a minute."

Men were crying out to their families; Santa Rosalia was a bedlam as Father Gregorio hastened along the street. If only the people would get away before the armed, uniformed men from Don Rudolfo's arrived . . . *and I must persuade the sisters to leave also,* remembered the padre. *There was some reason for that arrow in the cane, some reason why it pointed to the church.*

It was not nearly so difficult as he feared, because he explained to Sister Veronica that after all there were orphans in their charge, and these must be taken without delay to safety. Why, suppose that the Japanese confiscated all the cows, and there would be no milk for the children?

Sister Veronica admitted that one could expect such action from invaders. "I have heard terrible stories about their behavior." She shuddered. "You will of course come with us, Father."

"Someone must remain here," Father Gregorio said. "They will not bother their heads about me. Now, hurry, Sister."

NOT until he was alone did the old priest go to his room. Even then, despite the haste he had urged on everyone else, he hated to open Don Rudolfo's tin box. If the contents were innocent, he would be violating a trust, and exposing the love and soul of a dead wife.

"I must," Father Gregorio said aloud. "Why else did the arrow point to Santa Rosalia? Why else would anyone come here?"

The box was locked. When the cover had been pried off, the padre again saw the letters inside, with the top one in an envelope addressed to Don Rudolfo in the thin script learned in a convent. There was even a faint perfume coming from the letters, a remembrance of the woman who must have written them.

Father Gregorio, trembling, decided to select a letter at random. He picked one from the middle and opened the sheets slowly; almost at once he was miserable and his fingers unsteady, since on the paper was the love of a woman for her husband. The priest dropped the sheets, stooped to pick them up, and then, in kneeling position, stared at the second sheet until his eyes began to burn. The writing on it was not a woman's, nor Spanish, and on the page was a carefully drawn little map, showing seldom-used approaches to Manila.

He looked at another letter, and at a third. There was no doubt. None. The box contained traitorous instructions for the Japanese . . . and the arrow cut in the sugar cane told them where to look for it.

"It is not *me* that he fooled," Father Gregorio said slowly. Because he had no doubts concerning his duty, he added, "*'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.'* " Then he went to his table, found matches, replaced all of the letters, and took them and the box to the garden.

The letters burned well, making only a thin blue spiral of smoke. The old padre waited until they were black ash on the ground, which he scooped back into the box. He carried this with him until he came to the Bilibid chair, where he sat down. It was pleasant, with the sun down; it was good to rest.

The people were safely out of the village, the men would harry the Japanese; the orphans, watched by Sister Veronica and Sister Mercedes and Sister Maria Tomás, would come to no harm . . .

NO ONE came into the garden nor the church, although Father Gregorio could hear voices in the village, and harsh orders being given in what must be Japanese; and then night came on with tropic swiftness. It was a still night, of stars, but without a moon. Father Gregorio dozed in his chair, stirring when he heard a growling which might have been guns to the north, and waking when the sound grew and grew and was almost overhead. Then the silence was greater than before.

The plane has come to earth, thought Father Gregorio. *The arrow showed the way. I have not long to wait.*

He was not afraid at all; fear had served its purpose. When lights flashed on the path toward the church he called, "I am over here," and, rising, put the box on the seat of the chair, standing in front of it. "In the garden," he added.

The padre saw round, brown, smiling faces when two Japanese officers stopped stiffly before him. Each had a flashlight, and, in the other hand, a revolver. The eyes of the Japanese, Father Gregorio was certain, were as hard, cold, and unwinking as the metal of the guns.

"You are the priest?"

Father Gregorio said, "I am."

"Messner gave you a tin box. He has sent us for it."

"There are only letters from his dead wife in the box," protested Father Gregorio. "Don Rudolfo said nothing about surrendering it to anyone." Then, because he had no wish to drag the matter out, he turned, picked up the tin box, and handed it to the nearest of the officers.

The Japanese said harshly, "The box has been opened! Did you—"

"Yes," said Father Gregorio. "I opened it. And," he continued, lest there be any misunderstanding, "I burned what was inside."

The two Japanese were staring at him. The noises in their throats ran up to a hiss. Father Gregorio saw the manner in which their right hands were tightening about the stocks of their revolvers. He smoothed a fold of his robe. It had been good material; why, *verdad,* it was hardly worn out.

"Yes," Father Gregorio repeated, "I burned what I found. To ashes."

THE END

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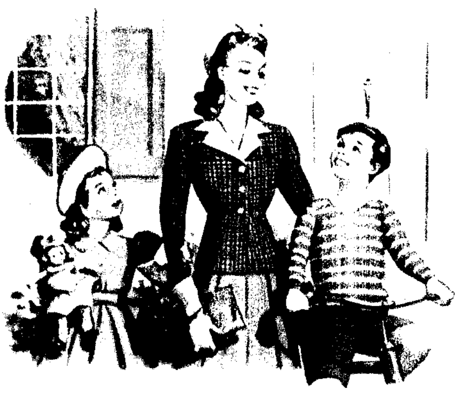

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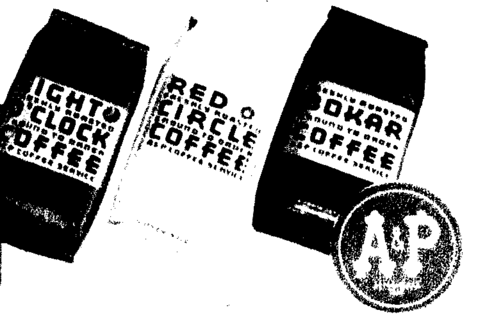

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Somebody's Baby

Continued from page 23

"Works all th' time?"

"Most all the time, I guess. I've seen her once or twice. Nice little thing the mother is, according to Mrs. Willow. I meant to tell you that last night. The baby's name is Warren, after its father. The father was killed last year, somehow. Nice man I understand he was."

They kept looking at the child which, diapered and bare-chested, sat innocently on the floor. "Same age as little Herbert, Mrs. Willow says."

"Really? No foolin'. The kid, I guess, don't get the proper care. Hoibit would make two of 'im."

But while they looked at little Warren, of whom Herbert would make two, Warren climbed up on his skinny legs and walked! Herbie and Gracie stared, incredulous. The child stood up and rocked unsteadily. Then walked. One step, two steps, three full steps before he fell.

Herbie swallowed, looked at Gracie, as though the sin and fault were his. He pointed at Warren. "Nine months old?" Gracie also felt betrayed. She didn't speak. Little Herbert, in his carriage, unaware of punctured vanities, just chewed his foot. But he had never walked upon his feet. Indeed he had a tough time crawling backward with his chin stuck in the mattress of his crib.

A man's arm impolitely pulled the shade down in their faces while they stared.

"Who could that be?" Gracie wished to know.

Herbie carved the roast, but listlessly, though Herbie normally would eat a horse, uncooked. He looked at Little Herbert, in his play pen, lying there. "Get up an' walk, ya bum," his thoughts commanded, though he didn't speak the words.

Gracie ladled gravy carefully. "Dr. Schwartz said, I remember now, and someone else said, 'Never force a baby to walk.' Babies will walk by themselves when they're good and ready, they say, and a child as big and strong as Herbert is too heavy to walk at nine months."

"Doc said that? When'd 'e say that?"

"He told Marge. Her Gladys didn't walk till she was fourteen months."

"Gladys? She sure walks now. Boy, how she walks!" He cocked his head at Little Herbert in the pen. "When this kid is ready he'll just get up an' jump outa that thing. Huh, Hoibit? Huh, kid?"

The Delehantys had regained much happiness.

BUT in Little Warren's house, around the corner, there was no happiness to spare. Ethel—Warren's mother—had come home from work and she was tired. Warren was asleep, as he should have been, at eight o'clock. George, Ethel's brother was drinking a glass of beer. Ethel changed Warren without waking him. She'd not have minded had he wakened, though, because she had so little time to spend with him, working in the restaurant six days a week, from noon through dinnertime. "The least you might have done, George, was change him," Ethel said.

"I changed 'im once," George said.

George was thirty-two years old—and a bum. An able-bodied bum who didn't work. Or if he did, for just a while, he would get pains in his back and quit or else be fired; and it all had to be explained to the parole board.

The neighbors, hereabouts, did not know George had been in jail. Ethel's fiancé—she had one now—he worked in a department store—knew of Warren but he did not know of George. She hadn't told him that. Perhaps if he knew George he would not be her fiancé. He was a straight-laced kind of guy.

Warren was too pale. "George—" she said.

"I toldja I had 'im in the park! Three hours!"

"You're lyin'," Ethel said. It was seldom she was bold enough to speak like this. "And I'm not handing you any more money," she said. "Do you understand? Give you money? So you can play cards all night with the janitor and goodness knows who?"

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for the break you're givin' me when I'm down an' out. Maybe you'd rather I drop down an' see your boy friend. He's got dough."

"You do—you do and I'll . . . I'll—"

"Ah, shet up!" he said. "Shet up!"

HERBIE was working nights, out of the Precinct on 138th Street, Bronx. His partner, Rappaport, was down in night court, and Herbie had the car—a nice inconspicuous coupé of the type that metropolitan detectives use, with four good tires and a spare. Herbie liked to drive. He liked to go to fires and riots, with siren open, sixty miles an hour along the car tracks, in and out of traffic like a halfback. On a summer's night, he liked to cruise around.

"No cruising," the captain had told them. "No unnecessary cruising, anyway. Those are the orders from downtown. That means you and you and everybody. And thirty miles an hour's the limit—except in an emergency. The rubber's got to last." And, of course, agreed Herbie, the captain was right. "I'm as patriotic as the next one," Herbie said.

Tonight, though, luckily, he had done the things he was supposed to do and realized that Gracie, very likely, was reading in their love nest, only six or seven blocks away. He could at least stop by and say hello. He bought some sandwiches and beer. "Put lots of Russian dressin' on the combination sandwich," Herbie said. He brought it home. He only stayed for fifteen minutes and it broke the long monotony. Besides, if he didn't have the sandwich with his wife he'd have to have it in a restaurant. He had a right to eat. He kissed Grace goodby.

He walked down to the street and it certainly was lovely out. He lit a nickel cigar. He stretched his legs. He left the car parked at the curb. He walked around the block. The stars were big and hanging low. The air was washed with the sweetness of the trees along 201st Street. The world, despite its troubles and its wars, had shining moments, and he, himself, was certainly among the luckiest of men.

Then he could hear a child's crying, not too loud, but persistent, and the sound washed the good from the night. He followed the sound to a window—Little Warren's. He heard the mother's ministrations, gentle, understanding, repeated and repeated. The mother's tone relieved his fear for the child, but doubled the sum of his sadness. Now he must feel sorry for the mother, too.

There was a dim amber light behind the shade, but the shade was drawn to within two inches of the window's sill. Peeking, he could see a woman's feet and a little bit of the rug, the leg of a chair. He realized it could be most embarrassing if suddenly the shade went up. Herbie walked away from the window. He hadn't meant to peep. The action had been automatic when he heard the baby cry.

His cigar had gone out. From twenty feet away he listened to the woman's voice. You don't know when you're well off, Herbie thought. The mother working all day long. The poor kid pale and in the house, not getting any sun. Herbie wished there was something he could do to help.

Such thoughts were in his mind as he walked toward the police department's car. Beneath the street light there seemed something strange about the police department's car. He looked again. The axles of the car were resting on a set of wooden blocks. It had no *tires!* No *wheels!*

Herbie stood sick with shock, gazing at this monument of shame. Beneath his very nose—*his cop's nose*—they had stolen his tires!

He knew—everybody knew—that high-precision thieves could in a moment's time denude parked vehicles of rubber for the bootleg trade. It could happen to civilians, and it happened every day. But could it happen to a cop? Could he tell the captain he was listening to a baby cry? Or that he'd been upstairs with Gracie?—having sandwiches and beer? In his love nest? "Here's your love nest," is what the captain would say. The captain could be crude.

LITTLE WARREN'S uncle, George, said to the janitor of the apartment house, "You got no more brains than a goat. If the boss knew that you took 'em from a cop he'd make you eat them tires."

"How can I tell the car belongs to a cop?" The janitor was big and powerful but timid in the face of George's wrath. The janitor's name was Louie. "The cars detectives use," said Louie, "are the same as any other cars. To me it's a coupé. I'm there with Frank. Nobody's around. We grab the tires."

"So you got to grab 'em off a cop," said George. "The cop's name is Delehanty. He was lookin' in my window—in my window mind you—just the other day. G'wan!" . . .

They had new names for Herbie at the station house. "Free-Wheeling," they called him, and "Happy-Motoring," and "Rubber-Belly."

"The fact is, Herbie," said the captain, "that you shouldn't have been eating sandwiches with the missus—no matter how nice a home life you got. And you shouldn't have been listenin' to that baby cry, no matter how your heart might bleed. Not when you should have been back on 138th Street, Herbie."

"I know. I know that, Cap'n," Herbie said. "I know. You see? But look—"

"And it looks lousy in the papers," the captain said. "Not only lousy, but they got to make it comical. You've had a lot of publicity in the department, boy. You are supposed to be a hero. But no—you're tired of that; you got to be a ham comedian, a glarm."

"I don't think it's funny," Herbie said.

"And I don't think it's funny either. Not a bit. I'm going to let this slide, except that Rappaport will have the car in charge."

"Yessir," Herbie said.

"And if you should lose so much as a rubber band—" the captain warned.

"I know," said Herbie. "I guess I was a patrolman too long. I got varicose brains, from standin' on my feet."

"Sit there," said Gracie, "and be comfortable. Stretch out," she said. "Don't mind them what they say. You're in your own home now. You got your own time off."

"You would think that I was *new* on the job."

"After what you done for them."

"Life is like that," Herbie said.

But I got you, he thought. Not many had a wife like Gracie. His pretty apartment, the summer curtains up, and everything in place just so. Eat off the floor. The baby? Clean? You wouldn't eat the baby, but he sure was clean. A mother's care. He wasn't like that little kid around the corner. And he'd walk, all right. He'd walk when he was ready. "I got a lot to be thankful for," he said. "I think I'll take a walk. I always think better when I take a walk."

"You know best. I've got to fix some things for Little Herbert."

Herbie walked up through the park and around. He stopped at a drugstore for a malted milk. He bought a rattle and a little bear for Herbert. But what of Little Warren? Herbie thought. Of course it took a lot of nerve, and people might just get insulted if you walked right up and rapped on their door. But —"Maybe you better gimme some of that baby food on the shelf," Herbie said. "It's very nourishing for babies."

He took his packages and almost wept with blessed charity.

PEEPING under the shade, into the combination living room and kitchen, he could see Warren's little hands. There were two such small and cheap apartments on the ground floor of the building. You walked in through a foyer and rang the bell on the left. The one on the right said SUPERINTENDENT. Herbie pushed the button on the left. He waited nervously, concocting what he'd say. Nobody answered him.

He rang the bell again. The kid was there inside. Why don't they answer? Herbie thought. Don't mean to say that they would leave a kid like that alone? Suppose there was a fire? Or leaking gas? Or anything like that? He rapped heavily on the door. Impatiently he nudged it with his foot. "There anybody home?" he yelled.

He tried the door. But it was firm against his hand. The door opened on his right.

"What's the matter, Mac?" a big guy asked. The superintendent, he supposed. The man seemed nervous.

"Nobody answers," Herbie said.

The big man shrugged. "Nobody home."

"There's a kid in there, a little kid."

"A kid? No, the kid went out I think a while ago."

"The kid's inside. I saw the kid inside."

"Who're you?"

"Never mind who I am. You're the janitor. You got a key. Suppose you open the door."

"Why should I open the door?"

Herbie showed his badge. "I'm curious," he said. The big man's face was white and his lips lost their firmness. "What's eatin' you?" asked Herbie. The man did not look right.

"I ain't got a key."

"There's a little baby kid in there, alone. Who knows there might be gas or even fire. You get the key, Johnny, or I bust a winder."

"I don't know nothin' about those people in there."

"I didn't ask whatcha knew. Maybe you better come with me an' we'll try a winder." Herbie's arms were full of his packages. The big man edged along the foyer toward the street outside. Herbie had seen men on the verge of a gallop before. Herbie dropped his bundles on the floor. The big man jumped as the bundles hit the floor. Herbie took the big man by the arm.

"Leggo me!"

"Shut up!"

He marched the janitor around to the window on the level with the street. "You stand there," he said, "between me and the winder." Herbie's instincts

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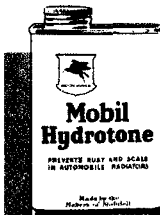

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were alert. He tried to peep beneath the shade but noticed now there was no space between the bottom of the shade and the sill. He tapped a center pane of glass with a stone, satisfied the shade would blanket any flight of glass. The baby might be near. He reached in and opened the window's latch. "Poor baby there, no light, no air," he thought. He threw the window up, and then the shade. "You go in first," he told the janitor.

The janitor half-climbed, half-stumbled through, and Herbie followed him. Some surge of sense made Herbie's hand reach backward for his gun. But this would help him not at all, since Herbie's gun was home. "Keep yer hands where they are!" somebody said.

Herbie turned. Back in a corner stood a man with gun in hand. The man was average-sized and pasty-faced and very much afraid. The man came over and closed the window with its shattered pane.

"I didn't tell 'im nothin', George," the janitor said shrilly.

Herbie asked, "What goes on?"

The man said, "I seen you watchin' me. You been watchin' all the time."

Herbie was ill with wonderment, defeat. What could this be that he had bumped into as heedless as a goat? What kind of fool would Herbie seem when he reported this?—if he should live so long. Going through a window with his gun home in the bureau drawer!

Little Warren, unconcerned, revealed his specialty. He stumbled forward three full steps and grabbed at Herbie's pants. Herbie looked about in deep despair. You couldn't pick up furniture and start to swing at such a time as this. Not with a little baby boy underfoot. Herbie said to the man with the gun, "There's somethin' in my pocket for the kid."

"Look in 'is pocket, Louie," said the man.

Louie did. "Looks like a rattle," Louie said.

"Throw it to the kid," said Herbie. "Get 'im outa the room."

Louie, suspicious, tossed the rattle, and the child pursued it quickly. Herbie, sweating, turned to the other man. "That gun won't do you any good, mister," Herbie said.

"I didn't tell 'im nothin', George," the janitor repeated. "Be careful, George."

"You didn't have to tell him anything, you dope. You did enough when you robbed his tires. You had to rob 'em from a cop. You don't think he's here to read the gas meter, do you? I suppose you think he don't know who I am. What I oughta do—"

"Be careful, George. Gee, *George!*"

TIRES, Herbie thought: TIRES! These men stole his tires. While he was peeping through the window at the baby, or was eating combination sandwiches with Gracie, the janitor, around the corner, stole his tires, then rolled them neatly to the cellar by another route. And this man with the gun—this George—thought Herbie had been peeping in the window just for reasons of suspicion.

"Now lookit, Mac," said Herbie, bluffing. Herbie stretched to his full size, which was enormous. "Listen, Mac, I got you and you gotta put that gun away. That's foolishness." His private rage dictated that he dive headlong into the man. But his private fears, his love for Gracie, Little Herbert and the whole wide world, commanded he use better sense. And there was Little Warren, too, innocent and aimless in the room.

Herbie said, "You let that gun go off at me and you know what will happen. We've had you spotted for a week. There's eighteen thousand cops in this city that can grab you in a minute." His hands sweated heavily. His heart leaped in his chest. He moved toward George.

Something—some second sense, some little sound below his knees, made Herbie swing about. Louie swung the heavy base of a table lamp at Herbie's head. Herbie swerved aside, but Louie swung again. Louie's feet got tangled in something on the floor. Herbie punched straight at Louie's head and bounced him off the wall. He smashed again, the fist and face contacting messily. Louie, a giant, folded and fell. Louie and Little Warren were on the floor together. But only Little Warren smiled.

Herbie turned to face George. Herbie knew there would be no shot. He could read it in the face of the man. "You ain't gonna shoot that thing," he said. "You ain't the kind."

Herbie was right. The man was craven, filled with fright. He dropped the gun. Herbie clopped him under the chin and lifted him. Herbie, with vast vigor, hit the man again. No further moves from George.

Herbie, winded, sat on the couch. He looked at Little Warren, happy there. "How do you walk so good?" he asked. Little Warren arose and walked some more, improving all the time.

Herbie dialed the telephone and Gracie said, "Hello? It's you? I wondered were you ever coming back. Bring what? Two sets of cuffs and your *gun?* —to Little *Warren's* house! But, Herbie—"

"Right away," he said, "and fast!"

GEORGE and Louie were bracketed nicely, ankles and wrists together, on the floor. Gracie, meanwhile, had come and gone, taking Little Warren with her to a better, safer home.

Herbie strolled through the basement of the building, pondering the nature of his captives' crime. "Tires," he figured. "They steal the tires aroun' the neighborhood an' roll 'em into here." There was an entrance from the avenue, an entrance from the street. "It all depends on where they steal 'em from." Herbie looked about. He used a shovel. He discovered tires beneath a stock of coal. "How do they get 'em out?" he thought.

He noticed ash cans of unusual diameter. There wouldn't be much ashes in hot weather, Herbie knew—just what there was from the hot-water fire. But he could count four ash cans that were seemingly brimful. The ashes in each case did not run deep. Good rubber tires lay beneath.

He walked back to Little Warren's flat. He surely felt like a detective. He said to Louie and George, now waking painfully, "You bums are members of a ring. You're in cahoots with the city garbage man. Come on! Get up!"

Herbie returned to his apartment at seven o'clock in the evening. He took his coat off in the hall and pulled his sticky shirt out from his chest. "Sugar?" Herbie called.

"In the living room, darlin'. Right here."

"The case was a push," he called to her. "Guy on a sanitation truck was dumpin' the tires at a garage on Webster Avenue. Easy as that. We trailed the truck, after we made Louie load on the tires like nothin' was wrong. I got the captain tied up in a bag. 'Who's a glarm?' I said to him. I'm gettin' wrote up in the papers again, sugar, an'—" He had walked to the living room by now. "Oh," said Herbie. "Oh."

Little Warren and Little Herbert were playing on the floor. "He's a sweet little thing," said Gracie, meaning Warren. "I've been talking with his mother on the phone—a lovely person, really—and she's going to leave Little Warren at the nursery during the day, while she works. And besides," said Gracie, "—besides, it's nice for Herbert to have a friend."

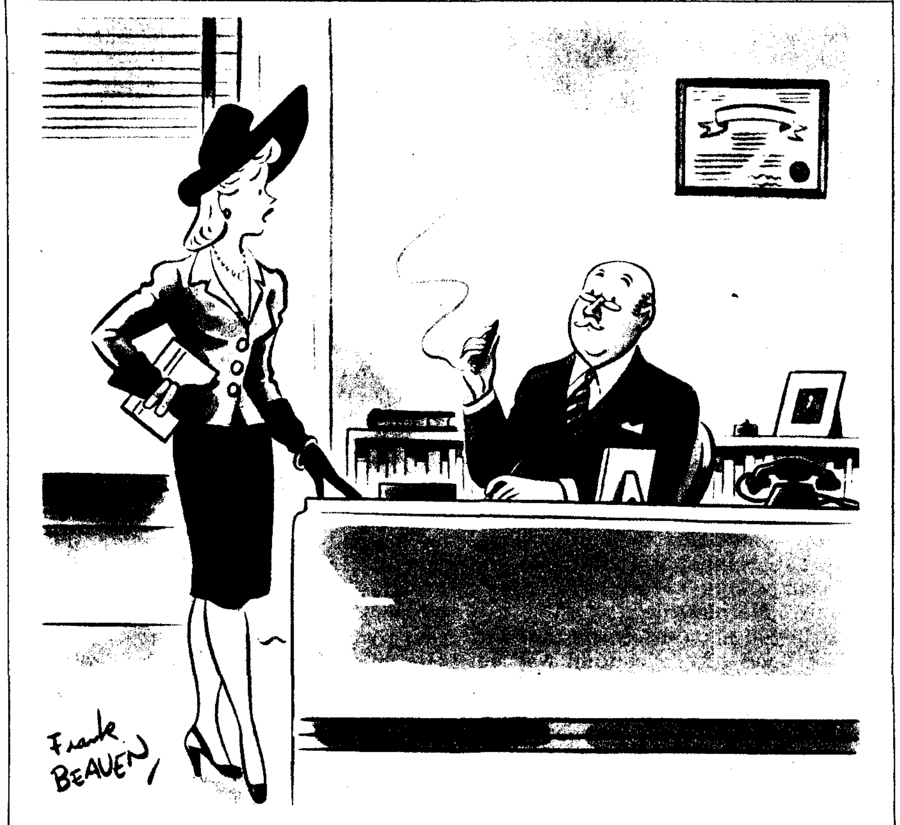
"Very nice," said Herbie. "Very nice."

Then Little Warren, bored with chewing Herbert's hair, stood up and stumbled off. Herbie, wounded but not jealous, watched. Little Herbert looked around to find his vanished friend. Then Little Herbert, on his fat legs, stood erect. He also stumbled off. The two kids walked across the room.

"Look!" said Herbie. "Look! Hoibit! He walks!"

"Since four o'clock this afternoon," said Gracie, smiling, "they haven't stopped. They must have walked a mile."

THE END



"He was smart about getting rid of the evidence. He wrote his proposal to me on the edge of a ten-dollar bill"

FRANK BEAVEN

Brother Battery

Continued from page 55

Gaston, Clarence and Claude Jonnard, and the recent Wesley and Rick Ferrell. Those pairs wandered separate ways and only the Ferrells worked in the big leagues together when their trails crossed on the Boston Red Sox. The Coopers are the first to attain big-league stardom as a tandem.

But they never planned it this way. Mort, two years older, quit high school in Independence and went to work. The depression had hit the Midwest and everybody needed money. Because of this, Walker was able to complete high school.

Regardless of the job, though, baseball was always first in Mort's scheme of things. He had a PWA post that paid four dollars a day for helping shore up the Missouri River bank, but even that was second fiddle to the honor of pitching for a team in the amateur Ban Johnson League. He received no pay for pitching, though limited traveling expenses were permitted. Every Friday night through the season, he would break the news to the PWA foreman.

"I got to go up an' pitch, but I'll be back here early Monday."

"Then you're fired!" the foreman would roar. "Don't show your face on this job again."

And so Mort would quit, travel to the scene of the game, pitch and win. On Monday he would report for work, punch his time card and go on with the harnessing of the Missouri River.

A Personal Triumph

Nine years ago Ad Brennan, manager of the Kansas City Blues, let him throw batting practice, and the daily display of talent gained him a contract to pitch in the Western League. Franchises were no stronger than the economics of the times, and Mort went from Des Moines to Muskogee. His tenure with the latter club was climaxed by a personal triumph against the league's top hitter, Mike Ryba, baseball's "one-man team," now with the Red Sox. Starring for Springfield, Missouri, Ryba couldn't do a thing with Cooper, and Mort fanned him four times in a single game.

When Muskogee abandoned its franchise, Mort played it safe by signing two contracts. One was for a Cincinnati scout and the other for Red Wilson, manager of Springfield, who liked the way he had fanned Ryba. At the end of the 1933 season, Mort found himself a member of the chain-store system of baseball development, and doesn't know what became of the Cincinnati pledge, but Wilson obviously had sold him to the Cardinals.

Mort was not one of those uncomplaining workers in the chain-store vineyards. He was impatient. He couldn't understand why, after pitching his head off for two years at Columbus, Ohio, a double-A team, he was "promoted" to Asheville of the Piedmont League, a Class-B outfit. When they bounced him from Asheville to Houston, he revolted, not once, but repeatedly.

"I felt I was ready for the big leagues," he declares, "but they wanted me to stay in Houston to pitch every day. I couldn't pitch that often with a sore arm, so I just quit. I quit Houston five times and went to St. Louis to talk Mr. Rickey into takin' me on the Cardinals.

"But Mr. Rickey knew my weakness. He took Walker, who had gone from the Ban Johnson League to Mobile, and put him in Houston. Naturally, I couldn't see my own brother workin' it all alone at Houston, so I finally went back an' we started playin' real baseball together for the first time.

"Funny thing about the minor leagues, though," he continued. "A young pitcher learns very little, if anything, on the way up. I never learned anything about pitching, because all the managers were young, an' I never ran into any great pitchers like Lon Warneke, who can show you plenty. There's a great pitcher. Imagine playin' on the same team with a pitcher you've idolized for years. You ought to've seen his face when I come walkin' into the big leagues with a little son named Lonnie Morton Cooper. I named him after Warneke.

"Only two pitchers ever taught me anything on the way up, an' none was on my own club. One was Guy Bush, the old Chicago pitcher. Out of a clear sky one day he called me into a cab an' drove me back to his hotel just to tell me to get mad while I was pitchin'.

" 'Get mad,' he said. 'Not mad enough to lose control, but mad enough to swap punches with the batter. Do that an' you'll be able to put that three-an'-two pitch in there with plenty on it.' That's the last I saw of him, but it's the best advice I ever had.

"The other real friend was big Jim Weaver, who used to pitch for the Pirates. He was never great, but he showed me how to pitch a forkball last year—just a little trick of usin' resin on the inside of my first two fingers, which are spread. The resin an' perspiration makes the ball slip out with no spin. Lack of spin makes it wobble at the plate an' you get the same effect as a spitball."

After Houston, Walker went on to hit .336 at Asheville in 1939 and .302 at Columbus two years ago. Last year he was a sub on the Cardinals, but he picked up an encyclopedia of back-stopping tricks from the dialectic Cuban, Mike Gonzales, coach and ex-catcher.

"We've never had an argument," Walker confided as Mort rose to answer a knock on the door. "I give the signs an' he never disagrees. Course, I usually know what he wants to throw a certain batter, and both of us know what Billy Southworth wants to be thrown. Southworth holds a thirty-minute clubhouse meeting every day to get over the hitting strength of the opposition. That makes things smooth."

Plans for the Future

The two brothers are about as opposite in nature as the positions they play. Walker is tall and slender, red-headed, quiet and scholarly. He is married and has a daughter. Mort is stockier, with black hair and a swarthy face not a little scarred by childhood misdemeanors.

Opposite by nature, the Cooper boys' plans for the future parallel in every way, for each cherishes the dream of owning 200 acres of Missouri upland.

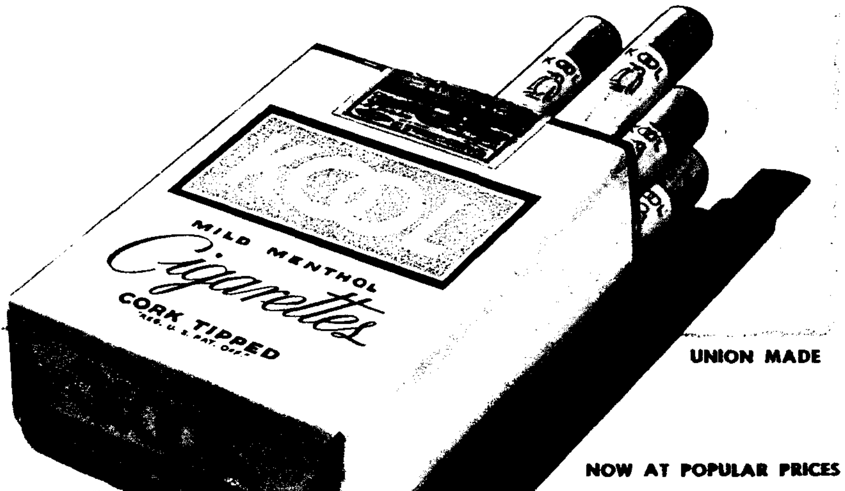
"Imagine so much land stocked with good cattle," they sigh in unison. "And a pretty house for your family. With a situation like that, you got the world by the tail on a downhill pull."

"And what about the farm-labor problem?"

"Oh, we'll do the work ourselves!" Mort declares with heartening belligerence. "We'll help each other at plantin' time an' harvest time. The rest of the year a hired hand would only be in our way, wouldn't he, Walker?"

And Walker, declining to interrupt, nods.

THE END



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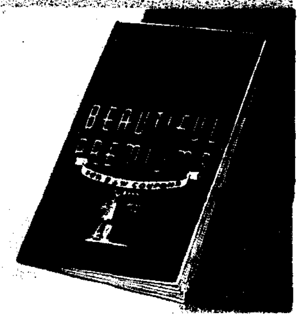

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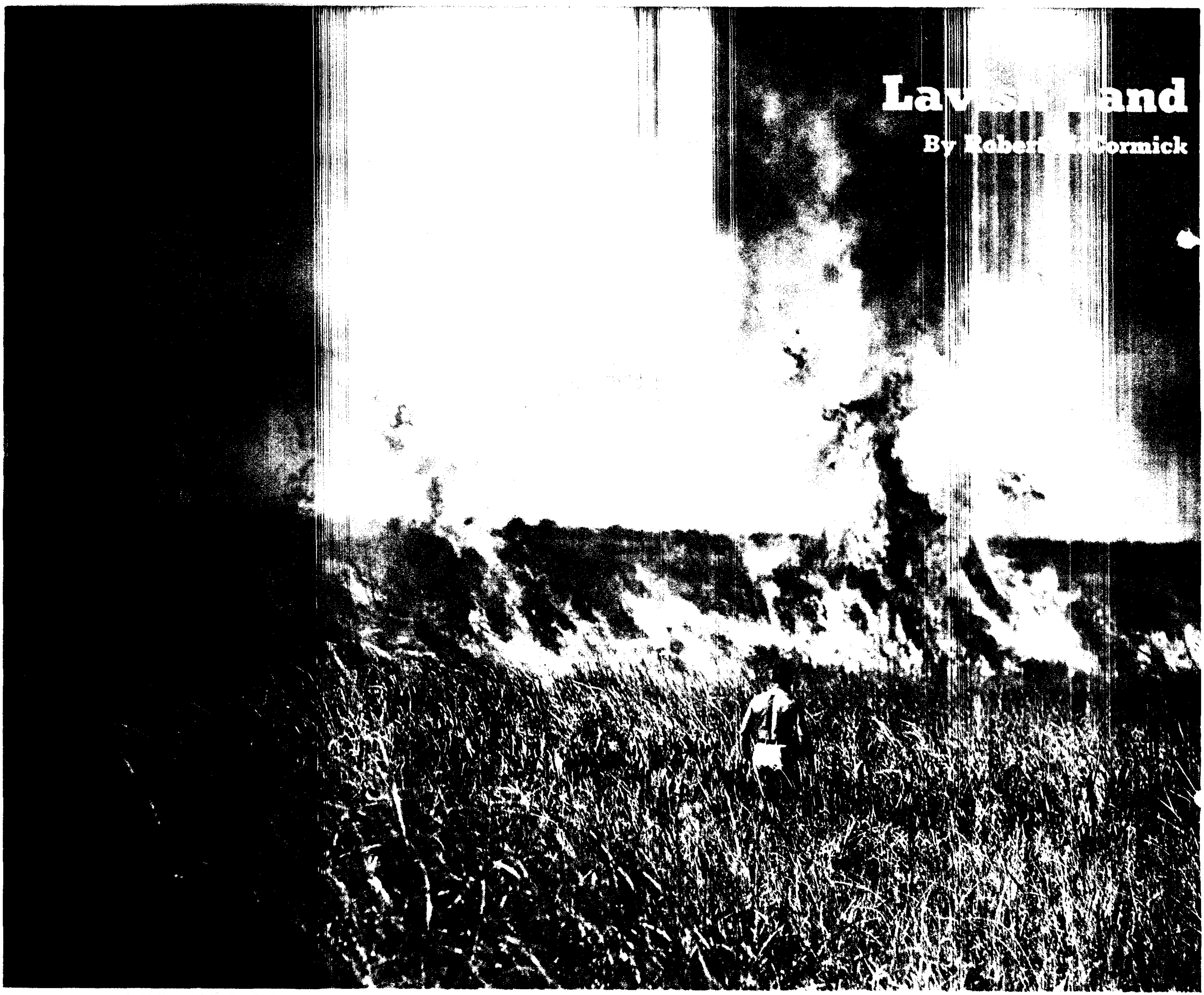
Lavish Land

By Robert McCormick

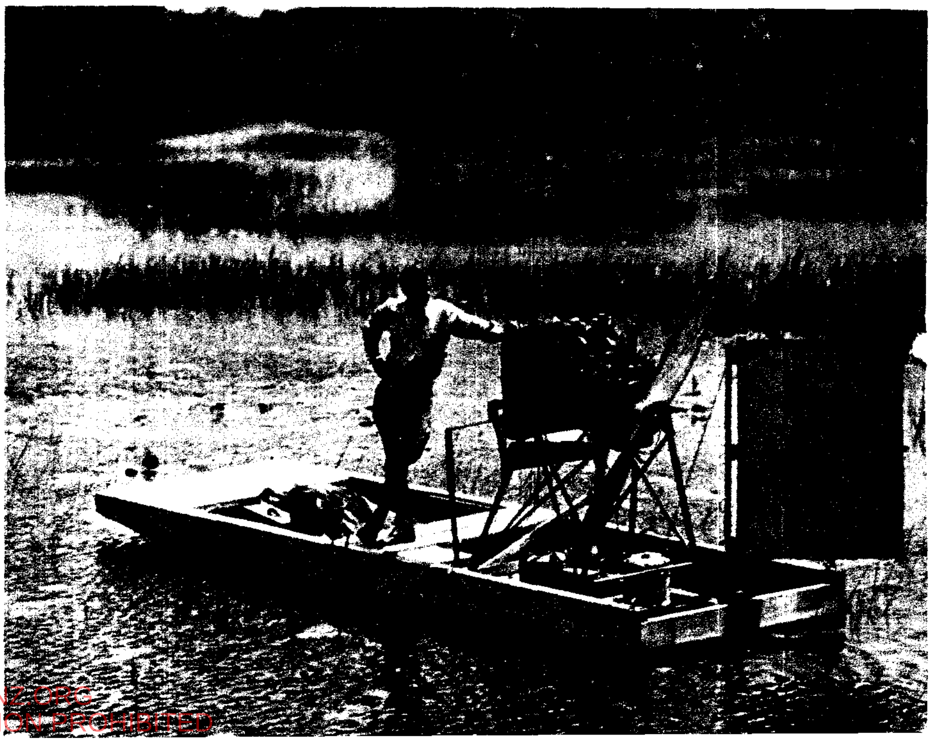


PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Not only does Everglades soil evaporate through oxidation, but numerous natural or human accidents can start fires, destroying vast stretches of valuable land

One of the control dams built to keep the canals from carrying off water from the 'Glades. This canal runs into the heart of the big swamp

The Whooshmobile, half boat, half airplane, skims over the swamplands at 50 m.p.h., opening up for study areas rarely seen before by white men



**orida's Everglades are neither ro-
antic nor mysterious to Uncle
m's Soil Conservation experts.
ey see these millions of lush acres
a national asset that can readily
made to produce incredible crops
everything from beef to sugar**

HE air boat, water plane or Whooshmobile—you can name it—is neither plane nor boat. But it is a blessing. It has opened up for scientific study Florida Everglades, revealed them as a potential irce of food that may, at the most, win the war for and at the least, ease the strain of the sugar short- e.

Basically, the Whooshmobile is a flat-bottomed iff. Astern is mounted in a precarious lacework of od slats, metal rods and old shoestrings, a Ford tor, usually from a deceased Model A. The motor rks an airplane propeller, the blast of which sends contraption ricocheting over the swamps at 45 les an hour. A rudder about 24 by 36 inches sits lplessly behind the prop, giving the pilot a steering vice of strictly approximate accuracy.

After driving over back roads near Deerfield, Flor- a, until we were cornered in an overgrown one-way e, we came to a little bayou where three air boats re tied up. Two, distinctive for their slap-happy ketiness, belonged to frog hunters, but a third, a eaming yellow job with an ostentatious V-8 motor tened on securely enough to last a couple of miles, longed to the Soil Conservation Service.

Kay Davis, the SCS engineer in charge of the Ever- ades Drainage District, and Johnny Lamb, a lean- ed guide who knows the 'Glades as intimately as a nary knows its cage, helped us into the skiff, gave prop a whirl, and we were off, skimming over saw- ass growing in two feet of water, plunging into one the greatest natural breadbaskets a nation ever had, nost five million acres of tropical mystery.

The roar of the motor drowned out our yelps as we idded around a clump of tall grass and careened into at passes for a lake in the 'Glades. The dark amber er was splotched with lily pads, and spindly white ider lilies, redolent with fragrance you could never t from a bottle. Around the edges of the lake were ands of twisted bay trees. A phalanx of wild ducks eared through the sky right over our heads, and a ge white crane lifted himself laboriously from the ater and perched on a treetop where his startled sil- uette showed up best against the gray sky.

Lamb heeled us about again and headed, still wide en, for a patch of land. The Whooshmobile has no akes, but still we shot straight for the shore line. ly it wasn't a shore line. It was grass over water, d we slid across the top with greasy ease. Lamb med at another piece of land, and this time it was nd, a matting of bay trees and scrubby bushes. Just before we crashed, Lamb flicked the rudder and we popped into a narrow channel between two islands. The channel was wide enough for the boat, but there was no space left for the shore grass draped across the canal. It whipped into our faces and got itself chewed into hay by the propeller, but it frightened no concession from Gar Rickenbacker Lamb until we popped into another lake of lily bonnets. Johnny switched off the motor and handed over a rod and reel. "Cast once," he said, "sometimes you get a bass." We cast six times and got two black bass, one five pounds, the other some six ounces lighter.

Davis reached into the water where the grass roots, coated with dank fuzz, laced the soil together, and pulled up a pinch of muck. Even soaking wet, it was a powder. "This is too young to be worth cultivating," he said. "Needs to age another 500 or a thousand years."

With the help of the Whooshmobile and other trick traveling devices, Davis has made the first scientific analysis of the 'Glades. He comes nearer than any other man to knowing exactly what the Everglades are and how they get that way. Davis has sent groups of engineers, soil and water experts, geologists and miscellaneous other skilled laborers into the interior of the 'Glades to make foot-by-foot studies.

From their test tubes and charts have come visions of a great national asset. The survey is not yet complete but it has gone far enough to show, at least tentatively, that the magnificent swamp, one of the lushest, loneliest, loveliest stretches of wilderness in America, could be divvied up; part of it would become an enormous game refuge and waterfowl sanctuary, another part a unique recreation area, still another—and the smallest—an agricultural miracle-land turning out quantities of beef, vegetables and blessed sugar cane for war-drained diets.

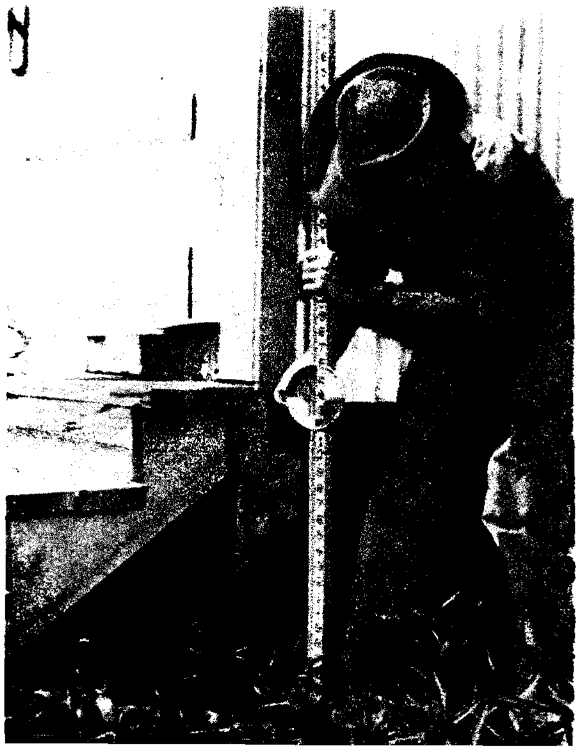
The 'Glades have been carelessly considered an unlimited well of food. Yet of the 4,500,000 acres in the Everglades Drainage District, only 2,500,000 acres is the precious peat and muck soil. And of this, only half a million acres can be cultivated; the muck—from five to eight feet of it—rests upon a slab of limestone. Of the remaining 2,000,000 acres, 800,000 lack the insulating limestone, and from far below the surface, from something called Caloosahatchee shell marl, water seeps through constantly, keeping the land swampy no matter how much or how fast it's drained, and making cultivation out of the question, though it may be suitable for pasture. The rest cannot be farmed for a variety of reasons. Perhaps it is what Davis considers "too young," or it is so hidden by mangrove roots that clearing is uneconomical, or water control is too difficult.

But the scant half-million cultivatable acres can grow anything from tomatoes to sugar cane in quantities and qualities that would shame the Garden of Eden. Minerals must be added to the soils for vegetables, otherwise the most luscious looking string bean is an insipid food, a dietetic menace lacking many of the ingredients it should give us. Sugar cane, however, a pure hydro-carbon, thrives in the nitrogenous muck. Cane and Everglades are soil mates, as Davis puts it, sheepishly. The yield per acre is about forty tons, according to most of the experts. These forty

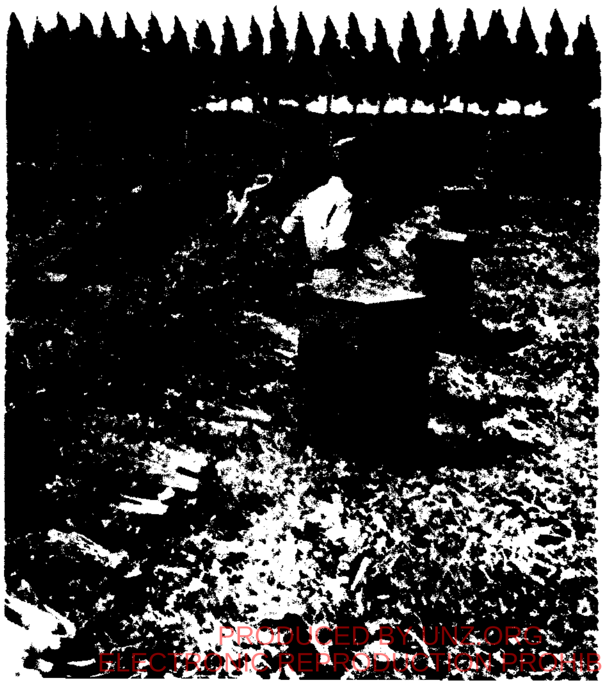
Scientists in a swamp buggy, a tractor equipped with wooden caterpillar tracks, survey stretches of water-soaked sawgrass

Sugar cane thrives in the Everglades' lush soil, with a yield of about 40 tons per acre. Tractor trains transport the cane

When the 'Glades are drained, the muck oxidizes so rapidly that new steps must frequently be added to the front stoop



After minerals have been added to the soil, vegetables—such as this crop of celery—grow furiously in the black muck



The Soil Conservation Service is making a foot-by-foot study of the Everglades. A scientist pushes through lily pads to get a sample of soil for testing

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Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

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tons yield four tons of raw sugar, a quantity so large that even with our more expensive labor it would be able to compete in free markets with Puerto Rican and other imported supplies. And at four tons an acre, that's a total from the fertile half-million acres of two million tons of raw sugar, 1,175,000 tons of refined sugar—half the amount we will save this year by our rationing.

With proper mastery of the water supply, some optimists believe the grazing areas could support one cow an acre. Agriculture Department cattle experts guess more cautiously that one beast every two-to-five acres would be the best possible on a year-round basis. But even that is the equal of the fine permanent pasture in the corn belt, and considerably better than that of the Far West, where grass clumps are so scattered that each cow must have 15 or 20 acres. Figured fairly conservatively, the 'Glades should be able to turn out from a quarter of a million to a half million head—a passel of steaks.

By far the biggest chunk of the magnificent swamp—at least 3,000,000 acres—should be left alone, to stabilize southern Florida's water supply, to preserve a place for migrating ducks to sit down, and to save the amazing assortment of other wild life from extinction. Whether it becomes a state park or a national monument, or whether it is simply allowed to stay as inaccessible as nature made it, the calm studies of the scientists indicate we should leave it alone.

Perhaps a quarter of a million acres—some of which we covered in the Whooshmobile—could be opened up in a restrained way to fishermen and hunters. It would be a playground scarcely equaled in tourist catalogues. Two black bass in six casts was no accident

Davis has his own pet idea, what the brain-trusters call a long-range program, to combine the sugar and beef bonanzas. He wants to lease or lend 500,000 acres to farmers thrown out of farms, the indigent agriculturists who could help prevent a wartime food shortage if they could find some place to grow the food. Forty acres a family would take care of 12,000 farms. Davis would have half the forty planted in cane, the other half reserved for grazing and small gardens. The grazing would be for beef cattle. In such small chunks, the pasture could be tended so well that each acre should support at least one elegant sample of walking beef. From the cane, the farmer should get at least $800 a year profit, plus what he could make on the beef, and his shelves would be packed with home-grown food. In ten years he could pay back whatever he was loaned to get started, and then perhaps his acreage could be cut in half, and another batch of tillers moved in. Meantime, we would have half a million tons more sugar a year, to make up partly for what we won't get from Hawaii, the Philippines, Cuba, and Puerto Rico during the war.

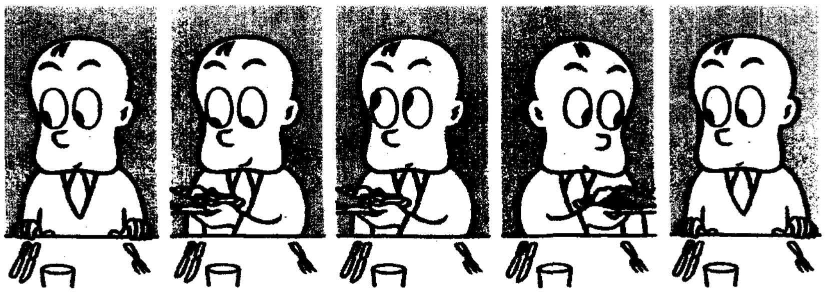
The Vanishing Soil

If not used wisely, the 'Glades could easily become a worthless dust bowl, past all hope of redemption. The powdery, black muck has a disconcerting habit of dissolving into thin air. Bacterial action causes oxidation which automatically lowers the level of the earth seven-hundredths of an inch a year when the water level is one foot below the surface. In order to farm, the level must be pushed down at least another foot, and the oxidation is increased far beyond the seven-hundredths point. The town of Belle Glade is six feet farther down than it was 25 years ago. Some of the antique residents south of Lake Okeechobee can remember when their muck was fourteen feet thick. Now it's down to eight. At Clewiston the natives add a new step to their front stoops every two or three years so they can reach the shrinking ground.

Not only does the soil vanish, but it burns. Riding with Davis along the road paralleling the New North River drainage canal, we saw ahead a thin feather of smoke. "Watch it go," Davis said quietly. Within ten minutes the blaze had spread to cover more than a mile. The yellow smoke rolled up in enormous clouds, and as we watched, it was broken here and there by licks of light blue smoke, and a choking smell hit our noses like ammonia vapors. "The blue is where the growth is all burned off, and the soil has caught," Davis explained. Davis wouldn't admit it, but Florida's effort to control the fires, which have destroyed thousands of acres of the finest muck, have accomplished only a small bit of the job.

Drainage Adds to Fire Risk

Practically all the fires flare up in narrow strips, within three miles of either side of the drainage canals shooting into the 'Glades. Without touching upon the wisdom of helter-skelter draining of the 'Glades, some of the canals can be classified offhand as prodigious flops. They run through areas which lack the limestone insulating rock, and as a result fill up from seepage. They get so full that there is no room left for the water from the swamps, so they don't drain. They do dry up a valley six miles wide along their entire lengths, however, exposing it to terrific oxidation and drying it up for the fires. Davis is building banks along the canals so he can at least hold rainwater on the shriveled valleys.



"Please pass it along" CROCKETT JOHNSON

Most of Davis' efforts are devoted to undoing the seventy million dollars' worth of damage done the 'Glades in the last thirty or forty years. With a measly $75,000 a year, he is damming up many of the canals, so that what little water they do carry from the marshes will be held back. He is trying to get the water back onto some areas which were successfully drained. And he is trying to forestall further abuses, among them the constant exploitation of the romantic swamp by real-estate operators. In the wartime fever to "get ten acres of my own where I can grow my own food," many an innocent outsider has been so enraptured by the speculator's description of the "Bottomless pit of agricultural wealth," that he's plunked thousands of dollars into the project.

We roared around the 'Glades all one day in the Whooshmobile, with incredible scenery unfolding on all sides. In the afternoon we traveled hours through what looked for all the world like pastoral English countryside. The ground was a carpet of short grass; and we expected unconsciously to see clusters of grazing cattle under the bay trees. But they would have got their feet wet—the grass was in a yard of water.

Big blue herons flapped around our ears, showing off their slate-blue wings with the darker borders. We almost bumped into a sleepy, eight-foot alligator. As we raced across one "pasture," and circled a group of islands, there passed before us like a newsreel one of the strangest sites of all. On a tiny island was what passed for a camp, a bed under tarpaulin stretched between two trees and covered with white mosquito bar. There was a kerosene stove, a rusty rifle, stocks of canned foods, all the comforts of home. We stopped, petted the big yellow dog tied to a tree, picked our way through the litter to the icebox. Inside were piles of fat black bass, and frogs' legs. A couple of brothers, Buck and Dick Pierce, are holed up in the camp, making a fairly good living gigging frogs at night with flashlights, and chauffeuring fishing parties around in their own air boat. We heard their boat puttering through the swamp, but it was miles away and we couldn't wait.

The sun was dropping as we started back, and Davis was talking about peculiarities of the 'Glades.

"Take this water, for example," he said, filtering some through his hand to show its rich yellow color. "It must be rain water, according to tests we've made. But according to other tests, it couldn't be, because the rate of evaporation and the rate of transpiration—which means how fast the plants soak it up—are so high that, with the amount of rainfall we have, it couldn't possibly stand around in a big puddle like this. It would dry up.

"The Geological Survey was drilling down near the Tamiami Trail, and at 7 feet they found oyster shells. So it must have been the bottom of the sea sometime. But there has never been any suspicion that the peninsula went through a geological turmoil big enough to switch things about that much, and usually those geologists know pretty well what they are liable to find when they start digging.

"Then there's muck itch. It's the only thing I don't like about the 'Glades. Muck is really just a collection of tiny splinters, and if you have a place on your skin you've irritated or roughened by scratching, those splinters snuggle in and itch for years.

"One of the silliest things is that we have very few mosquitoes and sand flies in here, whatever you may have heard. The 'Glades' water is fresh, it moves around, and most of the Florida mosquitoes are tidal. They live in the ocean inlets and places like that.

"Sand flies are worse now than they used to be on account of the alligator hunters. It's strictly illegal to kill alligators, but it's done plenty. The alligators eat garfish. Garfish eat minnows. Minnows eat sand-fly larvae. So when you kill the alligators, you get more garfish, leaving fewer minnows to eat the sand flies."

He rambled on while violet-red streaks of sunset fell across the water. As we circled around to go into the channel leading home, we saw a solitary Indian standing out like a bas-relief against the low, fiery clouds. He was poling a canoe slowly through the grass, moving with the dignity of complete relaxation. He raised an arm at us. It was like a very corny painting.

THE END

The Cooter Blues

Continued from page 44

"Yip! Yip! Yip!" barked Cooter. "Dat's Porter's feist dogs got de scent, and yonder dey go! Yip! Yip! Yip!" The guitar strings rattled, the accordion moaned and Cooter barked like a pack of terriers.

Suddenly, Flobelle pulled a single long wail from the accordion and simulated collapse.

"Did dey kotch him?" Giles asked excitedly.

"Naw," said Flobelle. "Cause dat was my daddy blowin' his hawn. You know my daddy hunt squirrels wid dem feists and he don't let 'em run rabbits. So soon as he seed dey was after dat rabbit, he tuck and blowed his hawn and called 'em home."

"Yeah," Cooter supplemented. "Ole Luther was powerful glad to hyar dat hawn, too. Cause dat rabbit was about to run him to death!"

GILES laughed and then caught himself. "You better git out and find you a rabbit dat can't run so fast," he told Cooter. "I bet you ain't got a scrap er meat in yo' meat box."

Cooter squirmed. It seemed to him that all Giles could think about was did people have meat in their meat boxes. "Yassuh," Cooter said. "I was fixin 'to do jest dat. I had in my mind about gittin' 'long de bayou bank—"

"Naw, you don't," Giles interrupted. "You was fixin' to git up de bayou as far as de commissary. And efn no rabbit didn't jump up and bump his haid agin yo' stick and ax you please to take him home, befo' you got to de commissary, well, you was fixin' to buy yo'se'f a chunk er meat, 'stid er huntin'."

"You's readin' in my mind," Cooter grinned. "And Mist' Giles—" he stopped.

"Name hit."

"I had in my mind," Cooter went on lazily, "dat efn you was fixin' to git over twarge Shrevepo't today—"

"I ain't fixin' to go to Shrevepo't," Giles snapped. "And efn I was, I ain't aimin' to buy you nothin'. You done spunt all er yo' crop and mo' besides. F'm now on, you ain't gittin' nothin' but meat and bread and not too much er dat. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh, but dat ole rabbit jest about wored out my guit-tar strings. Dey's plum daid." He thumped the instrument to demonstrate. "So I had in my mind dat efn you was gonter to git over twarge Shrevepo't, you might git me a set er strings and write 'em down in my credicks."

"Naw! I'll git you nothin' and shove you in hit. Now, you go hunt. And I mean you better git you a rabbit cause you ain't gonter git no store meat, dis day."

Giles rode away, puzzled. "I don't see how come I ain't done run dat no-good off," he told himself. "Efn I had runned him off, I wouldn't 'a' wasted a good hour listenin' at him pick de guit-tar." He dug his heels in the horse's ribs. "Come on, Prince! Time is wastin'." The horse galloped a few yards without enthusiasm and settled into a slow singlefoot.

"I swear, Cooter done got you lazied up, too!" Giles exclaimed. After some time of the easy cradlelike jogging, Prince reached the Widow Duck's front gate and stopped. She was a picture of contentment as she sat in the doorway watching the soft rain on the fields. Behind her, in the fireplace, a big black kettle simmered slowly, giving off delightful odors.

"Come in and set, Giles," the Widow Duck invited.

Giles whiffed. "I smells gar stew. And I bet you didn't put no store meat in hit, too."

The Widow Duck smiled. "Go 'haid, Giles," she told him. "De way I cooks gar stew, you ain't got to waste store meat in hit. You jest pare-b'iles hit down and drap in a few onions and some potatoes and mustard greens, and a pinch er salt and some vinegars—"

The Widow Duck went on solemnly: "But jest cause I'm de best widow-woman cotton chopper in de bottoms and about de holiest woman anywhars, I ain't got to poke my mouf out about hit— Now, den, tell me what raley is on yo' mind, cause I know hit ain't gar stew."

"Cooter," Giles confessed. "He got me down."

The Widow Duck beamed. "Cooter!" she repeated. "Ah, Lawd! He's one er Aunt Hagar's own! What dat po' chile been up to, now?"

"Him and Flobelle was settin' in de dry 'stid er huntin' and fishin', today, so I went by to git 'em out in de weather."

"Dat's right," the Widow Duck approved. "Dey bofe so no-good in de field, dey got to hustle, rain or shine, to keep up wid de worst ones. You done right, Giles."

"Sho. Only I let him and Flobelle set high and dry in de house and do dey rabbit huntin' dar." And Giles recounted the musical rabbit hunt, with considerable detail.

The Widow Duck nodded approvingly. "Porter was right in blowin' his hawn," she decided. "Dem squirrel dogs er hisn ain't got no business runnin' a rabbit."

"But I bet Mist' Ringgold's ole Luther'd 'a' kotched dat rabbit on de next go-round," Giles insisted. "He was all set to circle him off."

"Ole Luther done kotched so many rabbits, I bet he's plum sick er rabbits."

Giles grinned like a small boy caught in mischief. "You got me, Mis' Duck," he admitted.

"Now, come on, Giles," she urged. "Tell me de p'int er dis whole thing. You don't keer nothin' 'bout did dem dogs git de rabbit and you ain't jest on-proud on account er you let Cooter talk you out er makin' him go huntin'. And you knows I been around too long for you to try to fool me. What ailin' you, son?"

"Dat's exackly what ailin' me," Giles mourned. "I 'on't know what ailin' me, and dat worries my mind."

THE Widow Duck fished a bottle of snuff from her apron pocket and loaded her lower lip with it. "Now, us is gittin' somewhars," she announced. "When a man's wrong and don't know hit, he'll never git right. But efn he's wrong and knows he's wrong, I ain't got to weary my soul about him gittin' right. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

Giles stepped to the front gate and swung into the saddle. "Cooter was too dad-blamed wuthless to catch dat rabbit, even on his guit-tar," he declared heatedly.

"He might not 'a' kotched him, but he skeered him so bad!" the Widow Duck called back.

At the barn, he encountered Doc, who drove the plantation truck. "You got any business in town today?" Giles asked.

"Nawsuh," said Doc.

"You'm is now," Giles said, fishing in his coin purse. "Take dese sixty cents and buy me a set er guit-tar strings."

"In de truck? All de way to Shreve-po't? For a set er guit-tar strings?"

Giles' stored-up fury exploded. "You argyin' wid me?" he roared, reaching for a death-dealing club. But Doc was already on the road to Shreveport before the foreman could swing it.

The next day was clear though the land was too wet for plowing. Giles was up early, riding around the plantation in search of weak spots in his constant battle against Johnson grass. On the whole, he found the fields so well worked they could stand the rain without much damage to the crop. Cooter's field, however, was in no such condition. Giles knew what to expect but as a matter of duty he rode by. What he saw made him ache inside his soul: grass roots sprouting young sprigs that would grow ten times as fast as the struggling cotton and huge patches of unplowed, unhoed grass standing almost waist-high in the furrows.

Giles was never a man to waste time on past mistakes, and groaning about Johnson grass would not make a crop of cotton.

He went to the commissary for a session with the bookkeeper. The news was even worse than he had expected. Item by item, the amount of every purchase made by Cooter was tapped out on the adding machine. It was all modest enough—clothing, food and an occasional set of guitar strings. But there were far too many items charged against Cooter's name since the account had been opened in the fall.

"No wonder his crop ain't worked good," Giles said. "He all de time in de commissary buyin' stuff, 'stid er in de field."

When the "total" button was pressed, Giles read the figure. " 'Twon't do," he declared.

AS GILES left the commissary, Doc handed him a package of guitar strings. Doc offered no comment on his fifteen-mile round trip in a two-ton truck for six guitar strings. Giles jammed the package in his pocket.

He rode to the Widow Duck's house to discuss once more the problem of Cooter. "In my mind, I knows I had ought to run him off," he explained, "but in my heart, hit look like I jest ain't got de cheeks."

"De Book say, 'Hard not yo' heart agin de motherless chile, for will come a day and time when he might sing befo' de Kaing,' " the Widow Duck quoted. "Dat's de natchal Word, Giles. Be not disencouraged."

"He ain't no motherless chile and I ain't no kaing," Giles snorted. "And on top er dat, I peeped in de books at de commissary."

"Yas?"

"Well," Giles summarized, "efn Cooter didn't do no mo' eatin' and no mo' clothes-wearin' f'm now to settlement day, and efn his crop turn out rale good like hit ain't gonter, and den, efn us gits a good price for cotton like us ain't gonter git, den Cooter would wind up in de bad credicks."

"H'm," the Widow Duck mused. "I figgered hit'd be about like dat, dis year. But next year will be another year and another crop, and you can't tell—"

"So say you," Giles interrupted. "And you ain't doin' me right wid dat kind er tawk. You knows Cooter ought to be runned off, same as me. And you ought to be he'pin' me out, 'stid er tawkin' agin me."

"I likes Cooter," the Widow Duck confessed. "He put me—big ole ogly me—in a song."

Giles had to laugh at the idea. "How

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come a song all about you?" he asked.

The Widow Duck dropped her eyes modestly. "Well, hit wa'n't raley me," she admitted. "I tuck him and Flobelle a bait er dat gar stew last night, and Cooter, he made up a song about dat ole gar I kotched. And when I went to ketch him, dat was when I got in de song."

"So hit was de 'Garfish Grind' instid er de 'Widow Duck Wiggle,' hunh?" Giles laughed at his own joke.

Ignoring the foreman's humor, the Widow Duck went on: "De gar was a-layin' up closte to de bank, smackin' crawfishes ev'y now and den, and goin' out in de middle er de bayou to sun hisse'f and slap his tail agin de water. You seed 'em do like dat."

"Many's de time," Giles nodded.

"Well, he done like dat for a while and den Cooter axed Flobelle efn I wan't fixin' to go fishin'. And you know —Flobelle didn't say a word, but befo' I knowed hit, I was wawkin' right down de path, jest as natchal—right outn Flobelle's caw-deen."

"Struttin' and a-twistin', I bet!"

"Fool! You knows I don't twists when I wawk. Cause I'm fat, I might shake a little."

"Well, shake hit right along," Giles grinned.

"Den I baited my hook—Cooter done dat on de little strings—and I drapped hit in. I made a loop outn some wire—hit was jest like me—and I set and waited. Den de ole gar come a-oozin' along, jest a-slippin' up on de bait. And den, wham! He bit! I snatched de wire and come might' nigh gittin' yanked in de bayou! Flobelle might' nigh pulled her caw-deen apart, and Cooter busted two strings on his guit-tar. I never seed de like! Me, in a song!"

Giles laughed. "You liked dat, hunh?"

"Sho," the Widow Duck chuckled. "I ain't had me so much fun since I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm dat frail brown on Duke's Bend."

Giles stopped laughing and set his mouth firmly. "Some folks likes one thing and some likes de yuther," he said. "Me, I likes a good cotton crop widout no Johnson grass in hit. And dat's how I'm gonter have hit, too. I'm gonter put de swing cultivators and a bunch er hoe-hands in Cooter's field and clean dat crop out. But fust, I'm gonter run Cooter off, so he can't git no mo' credicks at de commissary. Efn I wage work dat crop rale hard, f'm now to fall, hit might not make enough to pay Cooter out, but hit'll make somethin'."

AS GILES rode off, he felt better. At last he had come to his senses. It might be pleasant to have a lazy songmaker around making up songs about things, but it was no way to raise cotton. And raising cotton was Giles' business, first, last and always.

He tightened his heels against his horse's ribs, and Prince, sensitive to the foreman's moods, broke into a businesslike gallop. At the bayou bridge, Giles saw Flobelle fishing at the farther end. She was a forlorn figure, hunched over the railing, holding a baited line in one hand and a looped wire in the other.

"Whar Cooter?" Giles asked abruptly.

"Huntin' rabbits, Mist' Giles," Flobelle told him.

"H'mm," Giles grunted. It was in his mind to tell her to "git started on away f'm hyar," but he decided to break the bad news to Cooter, instead.

"Katchin' anything?"

"Nawsuh," Flobelle said. "But I reckon dey's fixin' to start bitin', terreckly. Anyhow, I'm fixin' to keep on fishin' to one do's bite."

"What kind er wire is dat you's usin' for a loop?"

"Guit-tar strings," Flobelle said sadly. "Cooter, he broke de little E and den de G and he couldn't pick nothin'." She looked sorrowfully at the foreman. "Pickin' a guit-tar all de time ain't no good for makin' cotton, nohow. So he done quit."

"Git up, Prince," Giles said. "Lemme git goin' whilst I'm still mad at Cooter."

Half an hour later, Giles came across the hapless guitar picker. His clothes were wet from walking through briers and weeds; his face was almost hidden by a flopping hat brim and he was walking with his head bowed so that he did not see Giles. But he was carrying a rabbit in one hand and a broomstick in the other. It was not a very big rabbit and it looked as miserable as the hunter, swinging by its ears, hindquarters dragging in the grass.

"Cooter!"

"Hy-dy, Mist' Giles," Cooter said mournfully, looking up from the sodden hat brim. The usual good-natured grin he always gave the foreman was now absent. He stood and waited for the foreman to make known his wishes. Giles sat his horse and squinted down at Cooter.

Then without a word, Giles wheeled about and rode off. "I jest ain't got de cheeks," he told himself. "I was all set to run him f'm hyar to whar de Southern crosses de Dog. But dat scringy li'l ole rabbit and all—I jest didn't had de cheeks."

He rode around the plantation, giving crisp orders for the work that was to start the next morning. "And I mean, start workin' wid de risin' sun," he told each worker. "Cause I'm lockin' de lot gate at sunup and anybody which ain't got dey team out, don't live hyar no mo'. Onderstand?" He liked giving orders like that. With two days of rest for men and mules, there would be some grass killing taking place the next day! "And I mean, in high gears, too," Giles promised himself. "Ev'ybody in high gears!"

With tomorrow's work outlined, Giles knew he should have felt good. But he didn't. He had the feeling of something left undone and he didn't have to think twice to know what it was. Cooter!

"Dat boy can't make hit, even efn he try, and he ain't gonter try too hard."

He rode on to the blacksmith shop to have a shoe tightened. B'r Charlie, the one-legged preacher and blacksmith, was busy and talkative. "In high gears, hunh, Mist' Giles?" he grinned. "Hit's good like dat. Not much time for sin and stuff, when ev'ybody so busy wid de workin'. Dat's good, ain't hit?"

"Hit do all right," Giles mumbled.

"Yassuh!" B'r Charlie went on with enthusiasm. "Ev'ybody busy and happy and stayin' outn devilment. Jest like de Hebrew boys marchin' on de Promise' Land. Singin' and rejoicin' and layin' up bad news for de Philistines."

Giles bent an ear. "How dat?"

"Say de people layin' up trouble for dat Johnson grass, jest like de Hebrew boys done for de Philistines."

"What dat about singin' and goin' on?" Giles wanted to know.

"Oh, dat?" B'r Charlie repeated. "De Hebrew boys marched in de wilderness, singin' and rejoicin' for fawty years, gittin' dey Af'ican worked up so's dey c'd whup de stuffin' outn de Philistines."

"Singin' and goin' on done hit, hunh?"

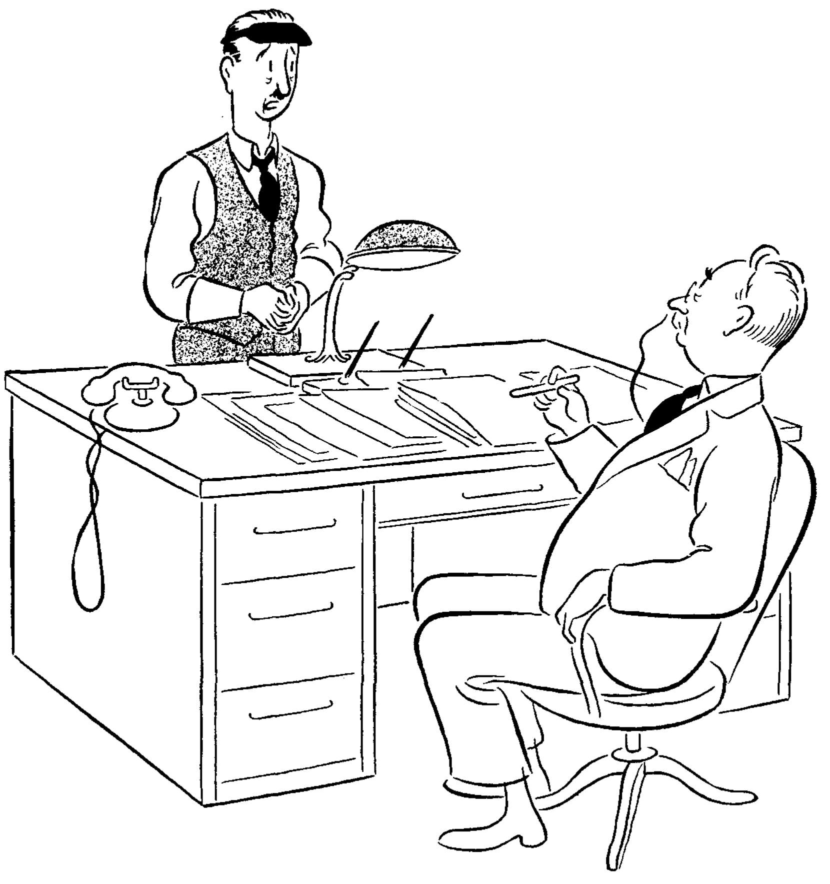
B'r Charlie grinned. "Dey whupped 'em, didn't dey? And what I'm tawkin' 'bout, dey stayed whupped. F'm dat day, on."

"Charlie," Giles said, "you ain't got no brains, but you come might' nigh givin' me a i-dee."

GILES went to Cooter's house and presented the unhappy hunter with the guitar strings. "Now git dat sad look offn yo' face and rig up dat guit-tar." Giles ordered. "Cause I and you is fixin' to work a trick."

Cooter joyously restrung his guitar and tuned it. "Yassuh, Mist' Giles?" he asked.

"Hit's like dis," Giles explained. "Daylight got to find ev'ybody workin' so's dis crop don't git lost in de grass. But you c'd work day and night, and de grass'd have yo' crop, sho, de way you and Flobelle works. So I'm fixin' to make ev'ybody on de place pitch in and work you outn de grass, fust off."



"Oh, goodness, Mr. Maltsby, you're not going to like this. My accounts are a million dollars short—a million dollars and twenty-three cents, to be exact"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

"You mean neighbor me outn de grass?" asked Cooter.

"Naw, cause you ain't got dat many neighbors," Giles told him. "I mean, I'm gonter lead ev'y cultivator and ev'y hoe on de place smack on yo' field, come daylight, and whup dat Johnson grass."

"Dey ain't gonter like hit," Cooter prophesied sadly.

"Yes, dey is," Giles stated, "cause you gonter make 'em like hit. Hit's fixin' to be thirty cultivators and mo'n a hund'ed hoe hands at de lot in de mawnin', waitin' to leap on yo' Johnson grass."

"All dat many peoples?" Cooter was impressed. "Lawd, look *at* 'em!" He tested the guitar strings. "Thirty plows and a hund'ed hoes and hyar stands po' me, a lonesome patch er Johnson grass—Flobelle, you slide a hoe under me, sorter easy, whilst I picks de Johnson Grass Grind."

Flobelle's accordion took up the music and together she and Cooter led an epic battle against grass.

"Hyar come Newman Dyke's ole cultivator," Cooter said, "wid Hawk and Lightnin', jest a-sizzin' down de row." The guitar made descriptive sounds.

"Mind out dey don't run over ole Gray and Shotgun," Flobelle warned, as her accordion imitated the slower team.

"Git 'em outn de way—uh-uh!" Cooter's voice topped the guitar. "Buldickie forgot to grease dat cultivator—hyar dat ole wheel screech? Flobelle, put some axle grease on dat axle."

"Too late now!" Flobelle yelled. "Hyar come Mist' Giles and he fixin' to 'tend to dat—Buckity-buck. Whoa, Prince! Efn I hyars dat axle screechin' one mo' time, I'm gonter run you plum to It'ly!"

"Naw, he ain't gonter run him off," Cooter put in. "He gonter kill him and drag him off. Bam! Right 'cross de haid wid de hoe handle! Drag him off, Flobelle!"

The accordion wailed and moaned over the dying guitar, ending Cooter's version of what was going to happen in the field, next day.

Giles laughed. "You got hit," he declared. "Now, you and Flobelle be at de lot befo' sunup, in de mawnin', and stay hid behime de gears room. Den when I calls you, y'all come out, playin' and singin' and headin' twarge yo' field. Onderstand?"

THERE was a great bustle of activity the next morning. Mules were harnessed in semidarkness while Giles issued orders for the day. He was happy again for it was going to be a hard day for Johnson grass and he knew it.

Then he remembered. "Whar Cooter?" he roared.

"He wa'n't awake when I passed his house," Johnnie T said. "I knocked on his do' and woke him up. He'll be hyar, terreckly, I reckon."

"Naw, he won't!" Giles snapped. "I done put up wid too much f'm dat nogood. Now I'm gonter run him plum to It'ly! Git me a hoe handle. I'm gonter beat his years off and den run him off!"

With a six-foot ash hoe handle across his saddle, Giles rode off at a dead run. The sun was just coming up when he drew Prince to a stop before Cooter's cabin.

Cooter was not there. Nor was Flobelle. The accordion and guitar were likewise gone. Everything else was undisturbed.

"I bet he runned off and went to Porter's!" Giles exclaimed. "Ain't nobody kin run off less'n I runs 'em off!"

Giles turned his horse toward the hills.

It was a sorry-looking house. Giles knew it was inhabited by shiftless people. A dozen dogs of as many cross breeds began to bark. People poked their heads through doors or out of battened windows.

Then Cooter and Flobelle appeared on the porch. "Hy-dy, Mist' Giles," Cooter greeted. "Us figgered efn us comed to we's daddy-in-law's, you might not find us."

"Keep tawkin'," Giles said. His grip on the hoe handle alternately tightened and relaxed.

"I was aimin' to come like you said," Cooter went on, "but I'm gonter tell you how hit was. Well, suh, when Johnnie T come by dis mawnin', I looked at my guit-tar and in my mind I looked at all dem thirty cultivators and all dem hund'ed hoe-hands. And I swear, Mist' Giles, dis guit-tar didn't had hit in hit. Hit's a good guit-tar for music and stuff but leadin' a line er plows is work, and dis guit-tar jest ain't cut out for work. So I and Flobelle left out wid de 'cawdeen and de guit-tar."

"And us brang dat rabbit and garfish, cause hit ain't manners to come visitin' widout bringin' nothin'," Flobelle added.

"Whar Porter?" Giles demanded.

THE word was relayed and presently Flobelle's father came to the door.

"You got anything to eat in yo' house?" Giles asked.

Porter made a mental inventory. "Well, le's see," he began. "We got a rabbit and a gar and—"

"And dat's all?" Giles put in.

"Hit's plenty er poke stalks growin' wild and dis shower ought to rise de sap in de sassafras roots, and de berries—"

"Humph!" Giles snorted in disgust and left.

Nearing Little Bee Bend, he sighed deeply. "Well, dat got shut er Cooter," he consoled himself. "But lettin' him run off and quit a grassy plot ain't gonter make hit no easier to keep ev'ybody else in high gears. I had ought to 'a' busted dis hoe handle on him!"

Giles dismounted, propped one end of the stick on a log and stood on it, springing with his weight until the hoe handle began to split.

At the blacksmith shop, he found the Widow Duck getting a new handle for her own hoe. "I chunked hit at a rabbit," she explained, "and I missed him and busted de handle."

"Handles ain't no 'count, neither," Giles growled with affected ill humor. "I jest split dis'n over Cooter's no-account haid."

The Widow Duck frowned. "You hit dat boy wid hit?"

"Co'se I hit him. He wa'n't at de lot like I tole him."

"You hadn't ought to hit him dat hard."

"'Twan't too hard," Giles said. "Didn't mo'n knock him to his knees. And he got up runnin'. I bet he's plum to It'ly, by now." And to add ferocity to that statement he yelled to Doc: "You take de truck and clean out Cooter's cabin. Better take de stuff up to Porter's house—dat's whar hit comed f'm."

The Widow Duck grinned. "You might' nigh had me fooled," she said. "Now, go 'haid and tell Doc to take 'em a piece er meat, like you's wantin' to. only you ain't got de cheeks, you ole—"

"How come meat to Porter's?" Giles demanded.

"For de favors he done you," said the Widow Duck.

"And put a side er meat on de truck for Porter's," Giles called to Doc. "And tell Porter dat's all de meat he gonter git to he finishes dat job for me. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," Doc said.

The Widow Duck chuckled slyly.

"Den git goin'!" Giles shouted.

He wheeled his horse suddenly, not daring to face the Widow Duck. "Come on, Prince," he said briskly, "time's a-wastin'." But the Widow Duck's fat, rich chuckle followed his burning ears.

THE END

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Nelson to the Rescue

DONALD M. NELSON, chief of the War Production Board, has moved to lighten a serious load on American businessmen—the load of the government questionnaires that roll into business offices week in and week out and devour time and money. One big rubber company, questioned concerning these questionnaires, reported that it was being stuck about $100,000 a year for the research and clerk hire necessary to fill out endless documents to keep a lot of Washington bureaucrats feeling useful.

Mr. Nelson has named Joseph I. Lubin, well-known accountant, head of a committee to do some heavy pruning of this paper work. Drastic results are expected by October 1st.

This is fine, in a negative sort of way. Now, how about something positive in the way of government encouragement of business?

The E's awarded for excellent war production are proudly and gratefully displayed by firms that win them. But couldn't there be some more concrete reward than that for firms which cut costs, speed up production, increase efficiency, keep their labor and their stockholders happy, and in other ways perform distinguished war-production jobs? Isn't there some way to say it with money?

Schemes of this sort are in effect in wartime England and Germany. They are fairly complicated, but the result in both countries is to reward extra good work and to set marks for all firms in war work to shoot at. In the United States, we should think, some such mechanism could be meshed into the excess-profits-tax laws, so as to put some sort of tax-reduction premium on better and better war production.

The suggestion is offered free of charge to members of Congress now wrestling with the new tax legislation. We think this would be the best way to keep American industry on its toes and at top efficiency throughout a long war.

Who's to Blame?

WE RAN across a quotation the other day that seemed to ring a bell in the brain. It seems that the Roman-Egyptian philosopher Plotinus (A. D. 204-270), nearing the end of an illustrious life, one day reflected: "I am convinced that I have been entirely responsible for everything that has ever happened for me or against me."

It's a generalization, and hence has holes in it. You can't blame yourself if you are attacked by a mad dog. You can't credit yourself if some distant relative of whom you never heard departs this life and leaves you $100,000 in his will.

But it's a good generalization to ponder now and then. We hear a great deal these days about inexorable forces, great and overpowering natural or economic "laws," etc., which the individual cannot combat. The inference is that you are not to blame if you fail to make the best of your abilities and opportunities—that the cards were stacked against you from the very start, and you have a right to whine.

Plotinus had the logic of it on his side, though. We do get out of life just about what we put into it. It's the old law of equal and opposite action and reaction operating in our personal lives. People who live by that logic, and don't yield to self-pity, are as a rule successful and reasonably happy people. People who blame anything and everything but themselves for their misfortunes usually have a lot of misfortunes.

LOST: 480,000,000 Man-Days

ACCIDENTS in the United States in 1941—accidents which killed people, plus accidents which only disabled them for a while—took a total of 480,000,000 man-days of labor away from industry in the course of the year. This was enough labor-time to build 65 battleships, or almost twice as many battleships as are operated at this time by the American and British navies combined.

About 50,000 workers were killed in accidents in 1941—enough to build 20 more battleships, 100 more destroyers, 9,000 more bombers and 40,000 more tanks.

The money damage done to the nation by these accidents was estimated at $4,000,000,000, or enough to run the government of the city of New York for six years.

Just one more statistic: Last year, accidents were the biggest single cause of death among all American men in the 22-38 age group, our most important group industrially as well as militarily; and for the entire United States population, accidents were the fifth ranking cause of death, being outpaced only by heart disease, cancer, cerebral hemorrhage and nephritis.

That is all water under the bridge. We can't bring those 50,000 workers back to life, or recover from past time those lost 480,000,000 man-days of work that wasn't performed.

We can, however, take steps to try to cut down this colossal accident toll this year and in years to come.

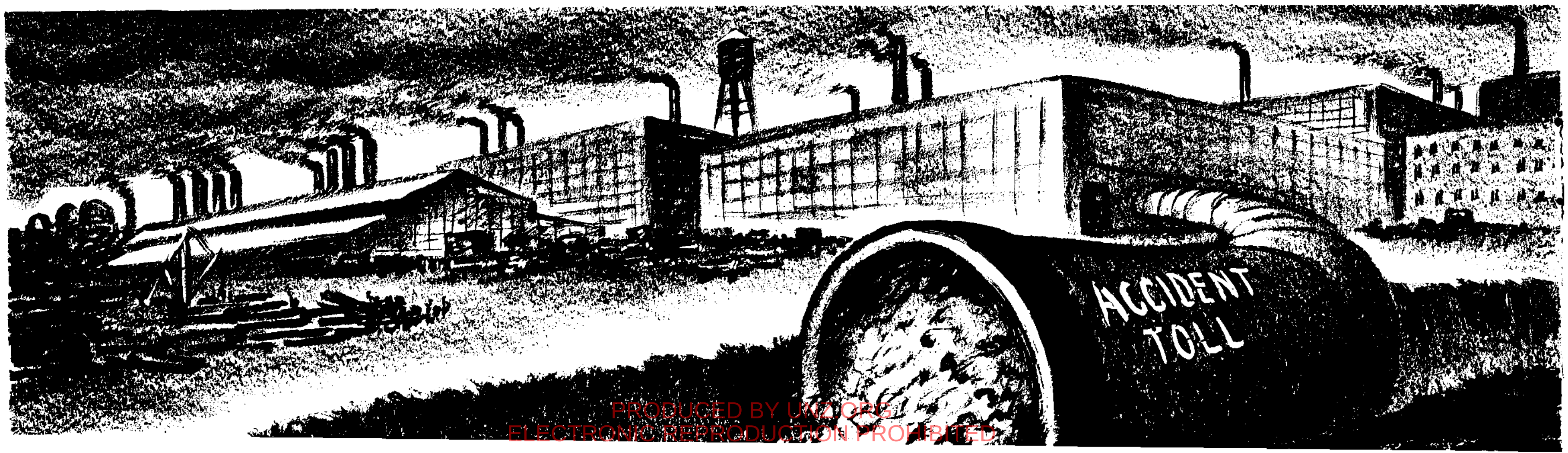
The National Safety Council, outstanding organization in the field of accident prevention, is taking the initial steps now, and they look promising. The Council has organized a special agency, known as the War Production Fund to Conserve Manpower. Its headquarters are at 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.: its chairman is the well-known steel man, William A. Irvin.

The group wants to raise five million dollars through subscriptions from business and industrial houses. It wants to use the money during the next two years to get safety programs going in the 171,000 U. S. industrial plants which as yet haven't instituted such programs.

It looks to us like an eminently constructive and urgently needed campaign. Safety education in industry is known to pay dividends all along the line. Experience in plant after plant has shown that workers have no more desire than anybody else to be killed or to lose an eye, leg or finger in some preventable accident. They are anxious to learn ways of doing things more safely, and to apply those methods when learned. An accidentless week or month becomes a matter of pride throughout a plant which has been made safety-minded.

All these considerations are aside from the most important fact challenging the American people at this time. That most important fact is that we need to gear up our whole productive apparatus to top efficiency, so as to give the Axis the final ax as soon as possible.

We wish the War Production Fund to Conserve Manpower all the luck in the world in raising the money it needs, and in spreading the gospel of accident prevention.



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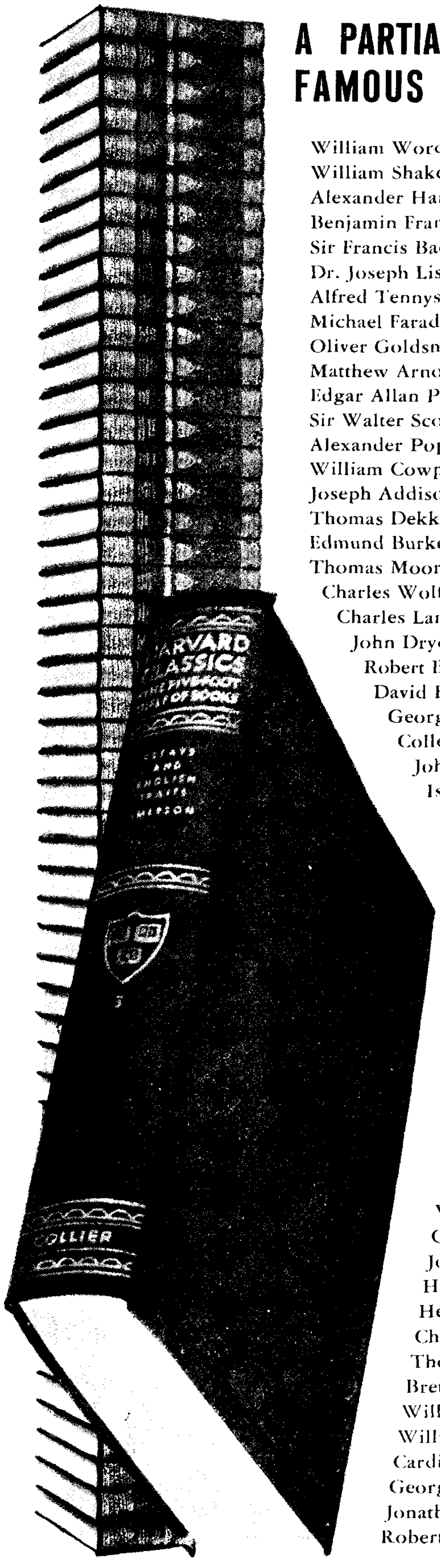

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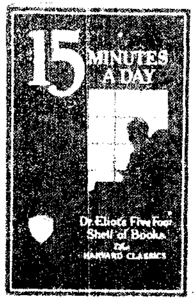

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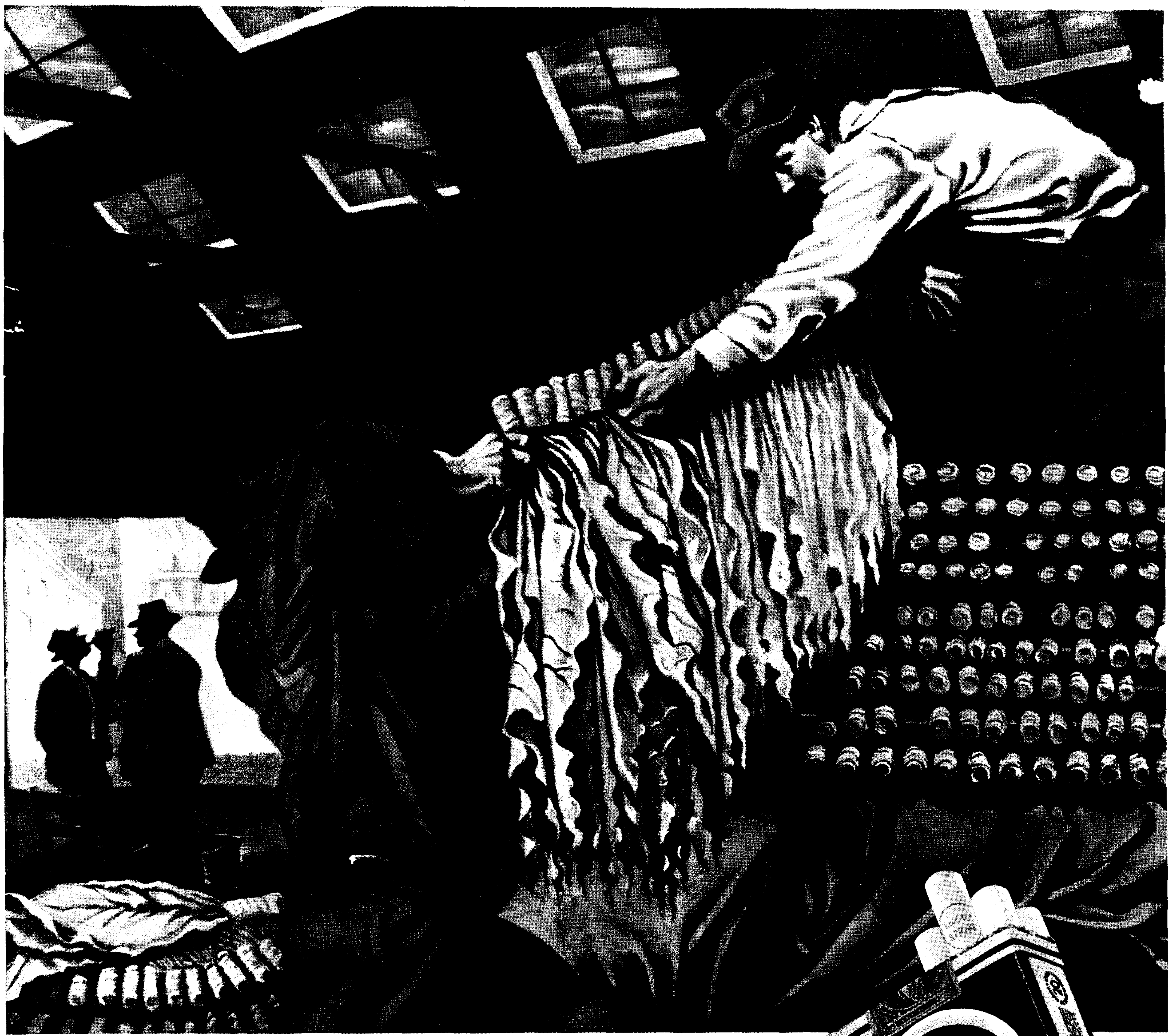

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